WEEK
ENDING
SEPT. 13, 1930

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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2,250,000
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CIRCULATION

Leslie
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A Farewell to Summer

GIBBS ~ SUTHERLAND ~ FULLERTON ~ BENCHLEY ~ WINSLOW

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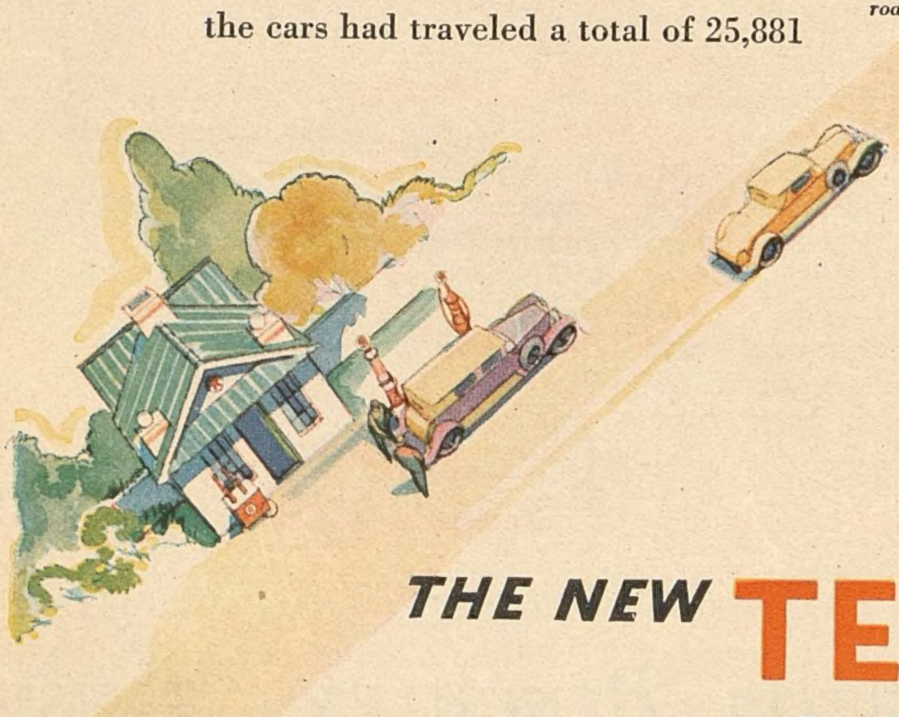

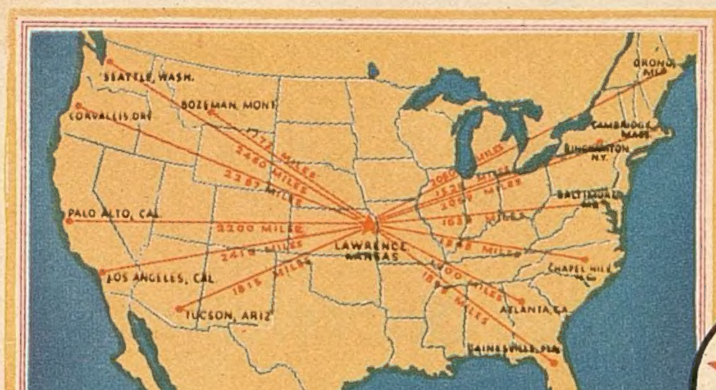
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CORVALLIS, ORE.
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University destinations and distances traveled by 13 test cars

THE NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL

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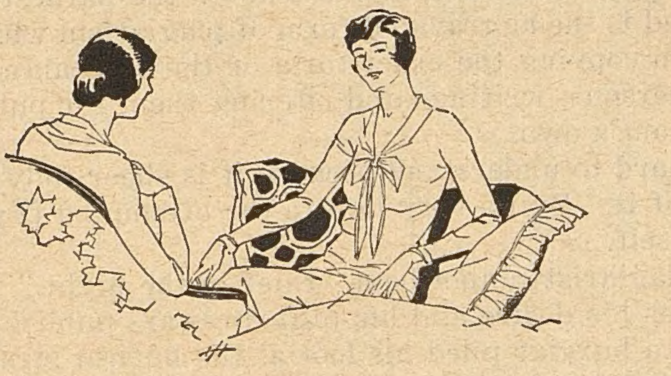
If women talk at all about feminine hygiene

(many of them won't)

some say THIS
some say THAT



SOME women prefer to listen during discussions about intimate matters. No doubt this is frequently due to a sense of delicacy. But it is likely to happen still more often from fear, the fear of giving wrong or harmful advice, the fear of leading others their own way when they themselves are not sure.

Women certainly should know more than they do about feminine hygiene. There is too much confusion. Too many opinions are held and expressed.

Women should be careful about the antiseptic they use

The women of today are dainty women. They demand the true surgical cleanliness that comes with the practice of feminine hygiene. They cannot be satisfied with less. This is right—and their doctors know it is right. However you won't find these doctors advising the caustic and poisonous antiseptics which many women employ, meaning well but not knowing the dangers accompanying bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid.

Zonite is safe for everybody —safe to use regularly

In the past, women were forced to use these antiseptics because there was no other kind available which was strong enough to be effective. All too often they paid terribly for the risks they took. Fortunately, these old-fashioned antiseptics are no longer necessary for anybody to use. Everybody can now have *Zonite*, and Zonite is safe to use regularly, as safe as pure water.

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

PLAGIARISM: THE FOLLY OF IT

Of all our crimes and misdemeanors the hardest to understand is the aggravated form of plagiarism which consists in copying the exact form or the substance of another person's writings and offering them for publication as one's own.

It is hard to understand because it is sheer folly on the face of it. By its very nature the attempted fraud defeats itself.

The plagiarist cannot be a "thief in the night." If he achieves his desire and his pilferings are published, it is as if a burglar piled his loot at the busiest street-corner in town and turned a spotlight on it. Inevitably, he is found out.

Nevertheless plagiarism persists. It is the nightmare of all who deal in literary material.

Editors keep trying to guard against it and usually succeed. Every magazine, at one time or another, probably has had The Gold Bug or The Murders in the Rue Morgue sent in with some of the names changed, and has sent the fraudulent manuscript back as a matter of course.

But sometimes the plagiarist gets into print. The August 16 issue of Liberty contained a story headed The Biography of Loar, by Parker Bloser. It was a good story, and well liked by a lot of people who read it. The trouble with it was that Mr. Bloser didn't write it.

Miss Zona Gale wrote it several years ago, and called it The Biography of Blade. It appeared in the Century Magazine, in a book published by D. Appleton & Company called Yellow Gentians and Blue, and in some other anthologies of short stories.

It was a tribute to Zona Gale's story that, although it wasn't remembered by any of the Liberty editors who read Mr. Bloser's manuscript, they all thought it an uncommonly good piece. Mr. Bloser was asked to sign an affidavit that the story was original with him, and did so (such are the inscrutable ways of budding "authors"), whereupon the manuscript was bought and published.

Then, of course, we received a flood of letters. The friendliest was from the person most injured—Miss Gale herself, who even offered to help the misguided Mr. Bloser to straighten things out! She sent us a copy of the following note, which she had addressed in our care:

> Dear Mr. Bloser—Various people have called my attention to your use of my story, The Biography of Blade, in this week's Liberty. I am deeply interested to know what caused this use of the story on your part. I wondered if I could interpret it to my publishers or to Liberty. The story had been four times published. Naturally in a story which involves me so many times I feel deeply concerned to know how it could have been used in this way by you—and especially why. I suppose this will be taken up with you by the usual avenues, but if you care to talk it over with me and give me your own attitude in regard to it, I shall be glad to try to clarify the matter in any way that I can to the Appletons, who hold the copyright—if you would care to have me do so.
>
> Faithfully yours,
> Zona Gale.
>
> Portage, Wisconsin
> August 15, 1930

The most irate letters were from authors whose offerings we had rejected. The authors offered the familiar complaint that because they are "unknown" editors don't give them a chance. It did not seem to occur to them that Mr. Bloser was unknown to us, that we gave him a chance because we thought he had written a good story, and that, having done so with all possible precaution, we got the worst of it.

Many theatrical producers in New York will not even consider a play manuscript if it comes from an author unknown to them. This is not because they are averse to discovering new playwrights. It is because of sad experience, an example of which is the comparatively recent obtaining of a judgment of $782,000 by a woman who claimed an unpublished play of hers was the basis of Richard Walton Tully's play, The Bird of Paradise. This verdict was set aside, but only after the case had been taken twice into higher courts.

Another recent verdict, which was not set aside, sent a resident of New York to the penitentiary for from one to three years for having sold a plagiarized story to one of the Fiction House group of magazines.

There are, of course, a lot of traditions which palliate plagiarism. One is that there are only seven known plots for a story, and that all stories contain variations of them. Another says there are thirty-seven. Well, we never had these plots named to us, but the triangle, Cinderella, and Enoch Arden combinations are familiar and are repeatedly encountered.

The fact that anybody can use these makes it hard sometimes to determine what is plagiarism and what is not. But there is no difficulty in spotting it when a virtually verbatim copy of another's work is given to the world for all to see.

That is why we find the case of Mr. Parker Bloser inexplicable. He went to his doom blithely and with his eyes wide open. As these lines are written he is under arrest in Columbus, Ohio, charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. His lawyer has offered restitution, and we don't quite know what to do about him. What would you do?

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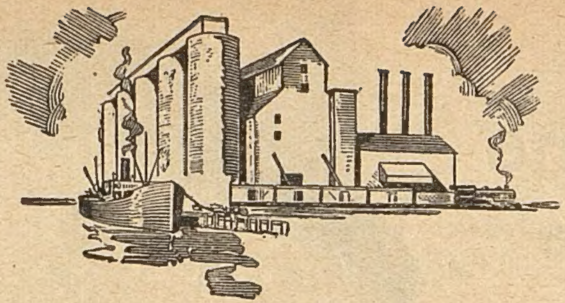
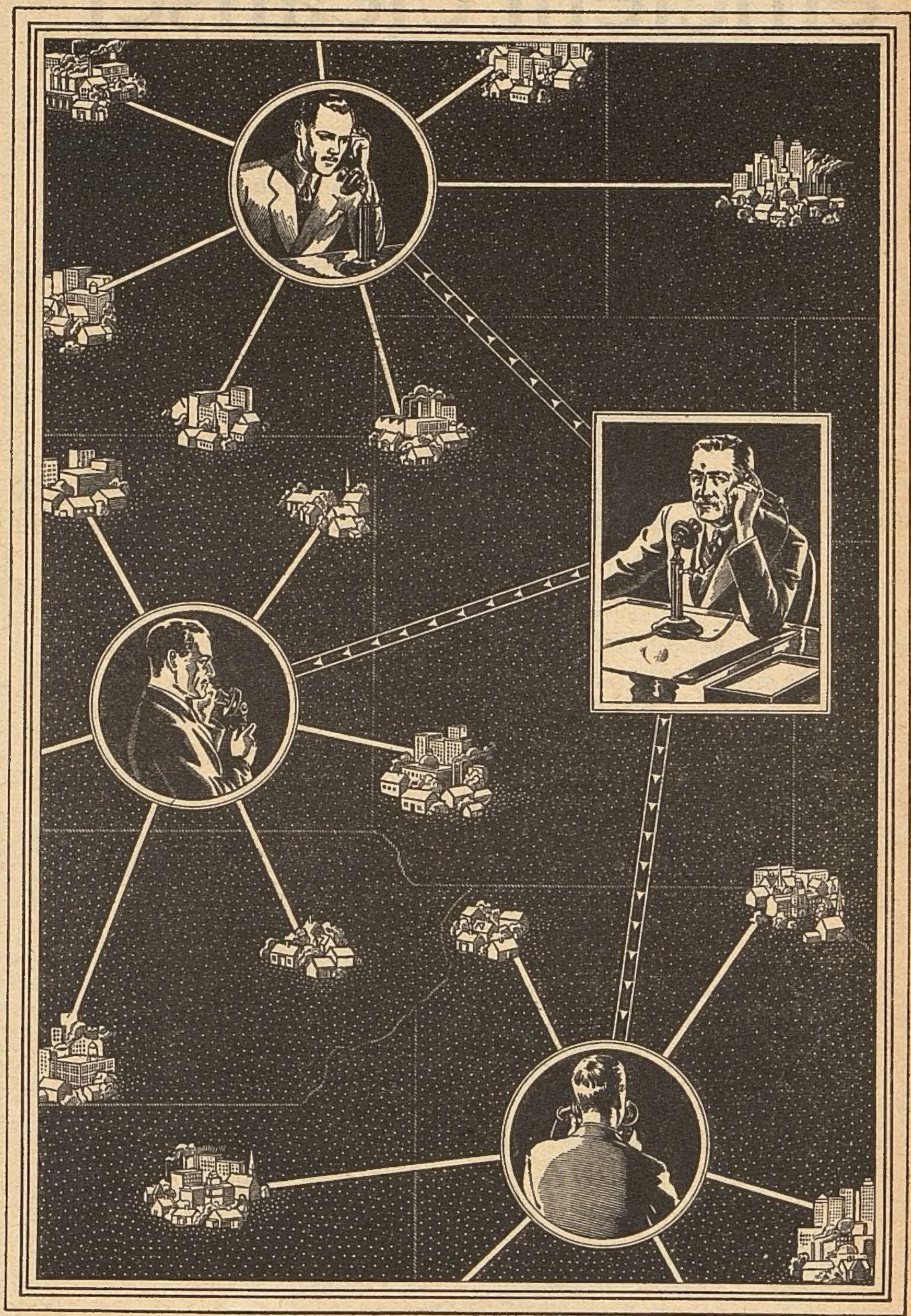


Developing Business by Telephoning customers from Key Towns



The Key Town Plan of telephoning is so flexible that it will fit practically any sales program. A building materials company needs to keep in close touch with customers over a wide area in four Western states. Its salesmen visit certain key cities in person and telephone those nearby. In this way, they can contact each customer more frequently and at less expense. Learn beforehand of new building projects. Handle orders more promptly. Communicate with the home office on new developments accurately and without delay.

A rubber footwear company co-ordinates its Key Town activities with the weather. Representatives maintain close contact with customers regularly in person. Then when stormy weather breaks, they immediately telephone, using Sequence Calling Lists to put the calls through in quick succession. The result is a rush of orders.

The Key Town Plan can be custom-fitted to your business. The local Bell Business Office will gladly have a representative show you how it will build business and cut selling costs. Telephoning is inexpensive. Typical station-to-station day rates: Philadelphia to New York, 50c. Chicago to Seattle, $6.50. Atlanta to St. Louis, $1.95. For all inter-city business, the telephone is *Quick . . . Effective . . . Convenient.*

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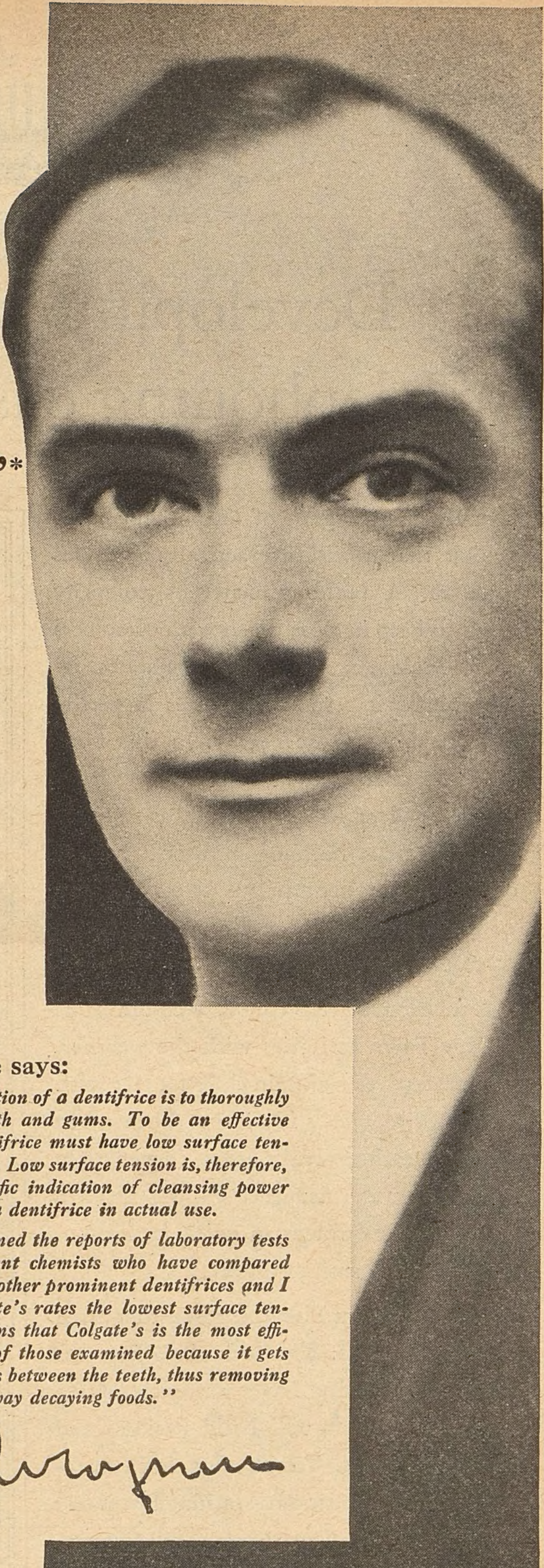
Commissioner of Health of New York City

says:

"Colgate's is most efficient cleanser"*



RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph.D., University of Chicago, and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

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Dr. Wynne says:

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*"*I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."*

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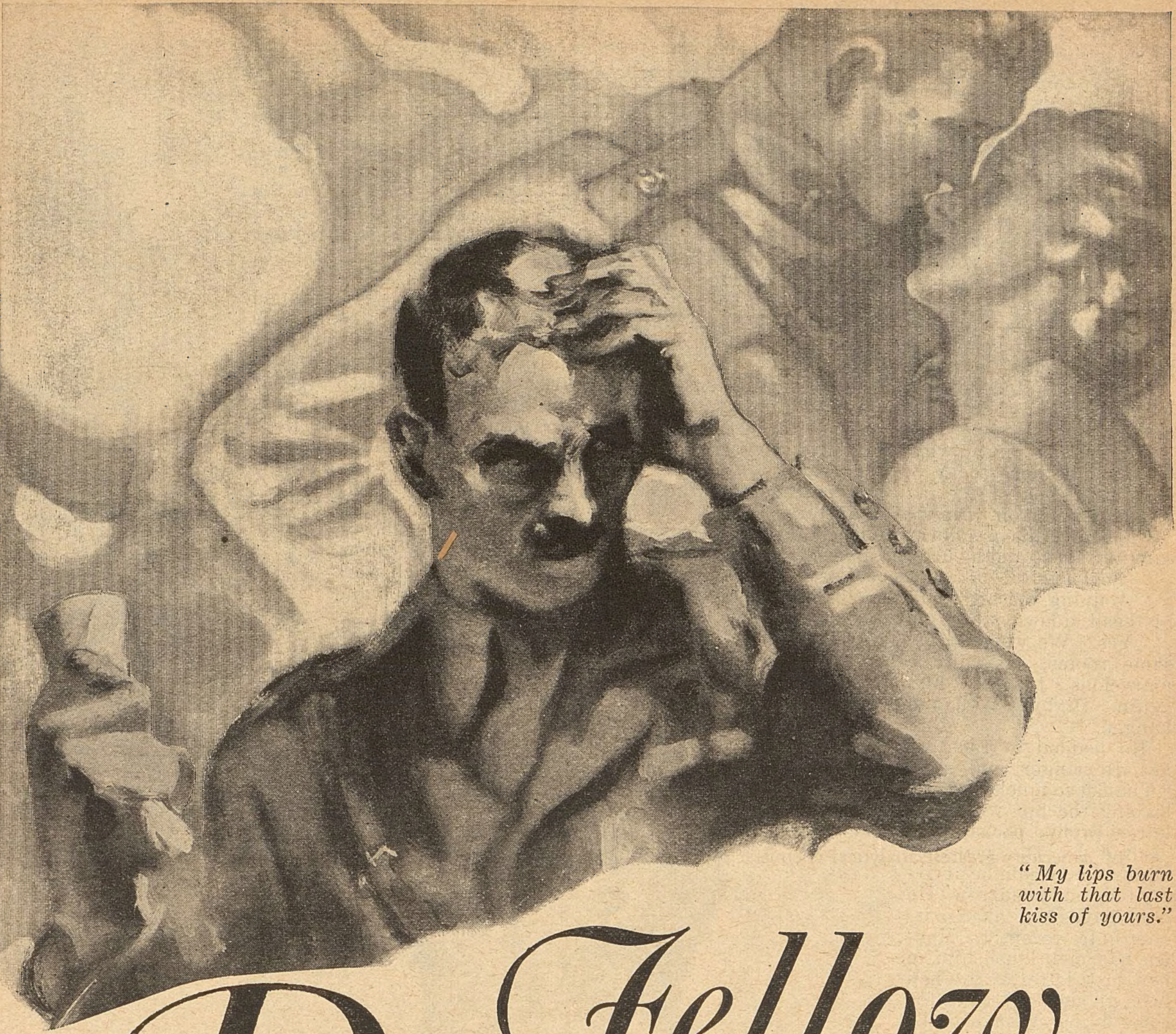
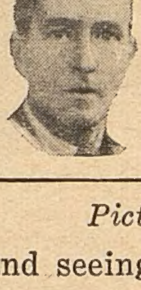


"My lips burn with that last kiss of yours."

Fellow PRISONERS

A Story of the War

By



PHILIP GIBBS

who had, up to 1914, done editorial work, reporting, and fiction. He emerged from the war Britain's most distinguished correspondent and was knighted. He has written about forty books.

Pictures by HARRY MORSE MEYERS

A NEW batch of prisoners was expected to arrive in camp during the day, and four hundred British officers who had been in the enemy's hands for a year or more—Captain Allison had been here for a year and a half—were excited at the thought of getting recent news of how things were going, and seeing some new faces anyhow.

It was "The Worm" who had let out the news. He was a decent little fellow really, that German lieutenant who had been a journalist before the war.

He had told Captain Allison the news that morning when he went to see if any letters had arrived—there was one from his wife—and lingered a moment to say a friendly word or two to this little spectacled man who was pitifully anxious to get on good terms with the prisoners, most of whom treated him like a dog.

"Any news this morning, Mr. Herringer?" asked

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FELLOW PRISONERS
Continued from page seven

Allison, fingering that letter from his wife and then putting it into his breast pocket where it gave him a sense of warmth. It was six weeks since he had heard from her.

The German lieutenant blinked behind his spectacles and flushed with pleasure at this friendly tone of voice from an officer whom he admired very much.

" Well, Captain Allison, there's no harm in telling you that we're expecting another batch of British officers today. About twenty, I believe. They were taken prisoner in the recent fighting round Cambrai . . . I don't know whether the commandant will be angry with me for telling you! He wants to avoid a demonstration among the others."

" It will be good to see some new faces," said Allison. " We're getting pretty stale with each other. Do you happen to know their names yet? "

Lieutenant Herringer glanced round the censor's hut nervously and then pulled out a " flimsy " from the drawer of his desk.

" There's no reason why I shouldn't show you," he said. " They'll be here today or tomorrow."

It was a list of the new prisoners sent to the camp commandant from army headquarters.

Captain Allison glanced down the list. One name caught his eye and he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

" Cyril Digby! . . . Good Lord! "

" A flying officer," said the little lieutenant, putting his head sideways and glancing at the list.

" Yes. We were up at Oxford together. Shared the same rooms. It will be marvelous to see him again. Digby! Well, I'm hanged! "

He nodded to Lieutenant Herringer and said, " Thanks so much," before leaving the hut with that letter in his pocket, and excited by the news of Digby who would be arriving today or tomorrow. He must have been taken prisoner quite recently. Monica had mentioned him in her last letter. He had been given the D. S. O. for some flying stunt over the German lines. Hard luck being captured; but, after all, it had saved his life. Well, it would be great and glorious to see him again.

NOW for Monica's letter after six weeks without a line from her.

Captain Allison quickened his pace to get back to his own hut, but, as the adjutant of the camp, and the life and soul of it, as most of his fellow prisoners acknowledged, he was waylaid by various men who wanted a word with him.

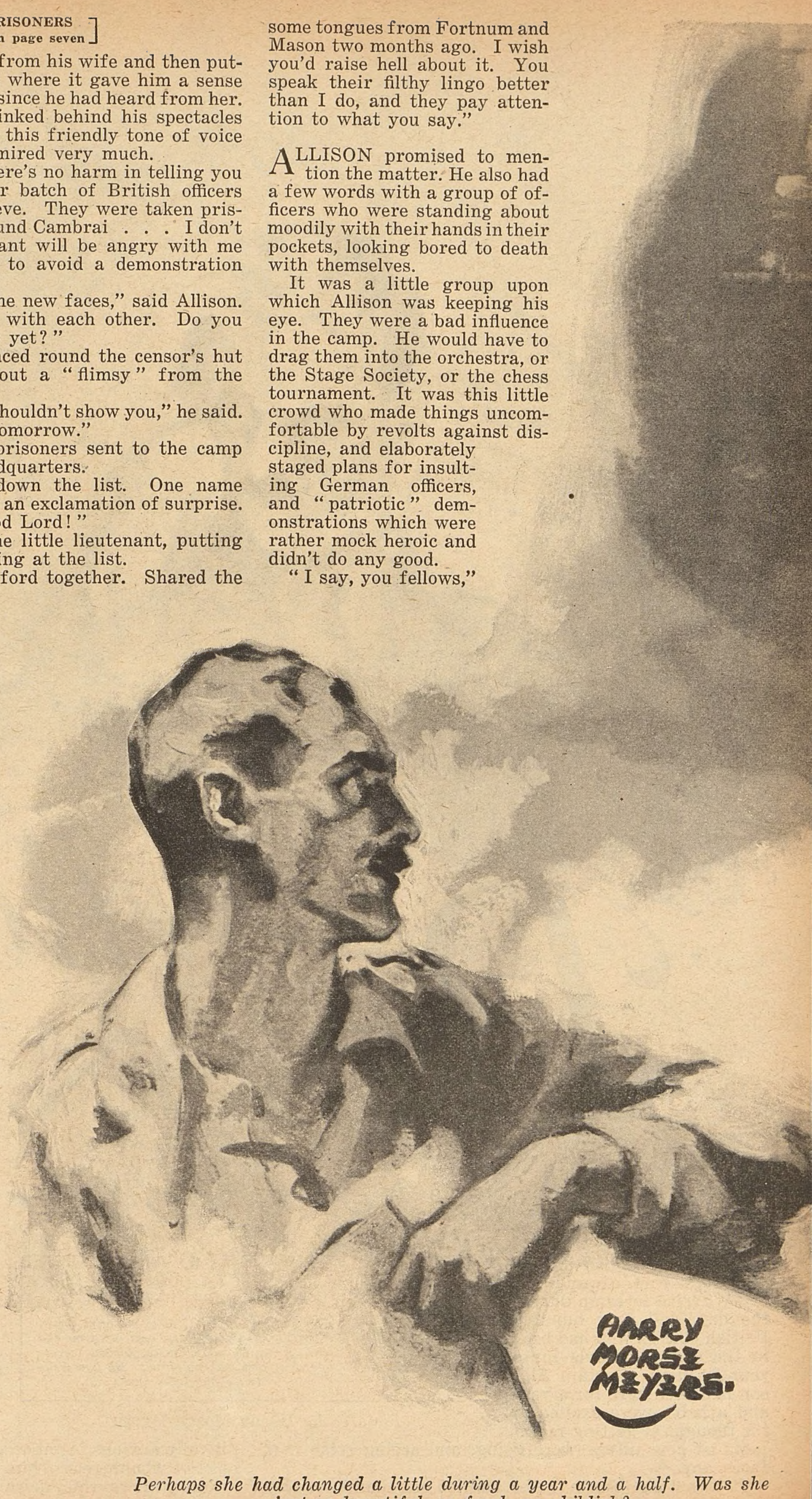
Couldn't he get " those swine " to let them have another tennis court? With one hard court among four hundred men there was only a chance of a game about once a fortnight.

" I say, Allison," said an officer, grabbing his arm, " I'm sure those swine are pinching my parcels. My wife says she sent me out some tongues from Fortnum and Mason two months ago. I wish you'd raise hell about it. You speak their filthy lingo better than I do, and they pay attention to what you say."

ALLISON promised to mention the matter. He also had a few words with a group of officers who were standing about moodily with their hands in their pockets, looking bored to death with themselves.

It was a little group upon which Allison was keeping his eye. They were a bad influence in the camp. He would have to drag them into the orchestra, or the Stage Society, or the chess tournament. It was this little crowd who made things uncomfortable by revolts against discipline, and elaborately staged plans for insulting German officers, and " patriotic " demonstrations which were rather mock heroic and didn't do any good.

" I say, you fellows,"



Perhaps she had changed a little during a year and a half. Was she just as beautiful, as fresh, as childish?

said Allison, " you'll be glad to hear that we're expecting some new arrivals today. Twenty new prisoners fresh from the front."

" Oh, hell! " answered one of the officers—young Keary. " There won't be room to turn round in this cage. Twenty new candidates for the tennis court—my God! "

" I suppose they'll tell us the war will be over in a week," said another man with dark irony. " I notice that new prisoners always think the end is in sight. When they've been here a year and a half they begin to know better."

Allison laughed in his quiet way.

" Sorry you feel so hipped this morning. Anyhow, we shall have to give a friendly welcome to the new birds. One of them is a friend of mine. You'll like him. Digby, the flying man, and a bit of a jester."

He strode away from this dejected group and reached his own hut where, with luck, he could read his wife's letter without further interruption.

But it wasn't easy to read that letter with a sense of spiritual communion as he yearned to do. Impossible to put it to his lips and get a faint fragrance of his wife's beauty, a sense of nearness to her, the illusion of a physical caress from this girl he had married on seven days' leave during the first year of the war. His three " stable companions," as he called them, were in the hut with him, and two of them, Bartlett and Haversham, were having an argument over Lord Kitchener's genius and wanted to drag him into their dispute.

He read a few words of it. Monica had recovered from the flu, thank God. . . . She felt pretty morbid sometimes. . . . She supposed the war would go on for ever and ever. All her boy friends were dying like flies. . . . Had he heard that Cyril Digby had been reported " missing, believed dead," before the news came through

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FELLOW PRISONERS
Continued from page nine]

that he had crashed in the enemy's lines and was taken prisoner? It was only two weeks ago that he had been home on leave. They had done one or two shows together, and he was very merry and bright. . . . She hoped the parcels arrived all right without being stolen. Well, now she couldn't write any more. She was going to a bazaar for the wounded. What a life!—though she mustn't grouse to a husband who had been a prisoner for a year and a half, which must seem like eternity.

Three crosses for kisses and then *Monica.*

He wanted to put his lips to those three crosses. He would have to wait until bedtime for that. It was only in bed, that narrow little bunk, that he could think himself home again, send his spirit across the battlefields and the gray sea to stand beside Monica, sometimes with such a sense of reality that he was certain she must know that he was there and feel the touch of his kiss on her lips, as sometimes he felt her arms about him, with an intense awareness of her presence. How extraordinary that she had seen Digby only a few weeks ago and that now he was coming to the camp as a prisoner!

Those two fellows were still wrangling.

" I can't see what knowledge you have to pass judgment on a man like Kitchener," said Haversham dryly. " I've noticed before that most of your opinions are derived from back numbers of the Daily Mail."

Haversham had been a junior master at Winchester before the war, and was always correcting Bartlett's tendency to make sweeping statements without evidence.

Bartlett's plastic face flushed slightly and for a moment there was an angry glint in his eyes. Then he laughed good-naturedly.

" That's a nasty one! . . . How popular you must have been with those brats at Winchester."

Haversham smiled in his slightly superior way.

" If you had been flogged now and then as a boy you might have been a great man, Bartlett. You have certain natural gifts, in spite of your deplorable lack of education."

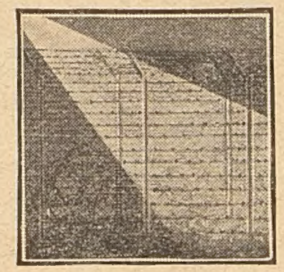
" Can't you two incompatibles go and bicker outside? " Captain Allison asked.

Bartlett turned on him with sudden irritation, as though this remark had released some hidden grievance.

" You're getting damned unsociable, old man, if I may say so. You never put anything into the pool now. Not in this hut. As far as we're concerned you keep your precious thoughts to yourself too much. Don't you agree, Haversham? "

Haversham glanced over at Allison and gave a slightly satirical laugh.

" Our noble friend has taken to writing poetry lately," he remarked. " That's the last refuge of the despairing soul. And it doesn't seem to scan, judging from some lines I picked up on the floor yesterday."



ALLISON looked annoyed, and there was an unusual edge to his voice when he answered.

" Do you read other people's private papers? "

" When they lie about on the floor," said Haversham carelessly.

These three men had been comrades for a year and a half as prisoners of war. Haversham and Allison had discussed everything 'twixt heaven and earth and liked each other's minds. Bartlett had been the licensed jester, and they had enjoyed his comicalities until he went beyond the limit now and then. But lately they had been getting on each other's nerves, in this little wooden hut which was their prison house.

A voice came from the upper bunk, querulously.

" Can't you people shut up? "

It was young Marston, the junior member of this quartet, who had had a restless night and had crawled back to bed again.

" Now then, young fellow, none of your insolence! " said Bartlett, throwing an empty cigarette tin into the upper bunk. " Come down and pull yourself together."

Allison turned to his letter again, but at that moment there was a tap at the door and the German commandant came in, saluting politely in the doorway of the hut.

" Good morning, gentlemen. All well, I hope? "

He was a tall, big-shouldered man with a heavy jowl and closely cropped hair under his field cap—a typical " Hun " in the opinion of young Marston and others, though Allison found him courteous and anxious to make discipline as easy as possible, consistent with his duty.

Allison stood up, as a matter of courtesy, but Bartlett pretended to be doing up a bootlace, and winked at Haversham over his shoulder. Haversham ignored the visitor and found an unusual interest in some papers which he pulled out of his pocket. In the upper bunk Frank Marston, the youngest officer in the camp, raised himself on his elbow, glanced sullenly at the commandant, and then lay back with his eyes shut.

" QUITE well, thanks," said Allison politely.

" No complaints, I hope? " asked the commandant, with a smile and a searching look round the hut.

" Nothing particular," answered Allison. " Of course, we could do with a little more liberty. What about a walk now and then outside the camp, Herr Commandant? Under escort, of course, as before."

The commandant smiled again, but rather grimly.

" I think not! Last time two of your young officers slipped away from their escort. I had orders from headquarters to withdraw this privilege. Those two young gentlemen spoiled the pleasure for all their friends."

He was conscious of the hostility of the two men who ignored his presence and he stood for a moment in an uneasy silence. Then he spoke in German to Captain Allison who understood the language.

" I'm afraid my little visit is not pleasing to your comrades. Well, I understand. We are still enemies, until the war ends."

He sighed heavily, and remained silent again for a little while before speaking again in German.

" My second son was killed last week in action."

" Oh, I am sorry," said Allison sincerely.

" It is a massacre of the world's youth," said the commandant. " Sometimes I think—"

He didn't say what he sometimes thought. His face flushed slightly with the repression of thought and some inward struggle of emotion. Before the war he had been a professor of zoölogy at Bonn University. Now he was in command of a prison camp. Several times before this Captain Allison, who spoke German with him, had caught a glimpse beneath his mask of a human soul with pity for his prisoners and a desire to secure their friendship if possible—which was not possible.

He breathed rather heavily and then glanced round the hut again.

" We have some more prisoners arriving," he said, as though forcing his mind away from personal grief to immediate duty. " I shall have to put one into the empty bunk you have in here."

Yes, there had been an empty bunk since Jarrod, poor fellow, had cut his throat in one of the latrines.

" It makes us rather overcrowded," said Allison, but that protest was on behalf of the others. For his own sake he would love to have Digby there. He would try to arrange that, but didn't want to give that little lieutenant away by mentioning Digby's name in advance.

" That's inevitable," answered the commandant. " The camp has always been overcrowded for the space allowed us. Good morning, Captain Allison. Please ask your friends to forgive my intrusion."

He saluted stiffly and walked out again.

Haversham and Bartlett broke silence.

" What's the trouble this time, Allison? " asked Haversham.

" Why do you speak German with that bald-headed Hun? " asked Bartlett. " It's hardly decent to speak his disgusting language like that, old man."

" There's a new batch of prisoners arriving," explained Allison. " He wants to put one of them in that vacant bunk."

Haversham shrugged his shoulders irritably.

“I hope you made a protest. We may get some blighter who won’t fit in with our scheme of things. On the whole, we suit each other rather well, barring jangled nerves and occasional bickerings.”

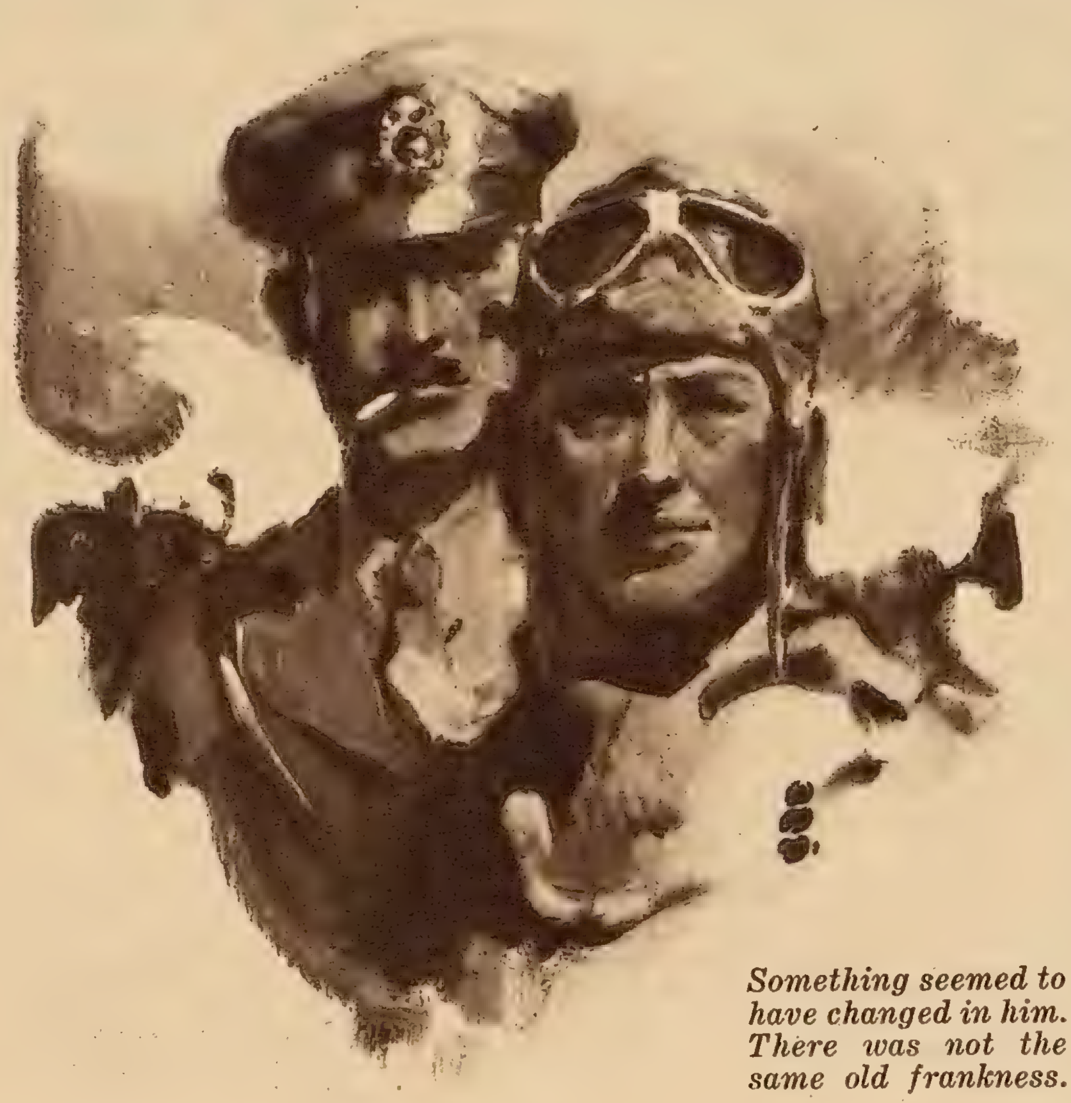
Allison reassured him.

“If we can get Digby he’ll brighten us up wonderfully. And as he has only just been captured we shall get the latest gossip from him. He knows everybody worth knowing in London—all the pretty ladies, anyhow!”

“That sounds bad to me,” grumbled Haversham.

Presently, after Bartlett had put on his boots and Haversham had darned a hole in one of his socks, they departed.

Allison put on a pipe and then pulled out his wife’s letter again. Perhaps he had missed the best part of it. He yearned for words of love, something more than chitchat. But she knew her letters would be read by German censors and avoided those dear intimacies for which he craved. Lately the war seemed to be trying her patience intolerably. One or two of her letters had been nervy, he thought. “The war will go on forever, won’t it?” she had written. “What’s the use of being young and beautiful? What a waste of life!”



Something seemed to have changed in him. There was not the same old frankness.

Poor darling. He could understand her loneliness, her moods of discouragement. In a way, it was worse for her than for him. She was six years younger anyhow, and not yet beaten into resignation. What was that she had written about Digby? “Very merry and bright.” Yes, that was Digby. Astounding that he should be coming to the camp where Allison had been caged for a year and a half, which seemed like ten years.

Allison put his wife’s letter to his lips and then thrust it into his pocket again guiltily, as he heard a restless movement in the upper bunk. It was young Marston shifting his position up there. A moment later he gave a deep groan.

“What’s the matter with you, young fellow?” asked Allison.

HE was getting worried about that lad. Three months ago he had come into the camp looking absurdly boyish—he was not more than nineteen—and high-spirited. They had been glad to have him in their hut. Bartlett was pleased to find someone fresh who would laugh at his funny faces and listen to his comic stories. Haversham welcomed him as a public-school product to whom he could talk about cricket and the traditions of Winchester without getting vulgar gibes from a man like Bartlett. And Allison had an elder-brother feeling toward him, protective and understanding.

Now for the past three weeks Marston had been irritable and nervy, as Allison had seen so many others, after the first three months of a prisoner’s life, when they felt caged, hopeless. Last night queer noises had come from his bunk, as though he were crying and stifling sobs beneath his blanket. Homesickness, heartache, the gray phantoms of despair, in the heart of a boy who had been caught in the trap of war before he had had his innings of life.

There was no answer from the upper bunk, and Allison spoke again.

“Come for a hard walk,” he suggested. “Six times round the camp before lunch, my lad!”

“Hell, no,” answered young Marston.

“Well, let’s go and see if any parcels have arrived.”

“Curse the parcels and blast everything!”

Allison drew his pipe from his mouth and knocked it out against his heel.

“If I were you, old lad,” he said cheerfully, “I should get busy with some amusing form of study. Unless one keeps one’s mind from brooding it’s all up with a man in this camp. I’ve seen fellows go to pieces through sheer stagnation. Why not learn German or French? I’m told that Wickham’s classes are very good fun.”

“ENGLISH is good enough for me,” answered the boy, staring down at Allison with his arms behind his head.

“Well, then, why not do a bit of acting? They’re rehearsing one of Bernard Shaw’s plays and I dare say they would put a part in your way. I’ll speak to Maxwell if you like.”

“I’m a dud at that sort of thing,” said young Marston. “Besides, it’s all so utterly futile. Why do one of Bernard Shaw’s plays—when the world is a stinking graveyard?”

Allison was silent. At all costs he must get this boy interested in something. To lose interest might lead to the same fate as that fellow Jarrod’s who had once slept in that bunk below young Marston.

Suddenly the boy put his legs over the bunk and sat there for a moment with his forehead puckered to a frown and his hair all tousled like a schoolboy who had been sent to bed without his supper. Then he climbed down and stood moodily staring out of the small window above Allison’s head. He could see his fellow prisoners strolling up and down in groups, and beyond them the deep ditch which was the boundary of the camp, and the hedge of barbed wire which caged them in, and the German sentries with fixed bayonets.

“Look here, Allison,” he said suddenly and excitedly, “why not do a bunk from this hell of ours? It’s perfectly simple, really! I’ve been thinking it out. This hut happens to be nearest to the edge of the camp. We could drive a tunnel under the ditch. It might take four of us a month or so. Not more than six weeks at the most. We could pinch a spade from those Huns who are working on the east side of the camp at the new line of latrines. . . . What do you say?”

Allison shook his head and laughed.

“Sheer folly, old lad! Utterly impossible. It has been tried before. Before you came some fellows made a tunnel like that and the front man was bayoneted through the stomach by a German sentry who saw him come out.”

“He must have been a damn fool,” said Marston impatiently. “He ought to have clubbed the sentry first. Anyhow, I’ve set my mind on it. I’m going to speak to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FELLOW PRISONERS
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Bartlett and Haversham about it. But, of course, we can't do without you."

"You'll have to leave me out of it," said Allison decidedly. "And both Bartlett and Haversham are too sensible to make such asses of themselves. My dear innocent child, supposing you dig your tunnel and get out on the other side of the barbed wire? What are you going to do then? How are you going to wander about Germany in British uniforms?"

Young Marston shrugged his shoulders and smiled faintly.

"I've thought that out too," he answered. "It's not so difficult. We shall have to waylay some of those peasants who work in the woods over there. They'll give up their clothes all right if we threaten to cut their throats."

"Madness!" cried Allison sharply.

"A sporting chance," said the boy.

He came over to Allison and caught hold of his arm.

"Anything's better than this prison camp. I can't stick it much longer without going daft or something. This war may go on for years. I don't see myself growing old on this patch of mud. Allison, old man, let's have a shot at it! It would give us something to look forward to—a new hope of seeing England again—England—oh, Christ! . . . And if we get shot or anything, well, what the hell does it matter? We took our chance in the trenches, didn't we? And it's quite on the cards that we might get over the Dutch frontier. Other fellows have done it. With your leadership, Allison, especially as you speak their lingo—"

He was clutching Allison's arm and his voice was pleading. There was a new light of hope in his eyes.

"No," said Allison. "All these attempts at escape lead to trouble for the other fellows. It's utter folly. The Germans here treat us very well, and we're damn' lucky to be prisoners of war. Otherwise we might be dead. And, personally, I don't want to be dead. I've a wife at home waiting for me. I want to see her again—like anything!"

Young Marston dropped hold of his arm and swung round on his heel a little.

"VERY well," he said stiffly. "As you're such a pro-German—they treat us very well, my God!—you can stay in their blasted camp and enjoy yourself until the war ends in 1950 or something. I shall make my own plans."

He strode out of the hut white to the lips with anger and disappointment, leaving Allison alone with a line between his eyebrows.

Pro-German! Yes, he had been called that before, because he was civil to German officers who wanted to make things as comfortable as possible in this prison camp, and because he had protested sometimes against the younger crowd who made demonstrations against the inevitable discipline and spoiled their chances of more liberty because they insulted German officers as a kind of patriotic duty—which didn't do any good and really was rather childish. Schoolboy stuff!

For a year and a half he had hidden his own agonies under a mask of cheerfulness in order to keep up the morale of his fellow prisoners. He had got that tennis court for them, organized many of their little shows, even gained permission for walks outside the camp until two young fools had spoiled that joy by doing a bunk from their escort. Of course they had been caught within an hour, and then there had been a wild scene in camp because they were put into solitary confinement.

Now young Marston talked about escape—that foolish dream of making a tunnel. At the other end of it, or before, he would be spitted like a rat on a German bayonet, like that other fellow who had tried the same game. No, he would have to stop that silly nonsense.

Allison stood with his arms folded, staring at the muddy boards and thinking of the boy's wild words. Then he raised his head sharply and listened. There was a sudden burst of cheering. Some of his fellow prisoners were running toward the entrance of the camp. German sentries were trying to keep them back.

It was the arrival of the new prisoners. Digby would be among them. By God, how good to see old Digby again, to hear the latest news from home! Only six weeks ago he had been sitting in a London theater with Monica. He would be able to say how she looked, what she said, what clothes she was wearing, what she was doing with her days. Digby who had shared rooms with him at Oxford! It would be priceless to see him again!

ALLISON started running like the others who were ahead of him. He came up to the crowd at the entrance of the camp. Some of them were out beyond the barbed wire and the German sentries were shouting at them and rounding them up.

"*Zurück! . . . Zurückgehen! Verboten herauszukommen! Sie wissen dass ganz wohl!*"

Many of the officers were cheering and waving their caps. And down the road to the camp came a small body of prisoners with their guards—twenty of them. Even at that distance—two hundred yards away—Allison could see Digby among them. He had the double wing on his breast and wore an airman's leather helmet with loose strings. And that was Digby's walk, with a springy step, and a kind of grace and elegance. Even if he were covered with mud he would have a Beau Brummell look.

Allison thrust his way between some of his fellow prisoners and shouted out: "Digby! . . . Hullo, Digby!"

He could see Digby raise his head and then wave a hand while he stared at the crowd of British officers whom he was going to join as a prisoner. Of course he couldn't spot Allison among them. It was five minutes later before Allison clutched his arm and greeted him.

"My dear old Digby! . . . Who would have thought it! . . . How priceless to see you again!"

Digby was utterly astonished—staggered, even—at this unexpected meeting.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "You here?"

"For a year and a half," said Allison. "It seems like ten. But this is the best day I've had. My dear chap, I'm simply overwhelmed at seeing you again."

He put his arm round Digby's shoulder. It was almost an embrace.

But Digby was self-conscious or something. He drew back slightly and looked embarrassed.

"I hadn't an idea you were here," he said.

Allison laughed at the luck that had brought him there.

"And to think that you saw Monica only a few weeks ago!"

Digby nodded.

"Yes. On my last leave."

Impossible to talk about Monica then, among the other men who were crowding round asking for news. Besides, Allison would have to get busy about that empty bunk. A word with the commandant would make that all right. It would be marvelous to have Digby as a stable companion. He would liven things up for the others. At the moment, of course, he looked tired and not too well. They had probably marched him until he was dead beat.

The commandant was quite agreeable to Major Digby being allotted to Allison's hut. He made a note in a book on his desk.

Then he looked up and said a queer thing in a nervous, strained voice.

"Perhaps you won't be overcrowded very long. . . . It looks like the end of all things."

Allison stared at him astounded, and blurted out a question with a kind of dazed incredulity.

"The end of the war? . . . Peace?"

The commandant's heavy jowl and flabby face and high bald forehead flushed heavily, and then the color ebbed away and left his skin with a kind of dead grayness.

"Germany is *kaput*," he said. "We have been betrayed. The spirit of the German people is broken. God will punish those who led them into this ruin—this endless agony—this futile sacrifice."

"Great God!" said Allison in a low voice.

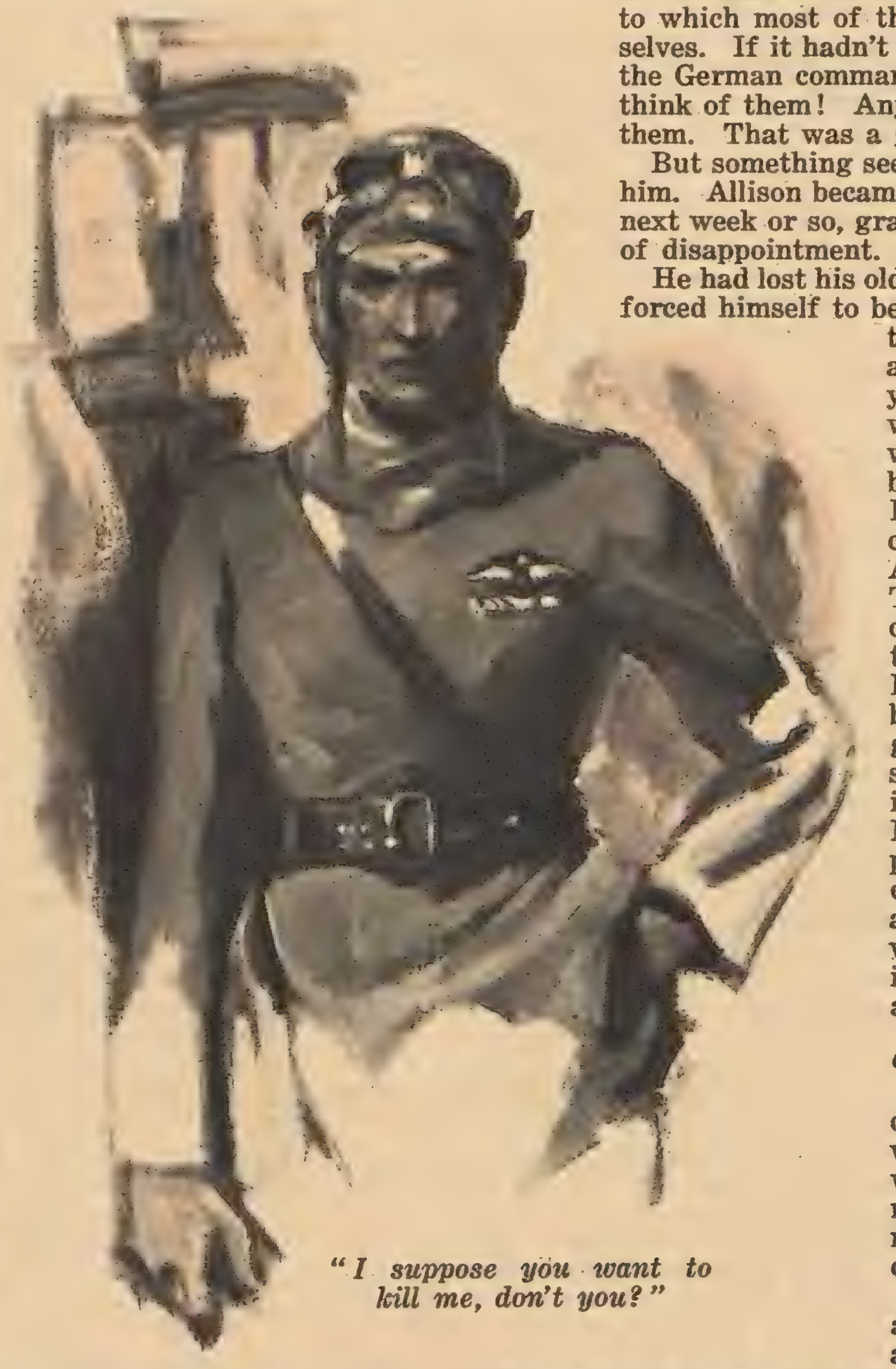
What was that he was hearing? The end of the war? Peace? No. It was madness to think of that. This German commandant was raving. The death of his second son had softened his brain. Peace? To be at home with Monica again? To go back to life and beauty and love? He dare not think it possible. If he allowed this hope to get hold of him he would lose his grip on self-control. There would be another year of war at least. Germany had reserves of strength. . . .

"I speak in confidence," said the commandant heavily. "You have always been very courteous to me, Captain Allison. Perhaps I have spoken too frankly. But the new prisoners will know what is happening on the front. We can no longer conceal—"

He rose and passed a trembling hand over his high forehead.

"Yes," he said, "I will arrange that Major Digby has a place in your hut. By all means."

Allison saluted and retired. He found it hard to breathe. His heart seemed to be pressing against his ribs. He was weak at the knees. A kind of trembling took possession of him. The end of the war? Oh, God, oh, God! . . . To get back to Monica and the sanity of life! To get away from this prison camp, this filthy, stinking swamp of despair in which he had agonized for five hundred days and nights, though he had hidden his spiritual desolation for the sake of the other men. To get back to liberty and home life! . . . It was too good to believe. It was unbelievable..



"I suppose you want to kill me, don't you?"

In the camp, as he went back to his own hut, there were excited groups surrounding the new prisoners. They were telling fairy tales. The Germans were on the run. They couldn't hold their line anywhere. Our men had taken hundreds of thousands of prisoners and masses of guns. The French were pressing them hard. The Americans were doing amazingly well, and they were pouring over from the States in an endless tide. German man power was exhausted. Of course, they might put up delaying actions for six months or so.

HAVERSHAM took Allison by the arm.

"These new fellows are telling a great tale," he said. "Any truth in it, do you think? We're doing well—that's evident—but I can't think old Fritz is broken yet."

"No," said Allison. "I simply dare not let myself hope too much. Our early optimism was tragic as well as laughable. We may have to steel ourselves to another year of it."

Haversham groaned, but did not disagree.

Many other men were utterly skeptical of that new hope of a quick ending. Bartlett shook his head and spoke somberly.

"Germany will fight back to Berlin, and it's a hell of a long way to go. I'm going to make a face like a patient prisoner."

"That fellow Digby says six months will do the trick," young Marston announced sullenly. "It certainly will, as far as I'm concerned. Six months more in this foul camp! God, the thought of it makes me want to vomit."

Perhaps it would have been better if those new fellows hadn't been so optimistic, thought Allison. It excited everybody and created a restlessness, a new impatience, which was worse than the dull resignation to which most of them had schooled themselves. If it hadn't been for those words of the German commandant— No, better not think of them! Anyhow, Digby had joined them. That was a good bit of news.

But something seemed to have changed in him. Allison became aware of it during the next week or so, gradually and with a sense of disappointment.

He had lost his old gayety, except when he forced himself to be amusing and chatty in the presence of Bartlett and Haversham and young Marston. It was when Allison was alone with him that the change became most noticeable. He became silent and constrained, and shirked Allison's questions. There was not the same old frankness in him, not the same easy laughter. He made excuses not to be left alone with Allison, going to other huts on some pretext, or suggesting a walk with young Marston. Two days passed before Allison could get anything like an intimate "powwow" with him, and even then it was only when he made an appeal to the others.

"LOOK here, you fellows, do you mind clearing out for a bit? I want to talk privately with Digby. He knows my people. My wife, as a matter of fact. You understand?"

They were very decent about it, and sloped off after some good-natured chaff, while Allison grabbed Digby's arm and held him back from some promise to call at one of the other huts.

"No you don't, old lad! You and I are going to have a heart to heart, even if I have to put my back to the door."

"Oh, rather," said Digby.

He turned away to his bunk and fumbled in an old tunic for his pipe and tobacco. He avoided Allison's eyes when he came back to sit on an upturned box and loaded up that pipe, very slowly.

"Digby," said Allison, "you know what I want to talk about. I'm just pining to hear all about Monica. After a year and a half, old man! This agony of separation. You can hardly understand—"

"God, yes!" said Digby quietly. "Perfectly bloody, of course."

"Tell me about her."

Digby lit his pipe. He was wearing that airman's helmet with the loose strings, and lowered his head over the lighted match.

"What can I tell you?" he asked.

Allison laughed.

"A million things. You went to the theater with her six weeks ago. What did she talk about?"

"Oh, she thought the show pretty rotten," said Digby.

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FELLOW PRISONERS
Continued from page thirteen

Allison tried to draw him out.

"Did she mention me at all? I mean, did my name crop up? Just once or twice?"

Digby was thoughtful.

"Oh, Lord, yes," he said, after a moment's silence. "She talked about you quite a lot."

"What did she say?"

Digby couldn't remember exactly what she said. She was worried about him, and all that kind of thing.

"But don't you remember any particular thing she said? Her exact words? The tone of her voice?"

"Oh, we just chatted," said Digby. "There was a show on, you know."

"What kind of frock was she wearing?" asked Allison. "What scent does she use? How does she do her hair these days?"

He wanted the least detail that would bring Monica nearer to him, more sharply visualized, with her living presence. Perhaps she had changed a little during a year and a half. Was she just as beautiful, as fresh, as childish?"

"Oh, quite!" said Digby.

Allison laughed again.

"Damn it, old man!" he exclaimed with humorous impatience. "You used to be a bit of a talker! Now I have to cross-question you like a prosecuting counsel! Can't you let yourself go a bit? I mean about Monica. I'm starved for news of her. She's afraid of the censorship and doesn't reveal things in her letters. This camp is like a desert island a million miles away from her and with no ship calling, until you came."

"I understand perfectly," said Digby. "It's hellish. . . . Sorry, old man, but I think I really must be pushing off to that other hut. I promised to make up a foursome for a game of bridge."

Allison let him go. He stood alone in the hut, dejected. What had happened to Digby? He was a different man. All the spring had gone out of him, unless he forced himself in other men's company. There was a shifty look in his eyes, or some look of fear. Perhaps that crash he had had over the German lines had snapped something. The war had altered him as it had altered everything, spoiled everything, murdered everything.

That was the first time he had tried to draw out Digby. He made other attempts, without success. And yet he was amusing sometimes with the other men, and chatted pleasantly about London in wartime, and played up to Bartlett's satire of the old men who were prepared to sacrifice their youngest nephew and their eighteenth grandchild on the altar of patriotism while they breathed out fire against the Boche in the deep armchairs of St. James's Street clubs.

HE was startled and amused one evening when young Marston—to whom he had taken a particular liking—came back to the hut after dark breathless with excitement. Only one candle was burning in the hut, stuck in the neck of a bottle, and by its dim light they could see that the boy was carrying something under his arm. He shut the door behind him and stood there panting, until he gave a nervous laugh.

"I say, you fellows! See what I've got here! For God's sake, don't make a row or talk too loudly. It's the chance of a lifetime!"

He opened his tunic, which was clasped about something—two things—which caught the candlelight with a gleam on metal. They were spades.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Digby. "Do you want us to dig our own graves?"

Young Marston grinned, and spoke excitedly again, in a kind of whisper.

"I pinched them from those Huns who are making the new latrines. They went off to get a drink or something. I was on them like a bird. If we can't dig a decent tunnel with these, we're a disgrace to the British army."

Haversham and Bartlett glanced at each other with raised eyebrows. Allison was sorry for young Marston's excitement. Utterly futile trying to escape! Besides, with a little patience now, there might be another and better way of escape. Six months or so. A year at most. Then, by the grace of God—

"What do you want to dig a tunnel for?" asked Digby. "Is it a new game or something, like building castles?"

"It gives us a way out from this blasted camp," said the boy.

He explained his plan, as he had told Allison. It seemed to him perfectly simple. Anyhow, there was a jolly good sporting chance.

"Don't you agree?" he asked Haversham. "I'm certain you'll lend a hand. And you, Bartlett. We can rely on you, can't we?"

He turned toward Allison and his eyes were shining.

"Allison, you're the leader of this show. You simply can't refuse, now I've got these marvelous spades."

"My dear lad," said Allison, "far better put those things back where you found them."

"I'm damned if I do!" answered the boy, going white with passion. "Haversham—Bartlett—you're in with this, aren't you? We could dig our way out in no time. And you, Digby?"

Bartlett shook his head.

"Not in these trousers, laddie! I have a horror of cold steel."

"We should all be caught," said Haversham. "I'm not risking it, Marston."

Digby rose and put his arm round the boy's shoulder.

"It's a plucky idea, young un. I'd take a stab at it with you if I thought we should be here much longer. But things are breaking. Let's wait and see for a week or two."

YOUNG Marston shook Digby's arm off and turned on the others with an angry rage.

"You're a bunch of bloody cowards!" he cried.

For a moment he glared at them, and then kicked the spades which he had propped up against the wall so that they fell with a clatter. Then he climbed into his bunk and lay there with his face turned away from the light. It was Digby who put the spades away, hiding them under his own bunk, on which he sat with his arms on his knees and his head bent, staring at the floor. Allison watched him until Digby raised his head with a look of tragic unhappiness, like a man self-tortured.

"I think I'll turn in," he said.

It was a week after his arrival, on a morning in November, that Allison returned from a meeting of the entertainment committee, of which he was chairman, with the hope of finding Digby alone and asking him frankly what was the reason for his aloofness and lack of friendship. At Oxford they had been close friends. Had anything happened to make a difference?

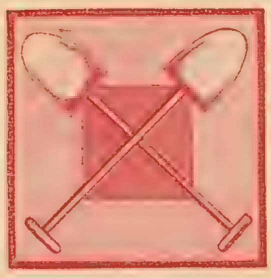
The hut was empty. Haversham and Bartlett were doing a walk round the camp to keep fit. Young Marston was in the infirmary with a fever of some sort. Digby had been writing a letter before Allison's meeting, a difficult letter, judging from the length of time he spent over it. Now he had gone. Allison was disappointed, and then glanced round the hut with a sense of irritation.

Really, that fellow Bartlett was the untidiest of mortals! He had left one of his dirty socks again on the shelf where he kept his tobacco tins. And there was an old handkerchief as black as a chimney sweep's which he had dropped on the floor, and a bit of paper chucked down. . . . Impossible to keep the hut tidy with a disorderly occupant like that.

Allison stooped to pick up the paper. As a matter of fact, it was a letter, folded in half and scrumpled as though it had been in somebody's pocket. Good Lord, he must have dropped it himself when he took out the notes for that meeting of the entertainment committee. It was one of Monica's letters—an old one which he couldn't quite remember at first glance. Not the last one.

"*Oh, my dear,*" he read, and then looked perplexed, with a little smile about his lips. Queer, that! It must be quite an old letter which he had kept with the others in his breast pocket. He read it with a curious feeling that these words were new to him, until after a few sentences he let it drop from his hands to the floor and stood there staring at it with a kind of horror.

"Oh, my dear" (she wrote), "I am very worried about you—and about myself. I'm only a weak thing caught in this devil's trap of war like the rest of us. Don't tempt me too much, because I want love as much as you do, and your love is hard to refuse. I want to be loyal. I was brought up in a decent code. It's only the awful loneliness, the knowledge that youth is slipping away without joy, which breaks down my pride and self-respect. I could never be quite happy with you. I should be conscience-stricken, as I am now, with the remembrance of last night haunting me—your kisses, your arms about me, your passion. And yet I know that if I see you again before your leave is over I shan't have the strength to deny you. How could I look Dick in the eyes if he ever comes back again? I'm sorry you love me so much, my dear. Try to forget me. Let's play the game according to our code. Help me to play it. I shall weep when you go back to the front. My lips burn with that last kiss of yours—"



It was then that Captain Allison dropped the letter on the floor and stared at it with horror.

Outside there was a sudden burst of cheering, but it did not disturb the rigidity of this British officer who stood as though turned to stone with that letter at his feet.

Once he gave a kind of moan like a wounded man, and after that, while the noise in the camp increased, though he was deaf to it, he stooped and fumbled under one of the bunks as though searching for something, which presently he found. It was one of the short-handled spades which young Marston had brought in with his mad dream of escape.

Allison held the spade in his hand, facing the doorway of the hut. His eyes looked strangely sunken, but there was a steely light in them. He stood there with that heavy spade like a man waiting for his enemy to appear round the corner of a trench or out of a dugout.

But it was Haversham, his friend, who came into the hut hurriedly, breathless with some tremendous excitement which transfigured him so that he looked ten years younger than when he had left the hut a little while ago.

"Allison!" he shouted. "Haven't you heard? Haven't you seen that notice they've posted up?"

"Where's Digby?" asked Allison.

"They've all gone mad," said Haversham. "Listen to them!"

He listened intently to hoarse cheering, and laughed with a kind of hysteria in his voice.

"Where's Digby?" asked Allison.

"They're all calling for you," said Haversham. "Listen! They're shouting for you now. They want a speech from you, old man, as the leader of this show for a year and a half—the life and soul of the camp, as we all acknowledge."

IT was only afterward that Haversham wondered why Allison looked so dazed, so bewildered, so unlike himself, standing there with that spade in his hand. At the moment he himself was too uplifted by the wonderful news that had come to notice things like that, except subconsciously.

Allison felt along the edge of the spade with his thumb and finger.

"What's happened?" he asked. "What the hell has happened? I want Digby."

Outside the hut there were shouts of "Allison! . . . Allison!"

"It's peace," said Haversham with a queer break in his voice. "The end of the war and all this agony and blood. The Germans have asked for an armistice. It's the 'Cease fire' tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock. Peace, Allison! Life again! Liberty! The last youth of the world has been reprieved."

He spoke with a kind of spiritual exaltation.

Allison dropped the spade.

"Oh, Christ!" he said. "Peace, did you say? No more blood?"

The door of the hut burst open and Bartlett rushed in, followed by other men.

"Allison! . . . Allison! Why do you hide yourself like that? We want you, old man. Drag him out, Haversham. . . . Good old Allison!"

Bartlett was manhandling him, laughing, struggling, dragging him out of that little hut which had been his prison house for a year and a half.

Outside the hut there was a surging crowd of officers. At the sight of Allison they cheered loudly. A group of them were singing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. Another group was singing Rule, Britannia. Two officers were dancing with their arms round each other's necks.

"Speech! Speech!" shouted a hundred voices.

It was the old colonel of the Middlesex regiment who was making a speech, after raising his hand for silence.

"GENTLEMEN," he said, in a high voice, "on this great day—when this wonderful news has lifted up our hearts and when the peace of the world is at hand—when our own ordeal is coming to an end—we in this camp wish to express our thanks, our gratitude, our devotion to one man who more than any other helped most of us 'to stick it out'—if I may say so—as prisoners of war. I speak of Captain Allison—"

Cheers rose again in a storm of noise, until the old colonel raised his hand again.

"From the first he has been the life and soul of the camp. He has organized most of our entertainments and the intellectual side of our community. He has kept us from brooding and boredom. He has obtained most of our little privileges. He has been our leader, not by any authority given to him formally, but by unfailing courage, sympathy, good nature, and—if I may say so—sweetness and nobility of character. Captain Allison, in the name of all the prisoners of this camp, I thank you, sir—"

It was noticed by some that Allison stood there rather rigidly, with a strange, trancelike look, until he was stirred by some wave of emotion which flushed his face and brought a mist of tears to his eyes. But most of them were too excited to notice anything like that. They made a rush at him, lifted him shoulder high, and carried him round the camp, cheering and yelling.

Digby was not among them, it seemed.

He came into the hut that afternoon, when Allison was alone again, sitting on the wooden packing case which they used as a table, with his head bent, as though staring at the muddy floor. He raised his head when Digby came in and spoke to him calmly.

"Hullo, Digby!"

Digby stood in the doorway in that airman's helmet with the strings hanging loose.

"Did you read that letter?" he asked. "I must have dropped it."

"Yes, I read it," said Allison.

"I'm damned sorry about it," said Digby. "You had to know. I suppose you want to kill me, don't you?"

He asked the question in a flat, level voice, as though it were natural and inevitable that Allison should want to kill him.

Allison sat thinking for a moment without answering. Then he answered.

"Not now. This Armistice makes a difference. It's peace, isn't it? No more blood. . . . We must try to get back to the decencies of life."

Some struggle was happening in Digby's soul and body. He put his arm over his face for a moment, leaning against the doorway of the hut. Then he dropped it and spoke in a broken way.

"I'm desperately sorry, Allison. I played the cad. Monica isn't to blame. It was only her loneliness—and my passion. All her loyalty is to you. My love for her means nothing now you're going back, Allison."

Allison raised his head and then stood up with some inner light shining in his eyes.

"It's peace," he said. "Life begins again, old man, after all this death and beastliness."

He held out his hand to the man he had wanted to kill.

THE END

Madcap Mabel Normand

The True Story of a Great Comediénne

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

THE fame and fortune that Mabel Normand won was due to her own initiative. As Mr. Sutherland pointed out last week in the first installment of this biography, her parents were poor. But Mabel, at the age of thirteen, started out on her own and shortly was increasing the family income by posing for noted New York artists. Then she began work for D. W. Griffith, and in this chapter we find her among the pioneers of the movies.

PART TWO—IN THE MOVIE MONEY

"D. W. GRIFFITH gave me a job when he brought the company back to New York from California in May, 1911," said Mabel Normand, continuing the story of her career. "And he changed my screen name back to my real one. Vitagraph had identified the actors on the screen, but for a while Biograph, Mr. Griffith's company, gave its players funny names.

"Blanche Sweet was Daphne Wayne, I was Muriel Fortescue, and Mack Sennett had some trick moniker like Lionel Marchbank. As a matter of fact, his original name is Michael Sinnott and he is an Irish-Canadian. He came to this country via Detroit, where he was a boiler maker. Perhaps that accounts for his broad shoulders and enormous strength.

"The story of how Griffith gave him a job as property-man's assistant and then used him in comedies is well known. So with his career as the greatest director of comedies the world has seen.

"I don't know when it was, but I worked with Blanche Sweet in The Eternal Mother, and with Mary Pickford in The Mender of Nets. Mary is one of the best friends I have. Among others I met at Biograph was Jeanie MacPherson, later one of the screen's finest writers.

"I must have stayed with Griffith's company about a year, because late in the spring of 1912, when I was in my seventeenth year, Mack Sennett took me to Lüchow's café on Fourteenth Street for luncheon.

"He explained in great detail that he had signed a contract with Bauman and Kessel, who ran the New York Motion Picture Company, and was to make comedies for them in Hollywood. He said he wanted me to sign up with them.

"An hour later he escorted me into the office of his new bosses. They put me in a big chair and my feet didn't reach the floor. One ought to have one's feet on the ground always when talking contracts! Facing me were the owners and Sennett and a private secretary—and how those babies teamed up on me!

Mabel Normand when she was just a papoose, pictorially. From an early Griffith.

Early days on location. Scene from D. W. Griffith's The Eternal Mother, a stirring picture of the old days, in which appear Mabel Normand, Edwin August, and, she with the shawl and wispy hair, Blanche Sweet.

"First Bauman offered me $75 a week. I just sat and stared at him. Then Kessel said they'd star me in every picture. Then Nappy—you know how I called Sennett Napoleon and then abbreviated it—told me to get down to earth and listen to reason.

"When I didn't reply, Bauman made it $100 a week, and that left me dumber than before. There wasn't that much money in the world! Why, after a year—with $5,200—I could retire and keep my family in luxury forever! They misinterpreted my silence, and with a hollow groan Bauman flung up his hands and said $125.

"By the time he'd stated that figure the idea of $100 had finished percolating through the old brain and I reached for the pen and signed the contract.

"My family wouldn't believe it until they saw the first week's pay.

"KEYSTONE COMEDIES cranked its camera for the first time in its historic, never-equaled career on the morning of July 4, 1912, when we began a picture in Central Park. Leave it to Nappy to find a location that was gratis!

"Within ten days we all went out to Hollywood. There weren't many of us, and only a few were known to the public at all, and we didn't know what the future held for us out on those faraway, sun-kissed slopes.

"But we didn't care. We were a jolly outfit of friendly comedians, and we were going to make the world laugh, and I was to get $125 a week and be a star. Oh, the gay years when I went tripping down the road in the crystal sunshine! I often think a marvelous story could be written about the early days of the baby industry out here in southern California.

"From the capitalists and producers at the top who were guessing as to what the public would like in this brand-new amusement, to the inventors who were swiftly devising new things for both camera and projection machine and electric lighting and laboratory development, on down to the wild crowd of young men and women who formed the first companies making pictures, the whole thing was a gamble.

"We were a feverish, groping, guessing, suddenly enriched throng of youthful people who didn't know what to do while we were working and didn't know or care what we did while we were playing.

"Remember: the camera is an insatiable Minotaur demanding youth and beauty. That is all it requires. Brains can be supplied by scenario writers and dialogists and directors—if they have any. And youth and beauty seldom are escorted through life by common sense or stability of character, since the law of compensation declines to shower on one individual all the qualities with which the myths endowed the ancient gods.

"So, you may be sure, the inevitable happened—lovely girls and handsome lads, both young and often uneducated, suddenly were deluged with gold, and a lot of us flung prudence and conservatism and thrift and restraint

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

to the soft breezes of the Pacific Ocean and frolicked madly through the early days of our careers.

“It got some of us, and some of us died notoriously; others it dropped swiftly out of the pictures; and a few of us finally got our feet back on firm ground and survived.

“Well, we made the world laugh, all right, as it has never laughed before or since; and some weeks I actually got the $125 they promised. Often, though, I didn't, and the reason is one of the first of a million laughs I've got out of my career in the films.

“You wouldn't think, would you, that the speed of a selling plater on the race tracks back east would have anything to do with the salary due to the great Normand, star of Keystone, out in California? But it had a lot to do with it, for Bauman and Kessel backed a book at the tracks, and when the ponies scampered in wrong, little Mabel didn't get her $125 a week. But, of course, they always paid me in full, eventually.

“The new amusement of the movies accounted for another quaint feature in connection with the work of all of the companies in Hollywood. Most of the pictures in those days were one- or two-reelers, and each company would be making as many as six at once, simply because the producers back east would run short of money and wire their directors that they could borrow in advance from the film exchanges and exhibitors if they got a wire that another picture was being made.

“So we, like the other companies, would stop in the middle of one and start another, simply rearranging the props, pulling a pair of overalls on over my frock, putting a cop's cap on Fatty Arbuckle, and having Ford Sterling or Charlie Chaplin chase us around in front of the camera.

“There'd be no script, no plot, no idea of what we'd do when we started—and no title. All we needed was 600 or 700 feet of film showing us doing something and 300 or 400 feet of educational film to tack on it, such as how sheep are sheared or olives canned.

“Then Nappy'd wire B. and K. that Mabel's New Lover, or some other fancy title, was on the way east, and B. and K. could arrange for new funds.

“There was still another weird phase to my work. I guess there were more companies named after me than after any other actress that ever lived.

“There'd be a Mabel Normand Amusement Co., Inc., and a Mabel Normand this, and a Mabel Normand that. All of these companies were organized without my knowing anything about them, and caring less.

Miss Normand and Sam Bernard in a boudoir scene. A trifle daring, but saved by the fact that Mr. Bernard has his overcoat.

© Clark Irvine, Santa Monica, Calif.

The chuckle-provoking Fatty Arbuckle, who fell on his neck for business reasons.

“In some mysterious way, too occult for me to fathom, they'd raise money on these interminable companies, put some of it into three or four pictures, and then let the company die and form another and raise more money. It was all perfectly legitimate and ethical. It simply meant that nobody knew much about the new game of moving pictures.

“All this brought a strange fact into our industry—I made more pictures than any five actresses or actors that ever performed. And I made more millionaires of men I never saw than anybody ever in pictures. Certainly I don't begrudge them a dime.

“I made plenty, and I saved plenty, and I have plenty today—plenty meaning that if I never work again I can continue to live on the scale to which I've accustomed myself. Nobody else ever accustomed me to it!

“And to give you a side light on another angle of our early history: I had nobody to tell me what to do. Dramatic actresses had the stage to fall back on, the sure-fire hits of theatrical history in pose and facial expression; but I had to do something that nobody ever had done before.

“I had no precedent, nothing to imitate, for Flora Finch's art, based as it was on her angularity and candidly exploited homeliness, never would have fitted me. Other comédiennes with equal frankness got their laughs with their fat bodies or their somewhat ghastly grotesquery of gesture.

“Since all previous laughs had been achieved through the spoken word and, in our early days, through slapstick hokey, I had to cleave a new path to laughter through the wilderness of the industry's ignorance and inexperience. I created my own standard of fun, simply letting spontaneity and my inborn sense of what is mirth-provoking guide me, for no director ever taught me a thing.

“I wasn't satisfied with merely being kicked, though I've been kicked oftener and more heartily than any woman that ever lived. But while I was getting kicked or bowled over, it was because somebody else wanted to get a laugh and got it at my expense.

“Well, I didn't mind; there were enough laughs to go around—and nobody ever stole a picture from me! And most of the kickers are in oblivion.

“Our first studio was an old grocery store Bauman and Kessel bought at 1712 Alesandro Street, now called Glendale Boulevard, in the Los Angeles suburb of Edendale. To this diminutive studio others were added, until ownership of that old lot put Sennett, who acquired it through numerous transactions, among the richest producers in the business.

“One of the first men Sennett hired was Harry Carr, later a director of the Los Angeles Times. He came to us as a press agent, and it was he who conceived the idea of the famous Sennett bathing beauties, one day after Nappy had bawled him out about failing to get him enough publicity.

“We had a lot of fun with Ince's company. Sennett's company was a member of the Triangle Corporation, and through the latter Griffith and Thomas Ince also released. Inceville was a few miles north of Santa Monica, on the beach and bluffs and the mesa back of the hills.

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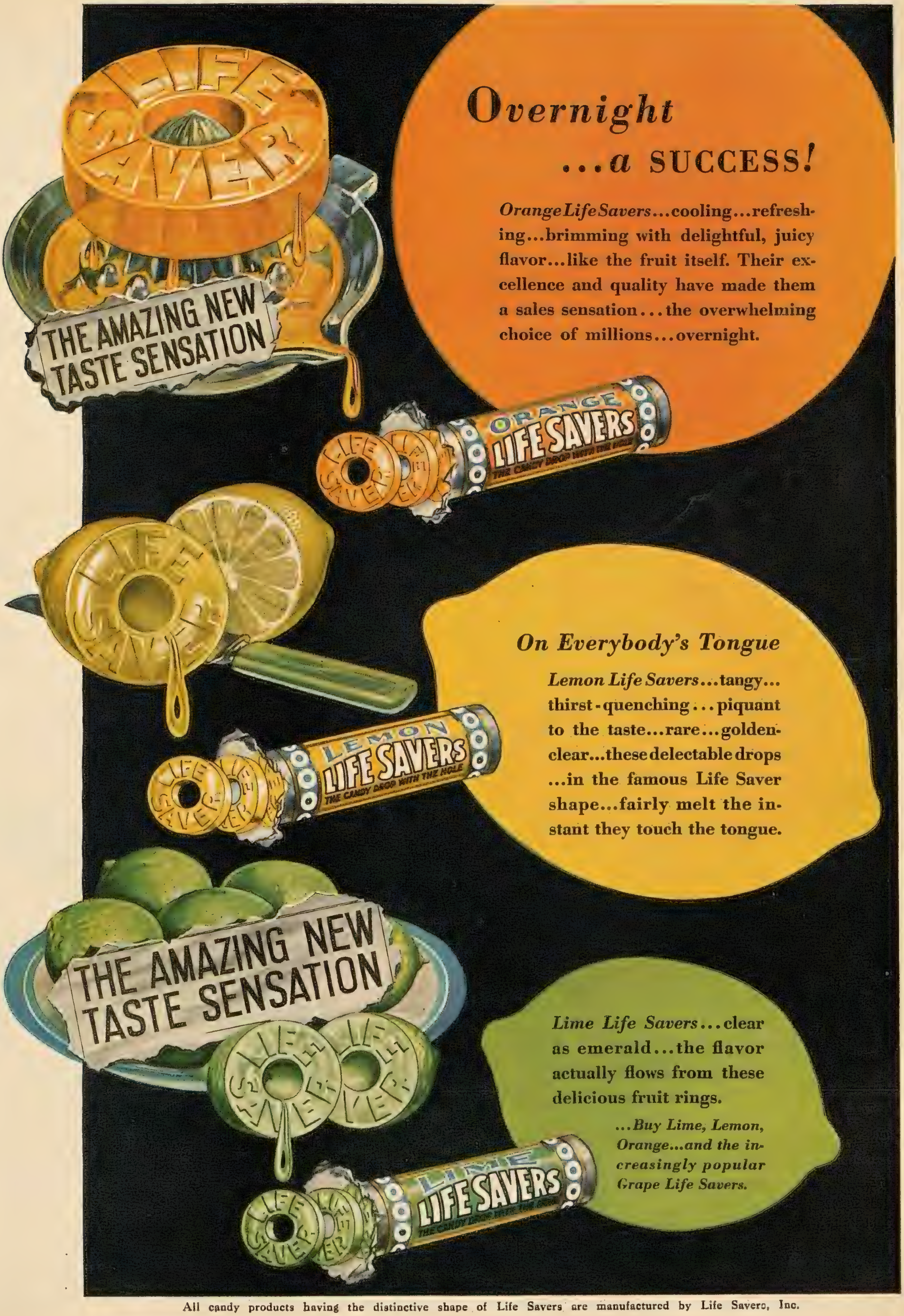

LIFE SAVER
THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION
ORANGE LIFE SAVERS THE CANDY DROP WITH THE HOLE
LEMON LIFE SAVERS THE CANDY DROP WITH THE HOLE
THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION
LIME LIFE SAVERS THE CANDY DROP WITH THE HOLE

Overnight ...a SUCCESS!

Orange Life Savers...cooling...refreshing...brimming with delightful, juicy flavor...like the fruit itself. Their excellence and quality have made them a sales sensation...the overwhelming choice of millions...overnight.

On Everybody's Tongue

Lemon Life Savers...tangy...thirst-quenching...piquant to the taste...rare...golden-clear...these delectable drops...in the famous Life Saver shape...fairly melt the instant they touch the tongue.

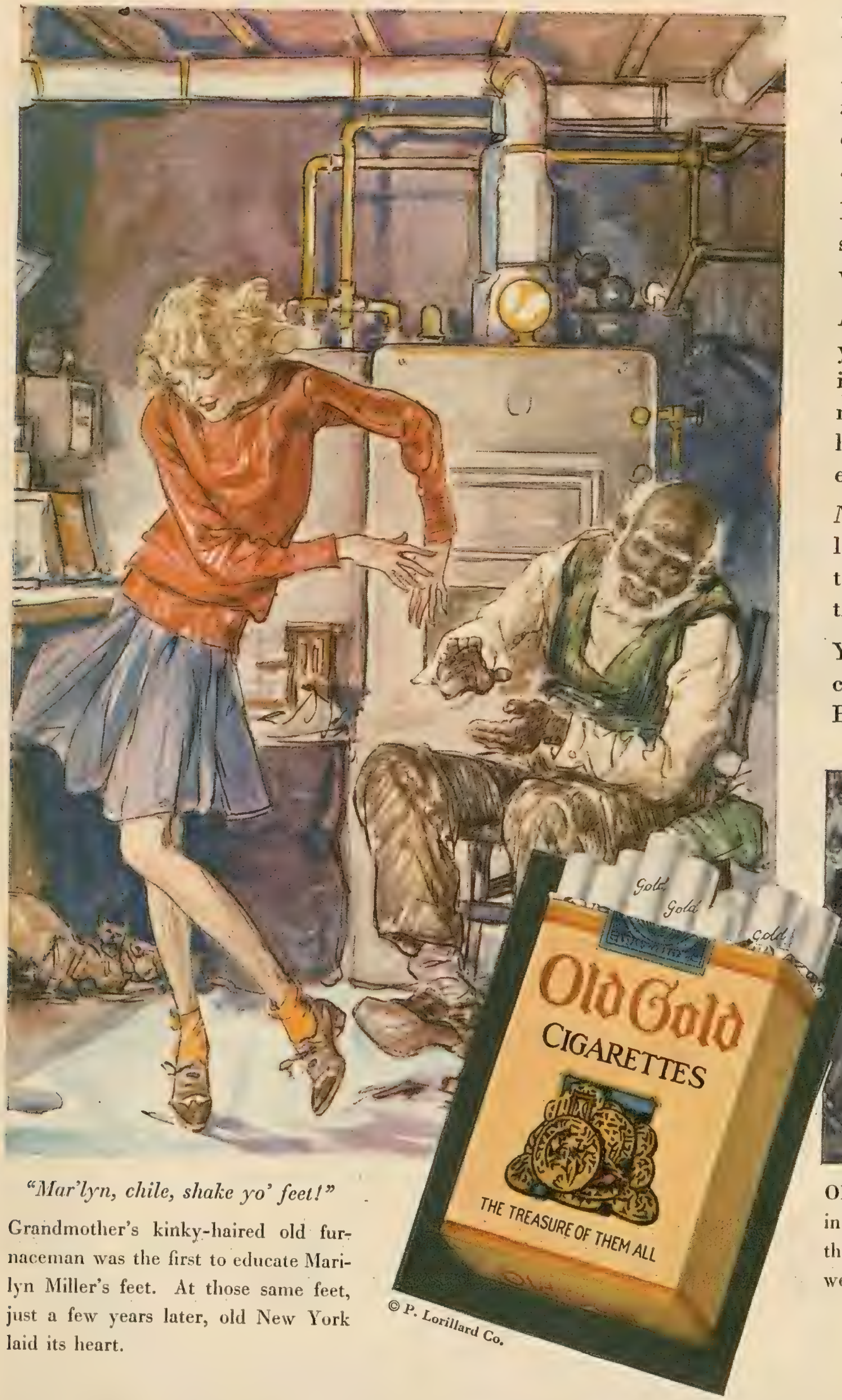
Lime Life Savers...clear as emerald...the flavor actually flows from these delicious fruit rings.

...Buy Lime, Lemon, Orange...and the increasingly popular Grape Life Savers.

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



"Mar'lyn, chile, shake yo' feet!"

Grandmother's kinky-haired old furnaceman was the first to educate Marilyn Miller's feet. At those same feet, just a few years later, old New York laid its heart.

© P. Lorillard Co.

MARILYN MILLER

From her grandmother's cellar ... to Ziegfeld's Roof ... in just the twinkle of a toe. She really was *the "Sally" ... of the alley called Broadway.*

How explain the miracle of Marilyn's success?...*Nature* simply blessed her with a charm all her own.

And that's the only answer to another young star's rise. OLD GOLD made its bow just four years ago. In a month it was popular. In a year, a headliner. Today it's America's fastest growing cigarette.

Nature again! Sun-drenched heart-leaves from *better* tobaccos. A new taste-thrill for jaded palates. A new throat-ease and freedom from coughs.

You can "manufacture" an ordinary cigarette . . . or an ordinary actress. But only *Nature* produces the stars.

OLD GOLDS first hopped the Pacific Ocean in March, 1929. In just three weeks after they appeared on the beach at Waikiki they were one of the four "best sellers."

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

“A famous spot in our day was the Twin Rocks, huge boulders that stood, barnacle-covered, at the edge of the water. There Keystone staged some of our celebrated comedies, the bathing beauties being imperiled by villains and rescued by the Keystone cops and the heroes all over and around the rocks.

“Ince would get all set for one of his mammoth panorama pictures with cameras mounted everywhere. Long companies of pioneer families would pass in wagons from the mesa down the ravines and along the beach, and Indians would attack and cavalry come dashing up to save them.

“Sennett would have us waiting, and at the most spectacular climax of the great panorama he'd give a signal and we'd dash out and do our stuff against that mighty background. There'd be no connection between our comedy and the drama, but that made no difference. Ince would see us and come running, screaming through his megaphone:

“‘Mack, you damned thief! Get those infernal clowns off my set!’”

“We'd beat it, of course, but we had our scenes. Tom and Mack wouldn't speak for a couple of days, but of course they were devoted friends and laughed about it afterward.

Kopec photo

Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, and those pals of olden, golden days, Miss Normand and Charlie Chaplin, who used to give wayfarers some unscheduled thrills.

“We had lots of fun at the home of Ince and his lovely wife, Nell. Nappy used to have trouble with his correspondence and I helped him out. I got him to install a dictaphone, and also used it to jot down any funny ideas that came to us out on the set. Nell Ince had a fine phonograph, and that gave me a hunch.

“I PREPARED some special cylinders for our dictaphone, telling interesting things about the studio, so we could entertain visitors, and wound them up by saying, ‘Miss Mabel Normand will now sing the Jewel Song from Faust,’ or the aria from Tosca or La Bohème, or whatever I thought of. Another record would finish with the statement that ‘Mr. Mack Sennett will now sing his favorite, Celeste Aïda,’ or Mother Machree, or something else.

“The Inces were hosts in their day to some of the most celebrated people in the world, and when somebody especially famous was there Nell would phone and invite us to dinner. We'd take our dictaphone and special cylinders, and after dinner we'd gather on the veranda.

“We'd put on our record, and hidden back of a potted fern or a screen would be the Ince phonograph. When it had been announced that Miss Normand was to sing, somebody would turn on the phonograph and the celebrities would sit dumfounded while they listened to my marvelous voice—which was Mary Garden's or Lina Cavalieri's!

“Then I would simper and blush when they demanded I sing then and there, and explain that I had a slight cold and dared not strain my golden throat.

“And the lovely tenor of Mr. Mack Sennett would drift through the honeysuckle and across the lawn with its giant trees—while Nappy would become self-conscious and modest as Caruso or John McCormack warbled for him.

“Gouverneur Morris, or Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, or whoever was there, would rave about us and scold us for being in pictures when we ought to be in opera. Sometimes we let them in on the joke, but we didn't tell Bill Hart, and he used to come to the studio for a year after, begging Sennett and me to sing for him.

“We had some great characters working on that old Keystone lot. Among those who made good were Charlie Chaplin, Ben Turpin, Phyllis Haver, Louise Fazenda, Polly Moran, Ford Sterling, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, Chester Conklin, Marie Dressler, Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery, Marie Prevost, and numerous others. But many stars of the speaking stage failed.

“Pop Levy's café at Fourth and Spring streets was the favorite meeting place of the screen personalities in the early days. Charlie Murray, Vera Reynolds, and Julia Faye of our studio often joined Nappy and me at luncheon or dinner there to discuss bits of business or just gossip. Wally Reid often was with us; and he, poor fellow, never was to emerge from the shadow into which his light and care-free feet carried him.

“IT was at Levy's that Sennett had a great laugh at my expense. I told him one night I wasn't hungry but would take a drink of something. He ordered a horse's neck, and I turned to Lottie Pickford and Clarine Seymour and Teddy Sampson, who were with us.

“‘Can you imagine this mick trying to feed me a chunk of old dobbin when I just told him I wasn't hungry!’ I said. They all got a great laugh out of that.

“Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge and Blanche Sweet were not with our company, but we four were inseparable at one time. We had a funny bet we settled every night. We were all insatiable movie fans and went to a theater every evening.

“We'd bet the sodas for the quartet and the last one to cry during the running of a picture would have to pay. I got stuck a lot at first, because most emotional acting gave me a laugh; but before long I learned a trick so I never was the loser. It worried the three girls for quite a while, but they finally caught me.

“On the way to the theater I would buy an afternoon paper, clip out the death notices, and when the rest weren't looking and the lights were on between reels I'd glance down the column of lamentations by the relicts and burst into tears.

“A famous member of our company was Pepper, a fat cat Sennett was crazy about. She was more than a cat: she was a barometer. Pepper would curl up near the gate and we'd all hide behind props and buildings till Sennett came in.

“If he stalked past his pet, squirting tobacco juice furiously ahead, we'd snap into our dance, for we knew he was in a bad temper. But if he stooped and scratched Pepper's ears and said ‘Good morning’ to her, then the great Normand was in for a warm siege.

“I either had to go to Sennett with some trouble somebody wanted squared or with the suggestion that Ford Sterling would do better work if he got ten dollars more a week. Pepper and I got several raises for Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin.

“One day, early in the spring of 1914, I think it was,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MADCAP MABEL NORMAND
Continued from page twenty-one]

Nappy and I were standing at the head of the stairs near his office quarreling about something—we were eternally wrangling. Suddenly the door opened and a huge blob of a man appeared below. He was the fattest thing I'd ever seen, and he had the jolliest face and eyes.

“He advanced heavily up the stairs, followed by a sad-looking yellow bull terrier that answered to his obese master's call of Luke. When he reached us he stopped and took off his hat, and spoke:

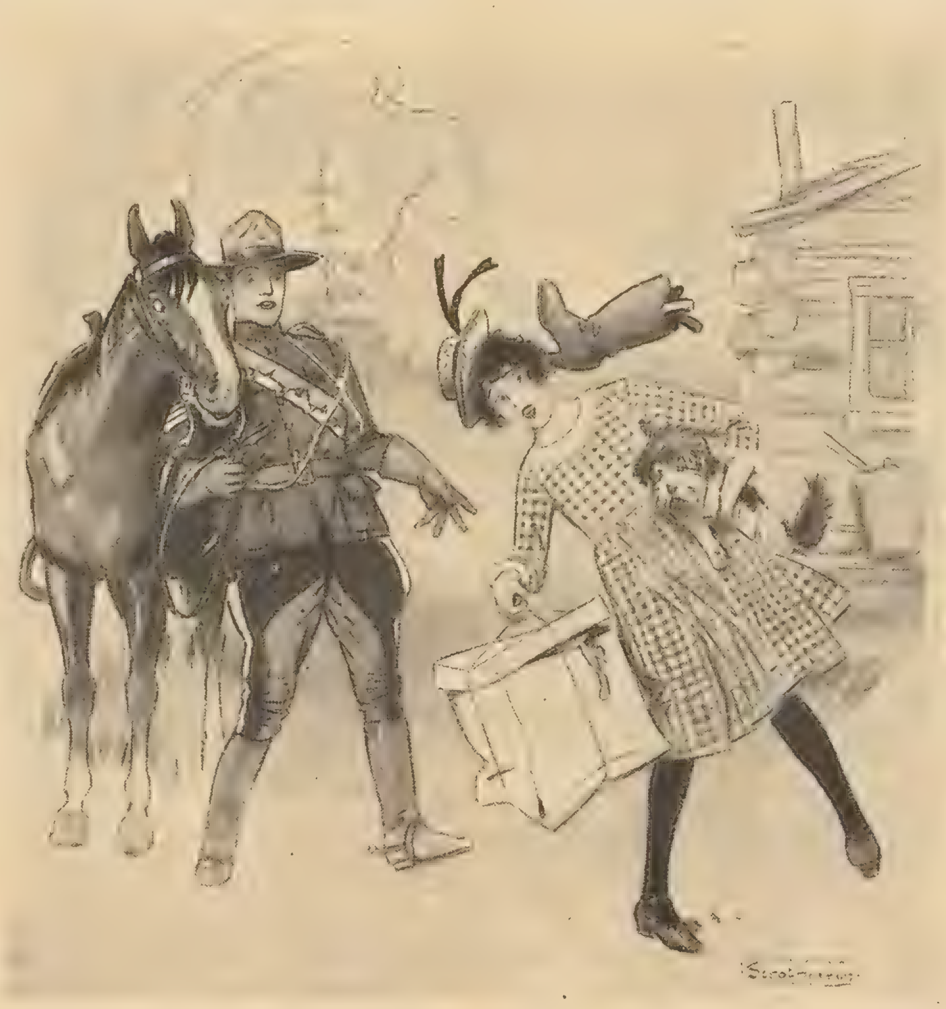
“‘My name's Roscoe Arbuckle, but they call me Fatty. I'm the fat laugh in the Long Beach Stock Company, but I want to get into the movies. If you think I'm not good, watch—'

“Whereupon he leaped backward into space, sailing surprisingly high in the air for so vast a man, cleared Luke by a couple of feet, and landed at the foot of the stairway on the back of his neck. The whole building shook, and Nappy and I clutched each other. But Arbuckle bounced lightly to his feet and ran back up to us. Sennett hired him at once at fifty dollars a week.

“Fatty and I played in countless pictures together. They didn't make much sense but they were surpassingly funny. Arbuckle ran into a lot of hard luck in San Francisco and the public turned on him and hounded him out of pictures.

“After we'd been in California a year or so, Nappy succumbed to the fever then afflicting the producers, the belief that you can take a celebrity in some other field and make him or her a great box-office magnet in the films.

“Well, you can't, any more than a magazine could feed its readers with articles on biology from the pen of Thomas Edison or poetry written by Battling Nelson. You can kid the public just so long, and then it demands reality instead of the counterfeit.



Picture by F. Strothmann

“Just as the boot came flying along, I happened to look down at my feet and the heel took me smartly back of the left ear.”

“THE actors and actresses from the stage came in droves to Hollywood and to our studio and they departed almost as fast as they came. I liked Lew Fields immensely, and he used to come to me with tears in his eyes, and say: ‘Mabel, what's wrong with me? I ain't kidding myself. I know I'm ghastly.'

“I tried to explain that in his case it was a matter of spacing his stuff so that slower-witted audiences could keep up with him. But it was hopeless.

“Once Raymond Hitchcock and Sam Bernard were watching me in a take, and in it somebody had to throw a heavy cowboy boot from the side across the scene and hit a handsome hero at my right. Just as the boot came flying along, I happened to look down at my feet and the heel took me smartly back of the left ear.

“I went down cold, and came to a little later, just as Sam was saying to Hitchy: ‘Too bad Fields wasn't here to see her space that one!'

“In one play Hitchy appeared in with me he played opposite a lot of snakes, and he called them Alpha and Omega and Upsilon and Eenie and Meenie and Miny and Moe, because he said he wasn't sure of their sex and those names were sexless. I don't know whether the horrid things actually understood him, but they did seem to come to him when he called them by those names.

“Polly Moran and Wallace Beery played for a year in Sheriff Nell, a series of comical western pictures Sennett conceived. Beery got his chance when he happened to stumble and fall while acting as prop boy. He and Gloria Swanson came to us at the same time.

“Gloria got past the gateman some way and walked up to Sennett and told him she had worked for the Essanay in Chicago and wanted a job with him. He sent her to the wardrobe to put on a bathing suit, and when she reappeared she was so lovely and fragile and so charming and so graceful that he hired her at once.

“But instead of returning on the day he told her to, she showed up a couple of days later and explained that on the strength of the new job she had married Wallace Beery, and begged Sennett to put him to work.

“IT was about August of 1913, after we'd been there a year, that a thing of vast importance to the industry happened. Charlie Chaplin came to work for us. He was appearing in a Los Angeles theater in a sketch called A Night in a London Music Hall.

“Somebody told Sennett he was good, and Mack asked me to go with him to take a look. After it was over, he asked me what I thought, adding that he doubted if the little Englishman would do for pictures.

“‘I like him,' I told Mack. ‘He needs movie technique, but he's got the stuff, gobs of funny stuff. Let's get a close-up. Send him a note.'

“Chaplin met us under the arc lights in front of the theater. He had on a little pin-check suit, all wrinkled, and an iron derby, and his linen was frayed and soiled. He spoke in low tones and seemed ill at ease and discouraged. We talked to him a while, and Mack asked him if he'd like to go into the films. Charlie said he didn't know, and seemed pretty vague. Sennett told him to come out the next day and take a test.

“The next morning Chaplin got off a street car near the studio and came over. I took him to my dressing room, helped him make up, and tried to put a little confidence into him. I liked him. Something about each of us must have stirred an answering streak of loneliness in the other—for Charlie Chaplin and I have often been alone, felt alone, when surrounded by the thickest crowds.

“When he was ready, Charlie asked Nappy what he wanted done, and the latter told him to go through some of his business in his regular act. Charlie shrugged his thin little shoulders and did his stuff. It was pretty sad, of course, because it was his first time, but I was convinced that beneath that amateurish exterior, that dejected surface, behind those somber eyes, lay mines of matchless fun.

“We three loitered around a bit and then went to the projection room to see the rushes. Nobody laughed, and I could feel Charlie shrinking even smaller as he sat beside me in the darkness. When the lights came on, Nappy asked him what he was getting then, and Chaplin said eighteen dollars a week.

“‘Well,' said Sennett, ‘you've got a lot to learn; but if you want to try it I'll give you fifty a week.'

“Chaplin caught his breath, thought a while, and asked

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

The head of the family *discovers* "pink tooth brush"

HE: (Loudly, from the bathroom)

Well, what do you know about that?

SHE: Know about what?

HE: *Come here a moment, please.*

SHE. What are you so excited about?

HE: *Look at this—"pink" on my tooth brush!*

SHE: Well?

HE: *Isn't that enough to make anybody sit up and take notice? You would, if you had found it.*

SHE: It's nothing to go into a panic over.

HE: *Oh, isn't it?*

SHE: No. Perhaps you'll change your tooth paste now. I've been asking you to for some time. There's a fresh tube of Ipana in the medicine cabinet. Massage your gums with some of it right now.

HE: *I'd like to know what Ipana has to do with "pink tooth brush"!*

SHE: It has a lot to do with getting rid of it!

HE: *Yes? How? —How is a tooth paste going to help a condition like that? The thing for me to do is to see a dentist. I don't want to run the risk of getting any of these gum disorders.*

SHE: By all means see the dentist. You oughtn't to have to be told to do that! But the chances are you haven't any real cause for alarm yet. Evidently your gums are a bit tender. If you kept up to date on these things you would know that the soft foods we eat these days don't give our gums a chance to keep healthy. They need stimulation to keep them alive and to invigorate them when they commence to get tender. That's one of the virtues of Ipana.

HE: *What is?*

SHE: The effect it has on the gums. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic. Dentists themselves use it in the treatment of gum disorders. Ipana and massage are the best remedy you can find for gums that have a tendency to bleed.

HE: *How do you work this massage?*

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK
IPANA

SHE: Just rub Ipana on the gums after you have cleaned the teeth. You can use your tooth brush for it or, if the gums are too tender to the touch, use your finger.

HE: *Do any of the dentists recommend Ipana?*

SHE: Thousands of them every day.

HE: *What about the teeth? Will it keep them white?*

SHE: Have you ever seen mine whiter than they are now?

HE: *Can't say that I have. They certainly are stunning.*

SHE: And the taste of Ipana is perfectly delightful, too. You'll like it. Now try it for a month and you'll find you've made a tooth paste friend for life—and best of all, you'll rid yourself of all signs of "pink tooth brush".

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-90
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name..

Street..

City.............................*State*.........

IPANA *Tooth Paste*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

if Mack would sign a three months' contract. Sennett indignantly said he wouldn't and stalked away, and Charlie sorrowfully took a street car back to town.

"A week or so later Billy Reeves and the rest of the troupe in Charlie's English sketch reached San Francisco, and Charlie went to see a fortune teller. He is a very superstitious chap, is Charlie.

"The woman told him a lot of stuff, and wound it up by saying: 'You've just had an offer to change your job. Be sure to take it, for that way lie fame and fortune beyond your wildest dreams.'

"This made Chaplin very unhappy, so he wrote us asking if the job was still open at seventy-five dollars a week. I ran across the letter a week or so later and scolded Nappy for not showing it to me. After some delay he wrote Chaplin in Denver, offering him seventy-five dollars a week and a three months' contract.

"Billy Reeves told me later what Charlie said when he got the letter. He took it to Billy and asked him if he thought the movie industry was solid enough to pay such a sum and if Sennett was good for it. Reeves laughed and said yes. Then Charlie got a piece of paper and figured out his future this way:

"'If Sennett pays me seventy-five dollars for thirteen weeks, that will be $975. Of course, as a movie actor I'll have to raise my standard of living far above my present style. I noticed that crowd spends money on clothes and food and good times. Well, Billy, suppose I do spread myself extravagantly and spend as much as ten dollars a week for thirteen weeks, that will leave me $845 profit, or nearly 170 pounds sterling.

"'Billy, if I return to England with that much money I can live for the rest of my life without having to work again. It's like a dream, but I'm going to take a chance. I may never get such a golden opportunity again.'

"CHARLIE left the show and came out to us, and we began a friendship that is one of the prized things in my life, a friendship that has never wavered or weakened in the lights or in the shadows that have come to darken both our lives.

"Chaplin's first picture was called Auto Races, and it was also another evidence of Nappy's thrifty soul at work, for we took advantage of a great crowd out to see Barney Oldfield in a race.

"I carried a tray of hot dogs, and Charlie's first rôle in pictures was that of a little bum who stole my hot dogs. It was fairly funny, and I battled Sennett all over the lot when he screamed that he had hooked himself up with a dead one at seventy-five dollars a week for three months.

"Then I decided to help my new friend. In my little dressing room I had a kerosene stove that autumn and winter, and long after everybody had left the studio, Charlie and I would sit there and talk.

"What a lovely memory it is! How the great genius of today crept, humble and discouraged, into my bungalow and told me his dreams and listened to mine; how we planned bits of business and little mannerisms; how he decided to develop the queer shuffling walk of an old coster-monger he once saw in Whitechapel—the famous Chaplin walk with the big shoes and the little skip and hop when he turned aside.

"Nappy turned him over to me and I directed several of his pictures, in some of which I also played. And while it would be folly and untrue for me to say I am responsible for very much of his present standing as the screen artist beyond compare, yet I'm proud to say that he held my hand while he found his way through the swamp of learning the game. That Charlie is prompt to acknowledge the strength he found in my arm is one of the happy spots in my life.

"LIFE—before the shadows came to both of us—was one long riot of laughter for Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand in those glorious days. Studio automobiles were scarce, but when Chaplin or I got tired of working we'd wink at each other, sneak off the set when Sennett's back was turned, beat it out to where the cars were parked, and climb into a big touring car with the top down. The drivers loved me and risked Nappy's wrath to take me for a ride.

"With our make-up on we'd start for Los Angeles. At the first crowded corner, with everybody in other machines, in street cars, and along the curbs staring at us, we'd do our stuff.

"With a terrifying scream Charlie would leap to his feet, wave his arms, make the most hideous face, and tremble like St. Vitus. Everybody'd start nervously and stare at us.

"Then I'd reach up, pull him down, and press his head to my bosom, holding up my hand for silence.

"'It's just my poor husband,' I'd explain, the tears running down my cheeks. 'He's completely crazy and escaped yesterday from the asylum. I'm taking him back there now.'

"Then everybody would look so sympathetic and whisper to each other and ask me if they couldn't do something for me.

"At the next corner it would be my turn, and I would utter a piercing shriek, stiffen out on the back seat of the car, roll my eyes, waggle my fingers in front of my open mouth, and look exactly like a nut.

"Charlie would put one hand on my head to quiet me, stand erect, gaze pitifully around, and tap his forehead.

"'My wife!' he'd exclaim. 'My poor wife, completely off her trolley, and I'm taking her to the asylum at Patton.'

"Again every onlooker would shake his head and murmur condolences and offer to do something for Charlie, but he'd merely cover his face and sob aloud."

Remember Mickey? The making of that hilarious picture, a turning point in Miss Normand's career, is one of many humorous high spots in next week's installment of her life story.

NEXT WEEK—

A Sparkling New Novel

by

Walton Green

who wrote LITTLE SOLLY and LITTLE BROWN NURSE

Read the announcement on page 64

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What period is called the Dark Ages?

2—What does *sang-froid* mean?

3—What chapter of the Bible includes the Lord's Prayer?

4—Who wrote Candide? Candida?

5—What is miscegenation?

6—For what does the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution provide?

7—What does crossing the Rubicon mean?

8—Who said "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately"?

9—What is the insigne of a major in the United States army?

10—Jean Valjean is the hero of what novel?

11—Where is Death Valley?

12—What is the familiar name for tetanus?

13—Who, in mythology, is often pictured bearing the world on his shoulders?

14—What office did William Howard Taft hold in President Roosevelt's cabinet?

15—How many quarts in a bushel?

16—What does mutable mean?

17—What is a cantatrice?

18—What is the technical name for thought transference?

19—What is a cedilla?

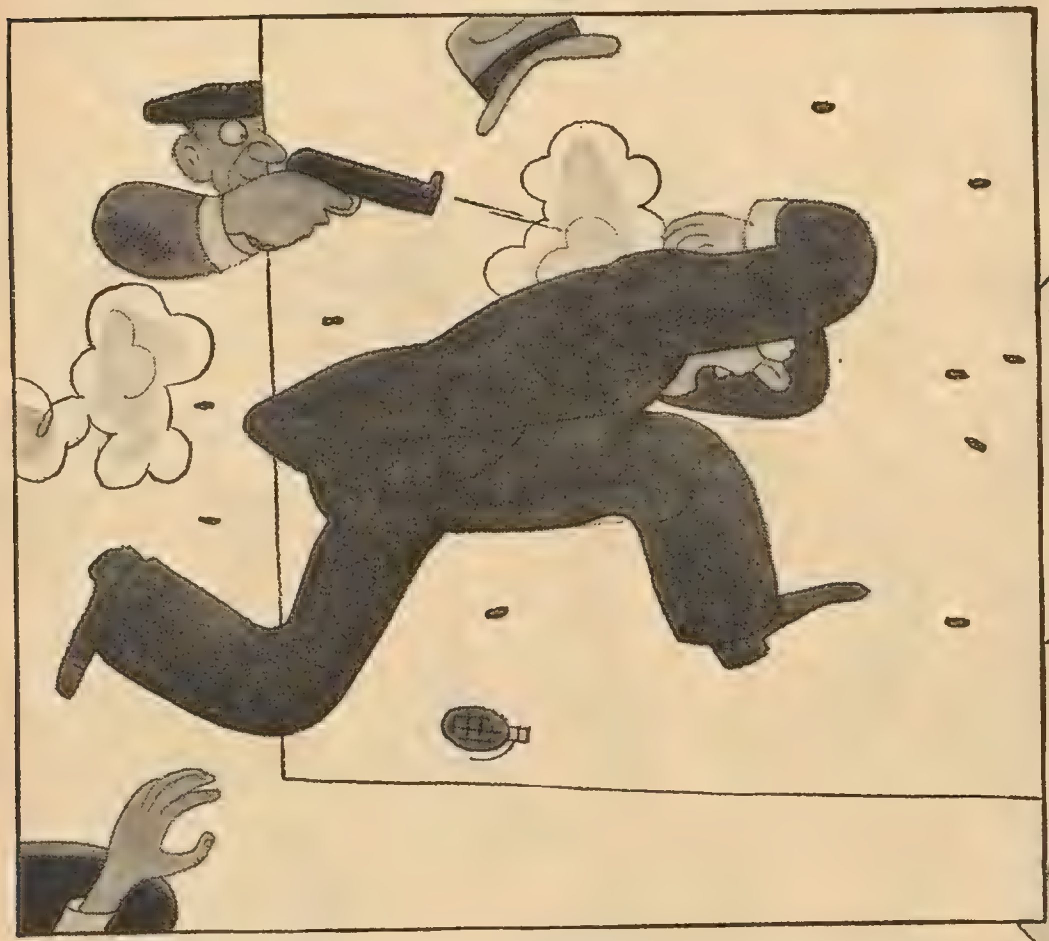
20—What is a tocsin?

(Answers will be found on page forty-eight)

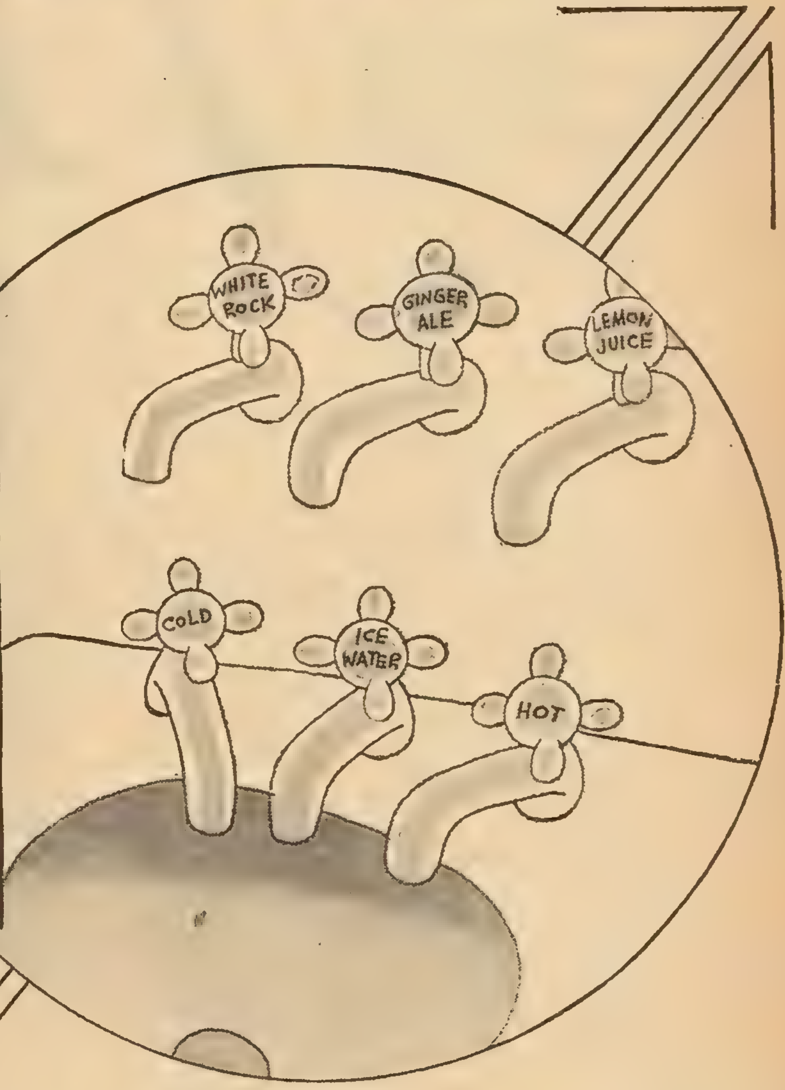
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

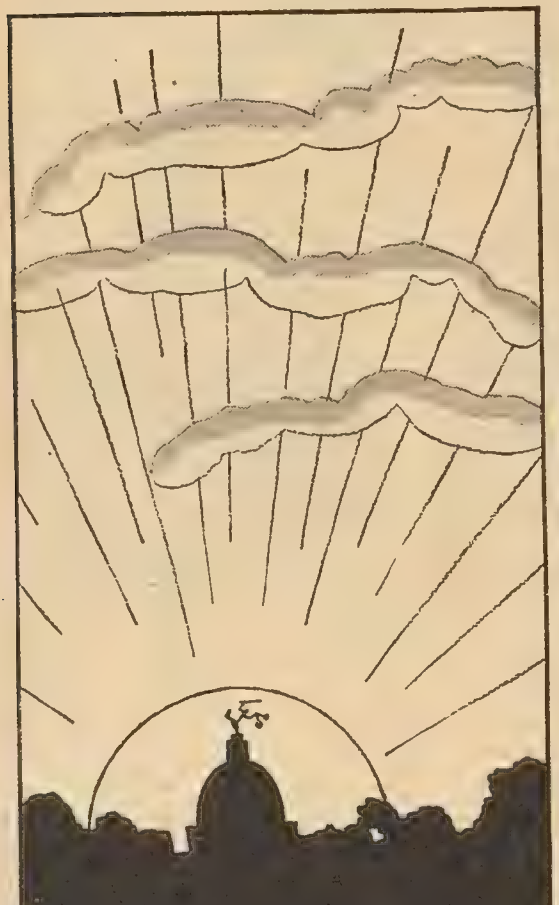
By RALPH BARTON



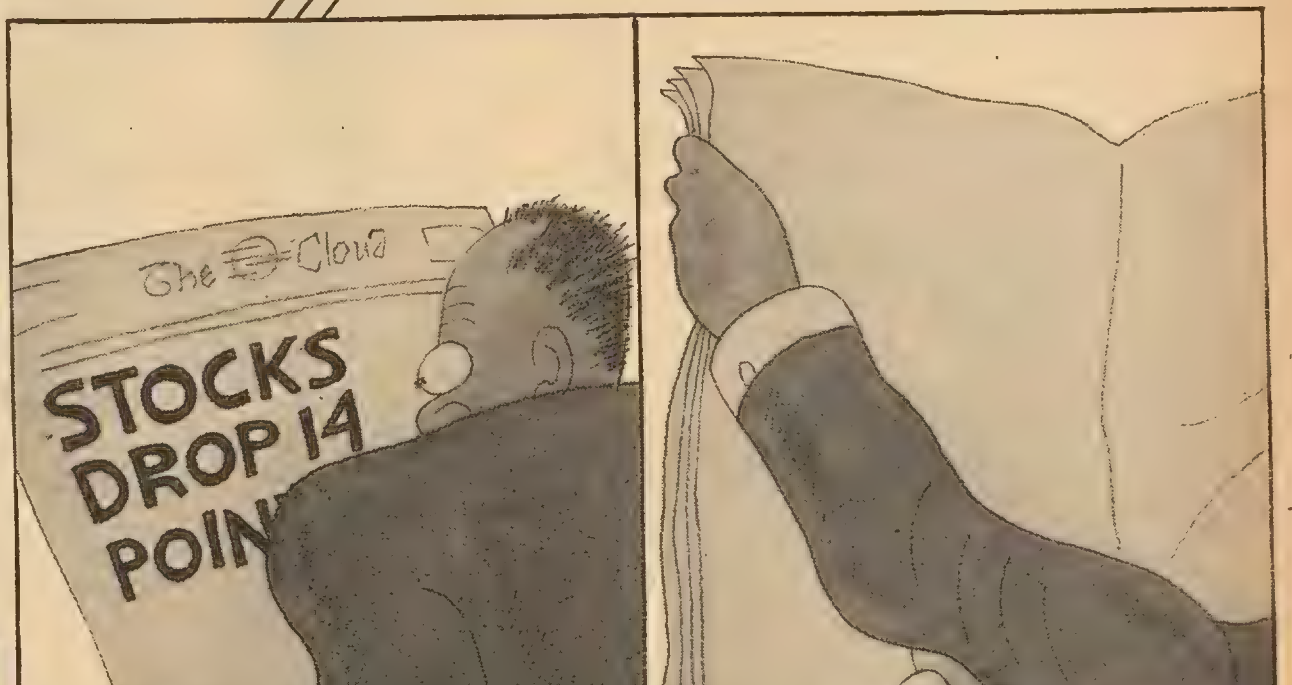
WHAT RUNNING FOR OFFICE in the municipal government of some of our big cities has come to mean.


WHITE ROCK
GINGER ALE
LEMON JUICE
COLD
ICE WATER
HOT

INTIMATE VIEW of the up-to-date plumbing being installed in the new 90-story Wazzleboggan Hotel in New York.

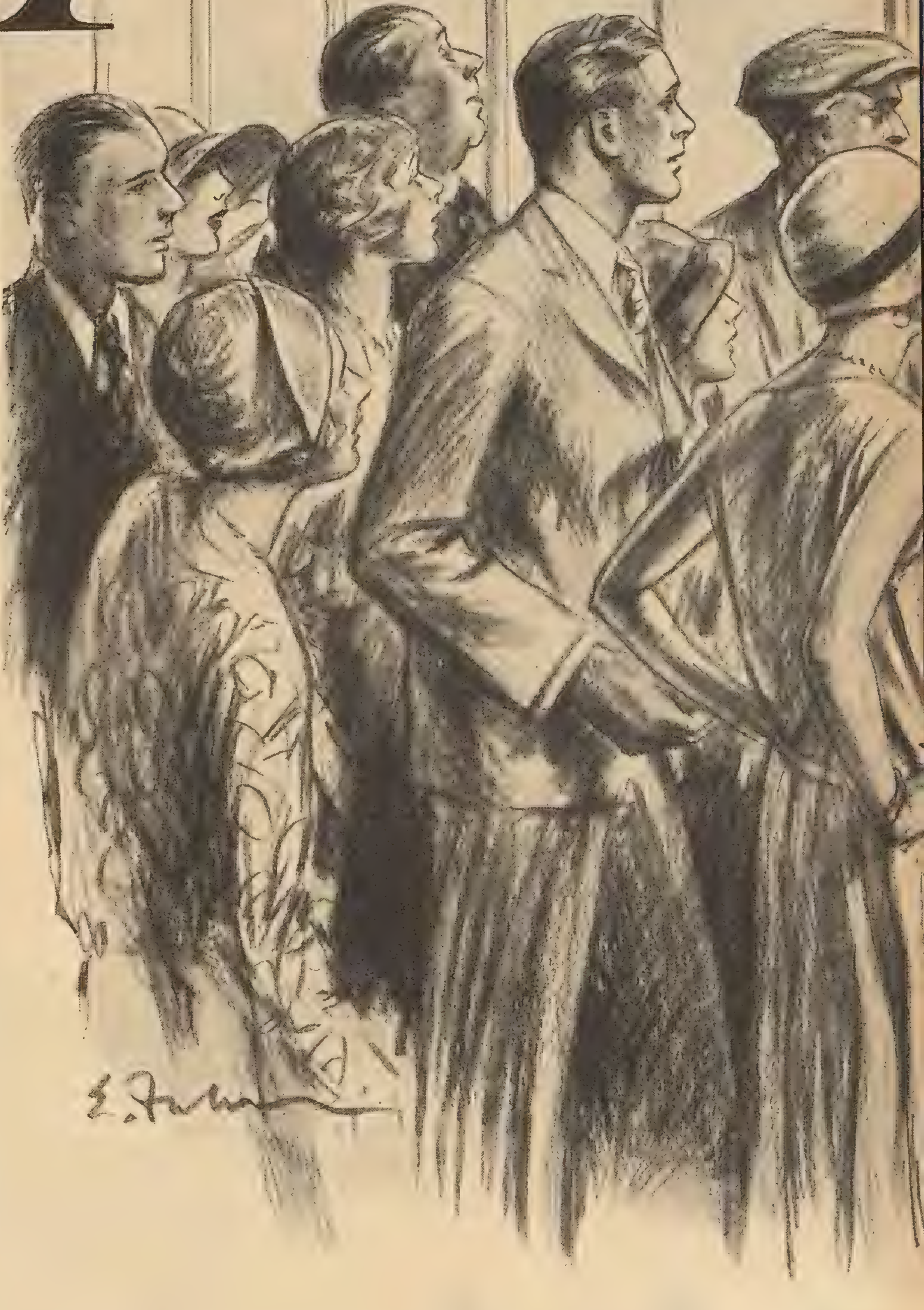


THE DAWN OF THE MILLENNIUM when the District of Columbia will be turned over to Congress on the promise that it will let the rest of the country alone.


The Cloud
STOCKS DROP 14 POIN
STOCKS GAIN 14 POINTS
RALPH BARTON

NEWS and how it is played up in the papers.

HAPPY



A Story of Adam and Eve in 1930

By

DALE COLLINS

an Australian whose home is in England, though he spends most of his time on sailing boats and in the South Seas. He is the author of Ordeal, The Haven, and several other novels.

Pictures by ERNEST FUHR

IN these days, when love stories begin with the wedding instead of ending there, it is only natural that this desert-island tale should begin at the moment when the liner Abyssinia, having approached as close inshore as was prudent, reined in her twenty thousand horses and dispatched a boat to bring off the castaways.

"Almost makes me feel young again," said spry old Mr. Roberts the lawyer, a link in the chains of excited passengers strung along the rails of the tiered decks. "'Pon my soul it does! Sheer Herman Melville or Stevenson, that's what it is. Ballantyne, eh? Wonder do boys read Ballantyne in this enlightened age?"

"Not they," said the stout man at his side. "The motor-trade journals are more in their line."

"A pity! Quite a pity! I find it impossible to allow that an internal combustion engine has the romantic possibilities of a Pacific atoll." He sighed, wagged his head, tugged his neat little goatee beard, and continued to survey the glamorous, conventional scene with regret in his eyes for that young Roberts, the boy who had read Herman Melville, vanished from the earth long ago.

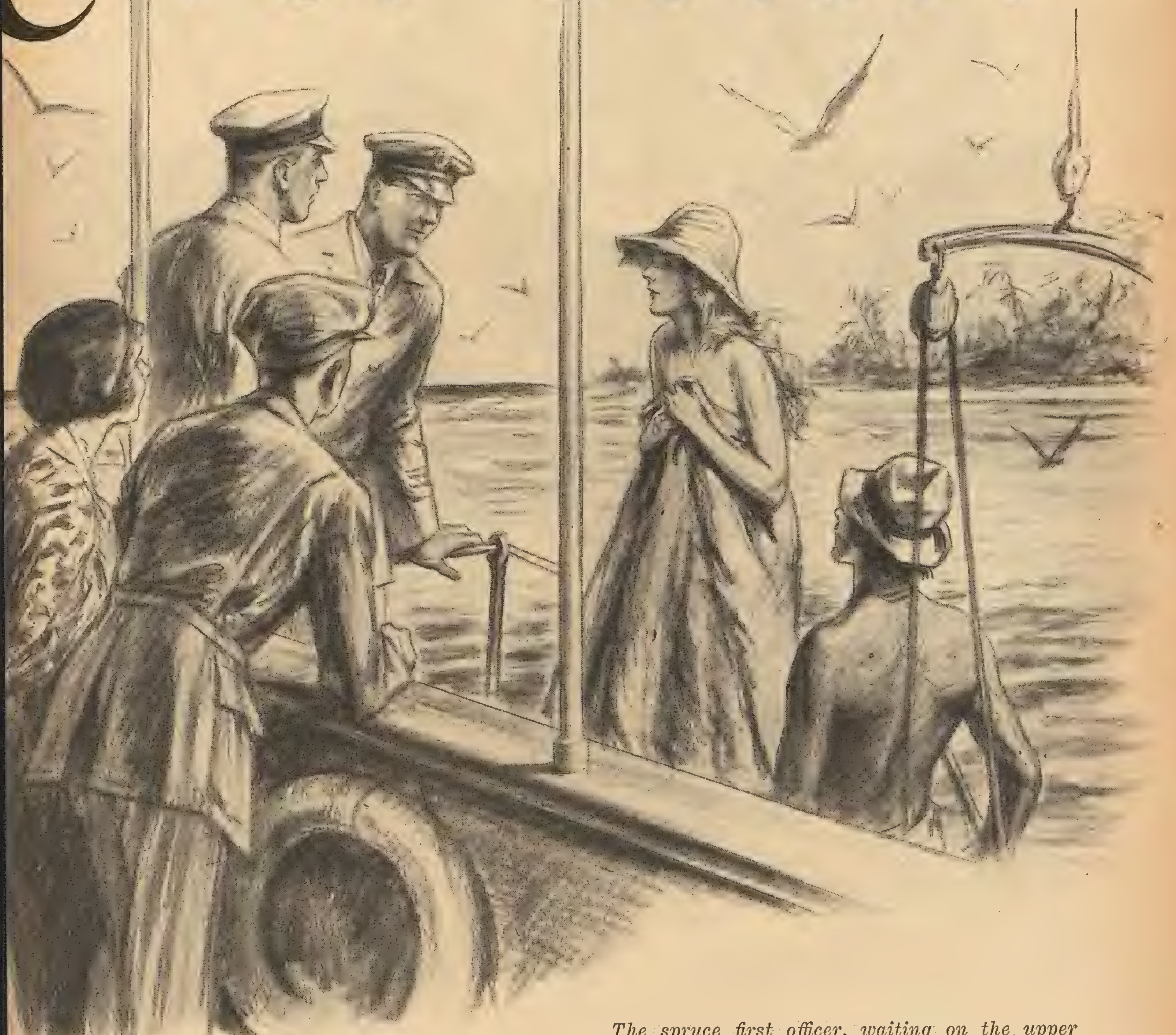
Everything was as it should have been. There was the Pacific, undulating slowly like a vast spread of blue oiled silk; there was the wide circle of the empty horizon; there the azure sky, the tiny surf-fretted isle, the palms, the wheeling sea birds. The palm-leaf shelter was as primitive as the most critical could desire; even the smoke of the signal fire ascended in the requisite straight column, and—best of all—through the glasses could be seen the shipwrecked couple standing side by side on the coral strand, gazing out at the great floating palace—the city called a ship—that had come at last out of the void of the loneliest ocean to bear them back again to kith and friends and the world of men. Mr. Roberts found himself on the verge of quoting, "O Solitude! where are the charms," but he restrained himself.

The lines of faces told clearly that even in a mechanical era fascination continued to linger about the hackneyed situations of the old romancers. People who had merely glanced in a bored fashion at the day's news flung to them six thousand miles through space looked animated and eager now. They leaned far out; they borrowed glasses; they chattered surmises; forgot sluggish livers.

"Yes, one of them's a girl, sure enough."

"I wonder if she's a good-looker?"

Ever After



The spruce first officer, waiting on the upper platform, took charge. They heard him say, "How do you do?"

"Confound it! I've forgotten to load my camera and I must have pictures of this."

"But just think! How thrilling! To be wrecked together on a desert isle. They're bound to be madly in love with each other." This from Miss Paterson. Lacking the advantage of a desert island, she had had scant experience of love, but she continued, nevertheless, to take a keen vicarious interest in the subject.

"'A book of verses, a jug of wine and thou beside me singing in the wilderness,'" said "Porky" Potter, who lacked the discretion of old Mr. Roberts. His chubby face grew pinker, and he goggled a hopeful glance at Helen du Bois. The lovely Helen, however, was wrapped in her own fancies, and "Porky" Potter played no part in them.

"And not a chaperon for thousands of miles!" giggled fluffy Joy James, christened Joyce. She specialized in naughtiness, and the customary entourage of men surrounded her. They bandied bright and modern conversation about the possibilities of the situation in unsubdued whispers emphasized by guffaws and more giggles.

Then, of course, elephantine Mrs. Samuels came thundering on deck demanding in a scream choked with panic if the ship was sinking.

A straggling cheer mingled with the laughter. The boat had picked up hero and heroine, had turned about, and was creeping out again. The Abyssinia was a modern ship—puny men did not have to pull her boat all that way back.

"Perhaps," said old Mr. Roberts, "there is something to be said for the internal combustion engine, after all.

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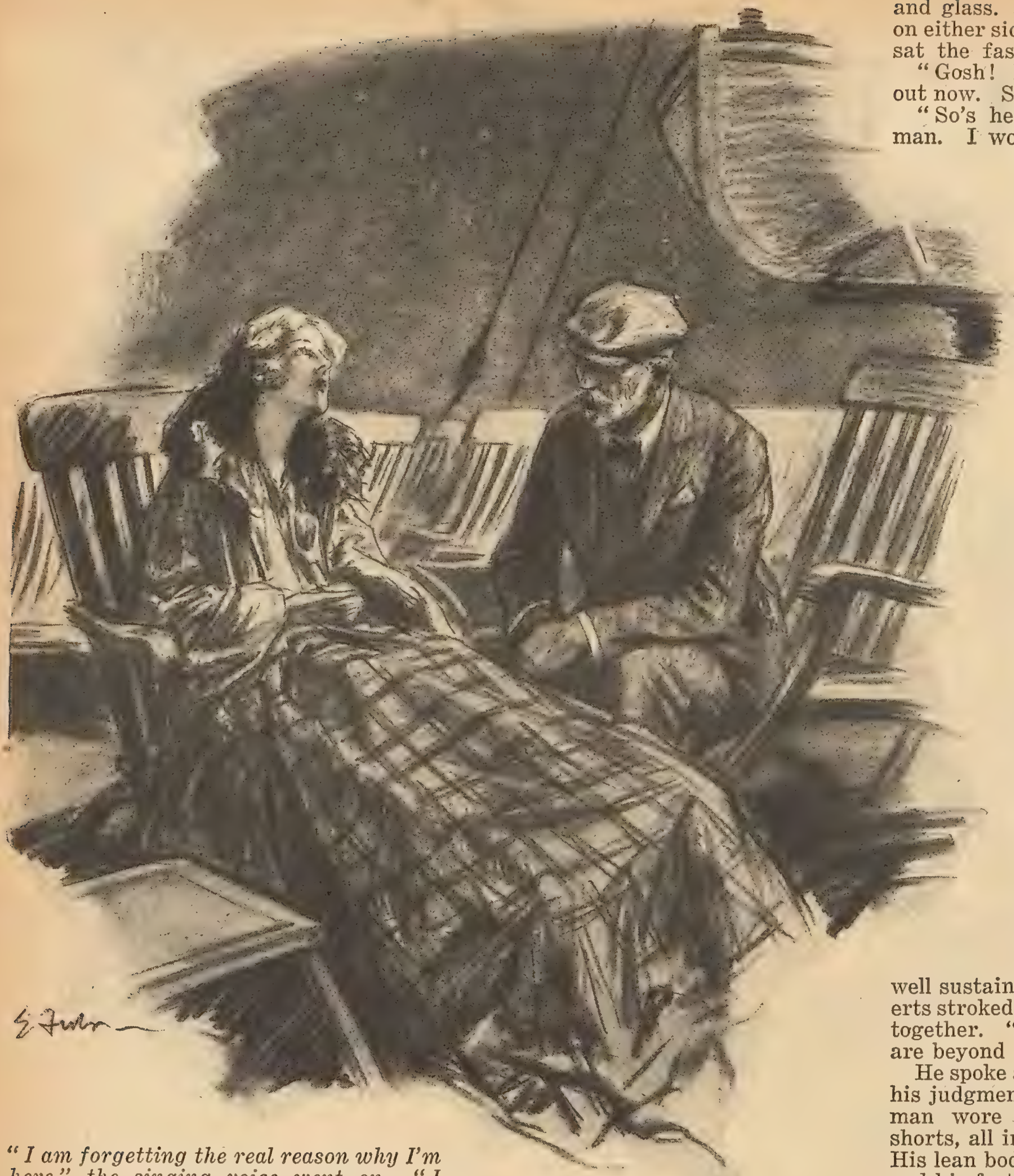

"I am forgetting the real reason why I'm here," the singing voice went on. "I came to give you my confidence."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

In Melville's day we'd have had to stand vigil until sunset."

"Not me!" said his neighbor. "I sleep after lunch, and a shipwrecked revue company wouldn't stop me. All the same, I'll admit I should like a call when they finally showed up."

"Ah!" said Mr. Roberts. He was not listening. He was gazing at the little island floating like a wreath on the waters, and he was thinking of how the quiet would shut down again, perhaps forever, unbroken by the sound of human voices, intensified by the thin cries of the gulls, the rustle of the palms, and the unceasing clamor of the surf.

Away beyond the sky line the world would boil and seethe and change, but the atoll would dream on—static, eternal—an enchanted place embedded in the amber of boyhood's dreams.

His emotion surprised him mildly, for the years, he sometimes feared, had made him a little dry and brittle, like an old brief in a pigeonhole.

The boat came on, spinning a shining wake across the smooth ground swell. They heard the chug of her engines now. The sun struck diamond points from brass and glass. In the stern sheets on either side of the third officer sat the fascinating castaways.

"Gosh! I can make the girl out now. She's a peach."

"So's he. The genuine he-man. I wouldn't have minded taking on the job for her."

"I'll bet you wouldn't, Joy."

"Perhaps they're sorry to be rescued."

"Too true! They couldn't drag me and that girl off an island with a coupla tractors."

"Wonder if they're married?"

"Oh, they *can't* be," Miss Paterson protested fervently. "Watch out and see if she's wearing a ring."

THAT became the burning question. A note of scandal seems to be requisite for true romance. Male and female, blessed by church and state — fully licensed, as it were—are not fit and proper people to be tenants of tropical Edens.

"An admirable production — so well sustained!" Old Mr. Roberts stroked his fine white hands together. "Even the costumes are beyond criticism."

He spoke as a connoisseur and his judgment was correct. The man wore a pair of ragged shorts, all in tatters at the end. His lean body was burned black and his feet were bare. On his head was the bleached skeleton of a felt hat. But, nowadays, the man counts for little in the scheme dramatic. Why linger on him? The girl is the vital factor—and the girl on this occasion deserved to be.

For she was young and lovely, a golden brown rose. The modest third officer had provided her with a sheet of canvas, which she held about her with bare bronze arms. A provocative costume—an appropriately, becomingly, provocative costume. What had she on underneath? A hula dress? Hibiscus flowers?

"No fig leaves in these parts," one of Joy's young men pointed out.

"Whoops, dearie!"

From beneath a hat of plaited palm fronds the girl's hair fell down over her shoulders in a great golden mass burnished by persistent sunshine. This gave her beauty an exotic quality, a kind of pre-Raphaelite note becoming to a Ballantyne heroine. Her eyes, old Mr. Roberts was gratified to discover, were large and blue; her mouth a bud. She was neat of ankle, arm, and neck—neat altogether. A perfect piece of casting.

And seeing her there, bundled up so deliciously in the rough canvas, even old Mr. Roberts—whose morals and behavior had been impeccable for a good twenty years—

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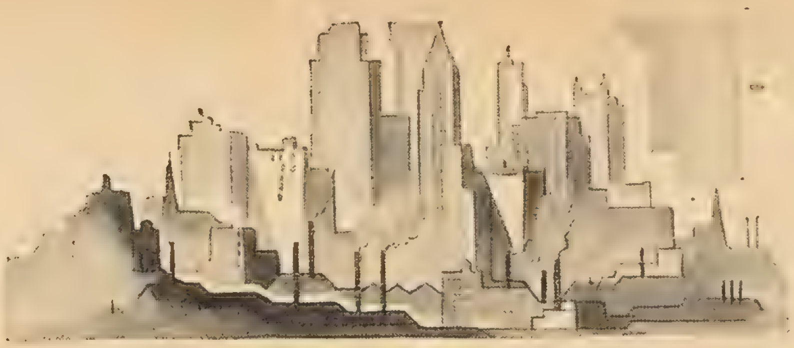

"Take charge of the Middle West next week"

A district manager for an Eastern shoe company was promoted to a bigger job. His salary increased. His surplus for investment increased.

But, his executive duties also increased. Between sales meetings, road trips and office work, he could devote less attention to his own holdings. Formerly he had "shopped around" among different investment houses. Would he save time and trouble by dealing with a single large investment organization?

WHAT he will find in National City service

CONVENIENT OFFICES. National City offices throughout the world are at his command.

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The leading universities and the U. S. Government regard this yeast so highly that they use it as the standard for their vitamin studies. What better indorsement of its quality and efficacy?

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— WEBC — KFAB

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

saw dim and rosy pictures of moonlit nights and merry frolics in tumbling, phosphorescent surf.

Now he recalled no more of Alexander Selkirk's melancholy meditations, but fragments of The Lotus Eaters—no poets like Tennyson about today—sung in his soul, though the nearest Mr. Roberts had been to lotus eating this many a year was when he dallied over his port, nibbling a very crisp biscuit.

The boat came alongside and another cheer was raised—a welcoming, rather gloating cheer. The third officer looked up, grinning from ear to ear. His task was no labor to him. The man and girl looked up also. Mr. Roberts was startled to observe the manner in which the shadow of silence still clouded their faces. They were shy, stunned, afraid of the big noisy active world awaiting them at the head of the accommodation ladder. Was it a pity or a mercy that in the big moments of life one was usually too numbed to taste the full flavor of the experience? Good gracious! How long was it since last he saw a girl without a touch of powder, of lipstick, of rouge? That, too, made her seem different. But then, of course, she had come out of a different world—that Lilliputian world floating in blue space.

The quartermaster—his face more like a rising sun than ever, his bull neck wet with the moisture of nervousness—assisted them on to the platform and led the procession up the ladder. The passengers above craned over and peered down. They made the ascent slowly, unaccustomed to such heights. The girl held the canvas about her with one arm and clutched the handrail timidly.

A ripple of relief ran along the spectators. All was well; there was no flaw in the tale: she did not wear a wedding ring. They were ever so glad. And she was so delicate, so bronzed, so lovely, while he with his shaggy hair and his roughly trimmed stubble of beard was her cave man to the very life.

"No doubt," Mr. Roberts decided with secret glee, "he has contrived to shave in some fashion with a pool for a mirror and the mother-of-pearl edge of a shell for a razor. Less efficient than a safety, but distinctly more colorful."

AN embarrassed hush fell as they reached the top of the ladder. Hard to know how to behave when a couple from the pages of a book stepped into what was—as the steamship company insisted in their folder—one's home. The newcomers were no better versed in the etiquette of the situation. Perhaps they recognized that their rescuer should have been a black-hulled barkentine.

The spruce first officer, waiting on the upper platform, took charge as usual. They heard him say, "How do you do?" which was rather prosaic, but perhaps as adequate as any other welcome in the circumstances. He remarked that the captain would like to meet them if they were equal to it, mentioned stewardesses and dressing gowns, referred to a drink which might be welcome after their stay in a place a good deal drier than America.

The first officer laughed at his little sally, and so did the passengers up above, but the man and the girl did not laugh. Mr. Roberts could sympathize. Doubtless he would feel much the same himself, if the unexpected happened and resurrection day dawned.

They passed through the door in the ship's side, and that, so far as the passengers were concerned, was the end of the first act, for the pair had been translated to a higher realm beyond their lowly ken. A babel of talk broke out, and trade became brisk in veranda café and smoking room. Everyone felt they had shared in a gallant affair that warranted celebration.

The boat was hoisted in, the engine-room telegraph spoke, and the Abyssinia resumed her stately progress around the curve of the world.

Those who remained on deck saw the little island drift astern, and, ere it was swallowed by the sea, discovered a second palm-leaf shelter on its other side. The gossips swooped down like hungry gulls. Two houses. Now what did that imply?

OLD Mr. Roberts still leaned on the rail. Below him two quartermasters were securing the accommodation ladder. Said one, "Well, Bill, watjer think of 'er?"

"Ah!" grunted Bill. "If it'd been me been wrecked on that there island, it'd been the bosun 'd ha' come ashore with me."

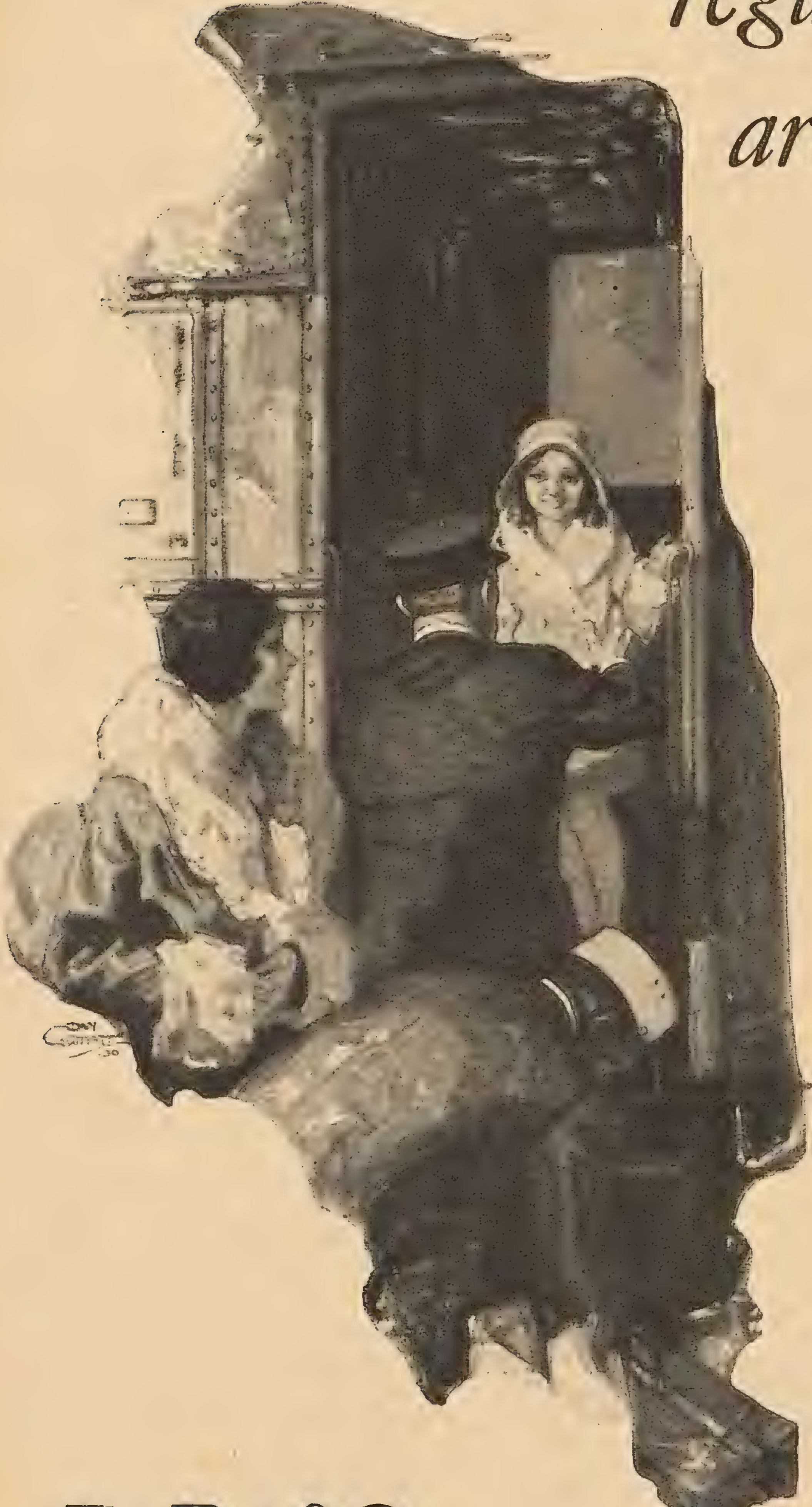
Mr. Roberts chortled. There spoke a man who knew reality from fiction.

Meanwhile, up in his delightful day room, Captain Ryce-Andrews beamed on his new and valuable passengers, and the photograph of his plump wife beamed down on him as if she understood the significance of the moment and was proud of her lord and master. Captain Ryce-Andrews appreciated the uses of advertisement. The morning's work would do no harm to the Abyssinia, to the company, or to himself. Such happy chances came his way. He was no ordinary navigator of a ship, but a magnate, a dignitary, a prelate of the oceans, designed on a fittingly grand scale for his grand position. In immaculate whites there he sat enthroned and laid himself out to be pleasant, his manner combining the bluff heartiness of the sailor with the polish of a diplomat and the assurance of a field marshal.

"Well, now, to think of that," boomed Captain Ryce-Andrews, big chin resting on interlocked knuckles. "The Pisa, eh? Yes, I remember her loss. Did the Italian mercantile marine a lot of harm just when old Mussolini was kicking it along. Three years ago if it's a day. Eighty or more

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

Why 40 *per cent of our regular passengers are* WOMEN



YEARS AGO we realized that our railroad could never succeed without the good-will of women travelers. Women are the most loyal friends any business can have.

We thought over all the little things that we might do to win their patronage. We knew that women, for instance, dislike jolts and jars. So our engineers were coached to start their trains without shake or jerk, to run at an even, steady pace, and to come to a stop *smoothly*.

We asked our engine crews to avoid the screechy "blowing off" of steam while a train was standing in a station. No woman likes to be startled over her meal or her book.

We particularly urged the 70,000 men and women who make up the B & O to be alert in rendering to women traveling with children the little courtesies that make the difference between a fatiguing journey and a restful trip.

Our feeling was—and still *is*—that any woman would rather travel in an air of peace and relaxation than be hustled along with cold efficiency.

Apparently they do! Forty per cent of our regular passengers are women. Won't you, Madam, travel with us on your next trip East or West and see why?

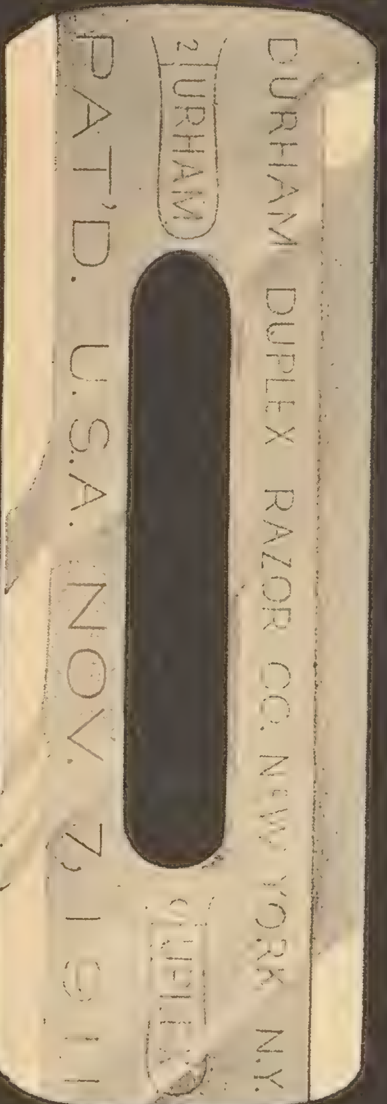
WE have a woman on our staff who makes hundreds of trips a year on our trains. She is always trying to find added ways of making women more comfortable on the B & O. She has helped us furnish our dining cars attractively, and she sees to it that our menus include the sort of food that women like.

The B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO

70,000 OF US INVITE YOU TO RIDE ON OUR RAILROAD

NOW
. . . THAT YOU'VE TRIED THEM ALL
SETTLE DOWN TO
DURHAM-DUPLEX


DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO. NEW YORK N.Y.
PAT'D. U.S.A. NOV. 7, 1911
DURHAM

DURHAM-DUPLEX
THE RAZOR WITH THE BLADES MEN SWEAR BY-*NOT AT*

TRIED them all? Now get yourself a fresh package of Durham-Duplex blades and try something really *new.* Not in shape—not in name—not in finish—but new in the one thing that really counts—*shaving efficiency.* The hollow-ground edges on the latest output of blades are a pleasant surprise even to those who thought Durham-Duplex blades had already reached the peak.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

lives lost. Of course, all hope of any more survivors had been given up long ago. You drifted nine hundred miles, I should say, in your open boat. A bad business. But you don't want to be reminded of that, eh? The happy thing is that here you bob up again all smiles, what?"

The castaways murmured assent, but, despite his pronouncement, they were not all smiles. Wrapped in handsome dressing gowns provided by the captain's steward, side by side on the settee, they listened in a haze. They seemed secretive, wary, timid. The beneficent and heaven-guided master of the Abyssinia appeared to be beyond their comprehension; they could not assimilate the solid comfort of his day room, the safety and luxury of the ship he commanded. It was as if they had left some of their powers behind them on the island, as if the monotonous sun-drenched months had atrophied their senses. Just as the longed-for cigarettes made them cough and set their heads swimming, so this longed-for moment was too much for them.

Captain Ryce-Andrews was not disappointed. So much deference was paid to his feelings that the feelings of others did not make any great impression on him. He was in high spirits, therefore they were.

"I count myself fortunate, Miss Duncan, Mr. Framlingham. I do, indeed. I trust we'll be able to make you comfortable, and that a happy voyage will do something toward effacing unpleasant memories. Ah, here we are at last! You must take a glass of wine to celebrate your deliverance from bondage, what?"

The obsequious steward set down the silver tray. The man and woman come from the bleached coral and the salty sea looked wonderingly, almost sadly, at the ice in the bucket. They fingered the slim-stemmed glasses and watched the cool golden bubbles rise.

"Well," said Captain Ryce-Andrews, "here's to—what shall we say?—why, the happy chance that enabled us to meet!"

THEY drank to that, the iced wine striking strangely on their palates. They blinked, coughed, apologized, spluttered, drank again. He replenished their glasses. "A trifle different from your rain water, eh? Still, there are moments when one can appreciate even rain water, what?"

"Yes," said Framlingham briefly, and the monosyllable shivered so queerly in the air that the steward in the inner room was moved to exclaim to himself, "Gawd!" and grimace at his reflection in the captain's mirror.

"Captain," said Miss Duncan in her musical hushed voice of which he had not heard nearly enough, "the wine's gone to my head. After so long, you know. And the excitement. Could we get our cabins now?"

"Certainly! It's thoughtless of me to keep you here satisfying my curiosity." He sent for the purser.

"I think," she went on, "I'd like to rest for a day or so. Have meals served in the cabin and so on. Would that be all right?"

"Naturally, Miss Duncan. Anything you desire. Our object in life is to make everybody happy."

"I'll do the same," Framlingham decided. "It'll take a bit of time to—" His brown hands fluttered to express all his unpracticed tongue could not say.

The purser came, suave and businesslike, and carried them off. Captain Ryce-Andrews relaxed back into his chair and lit another cigarette. A queer pair. After their three years together they behaved to each other as if they'd never been introduced.

"But this is one of the little things that help us along, old lady," he told the photograph. Then he put on his cap and his manner, rang for the steward, and went out to pace his domain.

TO the venturesome ones who craved information he boomed with a smile, "Charming people! Charming! But they've been through the very deuce of an experience, and they'll naturally want to rest for a time. A Miss Duncan and a Mr. Framlingham. He's an architect. They were in the Italian steamer Pisa. She foundered three years ago. Yes, indeed, a very long time, as you say. Now, my dear young lady, how should I possibly know *that?* I'm no expert in matters of the heart. Perhaps you'll be able to form your own opinion before the voyage is out."

Gracious, benign, he moved on, bowing to this one, giving a cheery salute to that, distributing his favors, commander of the crack liner Abyssinia. Only ashore did he look quite an ordinary stoutish man who might have been a corn merchant.

The Christians cheated of their lions were peevish. To stage a rescue and leave it at that was far from enough.

"Poor souls," said old Mr. Roberts, "we are in the tantalizing position of having started to read what we believed to be a short story, only to find it a serial, with the next installment not due for a month. Too bad! Quite too bad!"

Well meaning, if curious, callers at the cabins were not admitted, and when the castaways finally emerged their island was far astern. Then, too, they had taken off their romantic make-up and donned the borrowed clothes of the workaday world. It was difficult to recast them as the hero and heroine of that stirring page in the diaries.

"Like seeing one's favorite actress at the theatrical garden party," said old Mr. Roberts.

Perhaps because he took this view, he was one of the very few who did not seek to probe into their story. Thus he saved himself trouble and was as well informed as the most inquisitive, for he could see with his own eyes how studiously each avoided the other, sitting at different tables,

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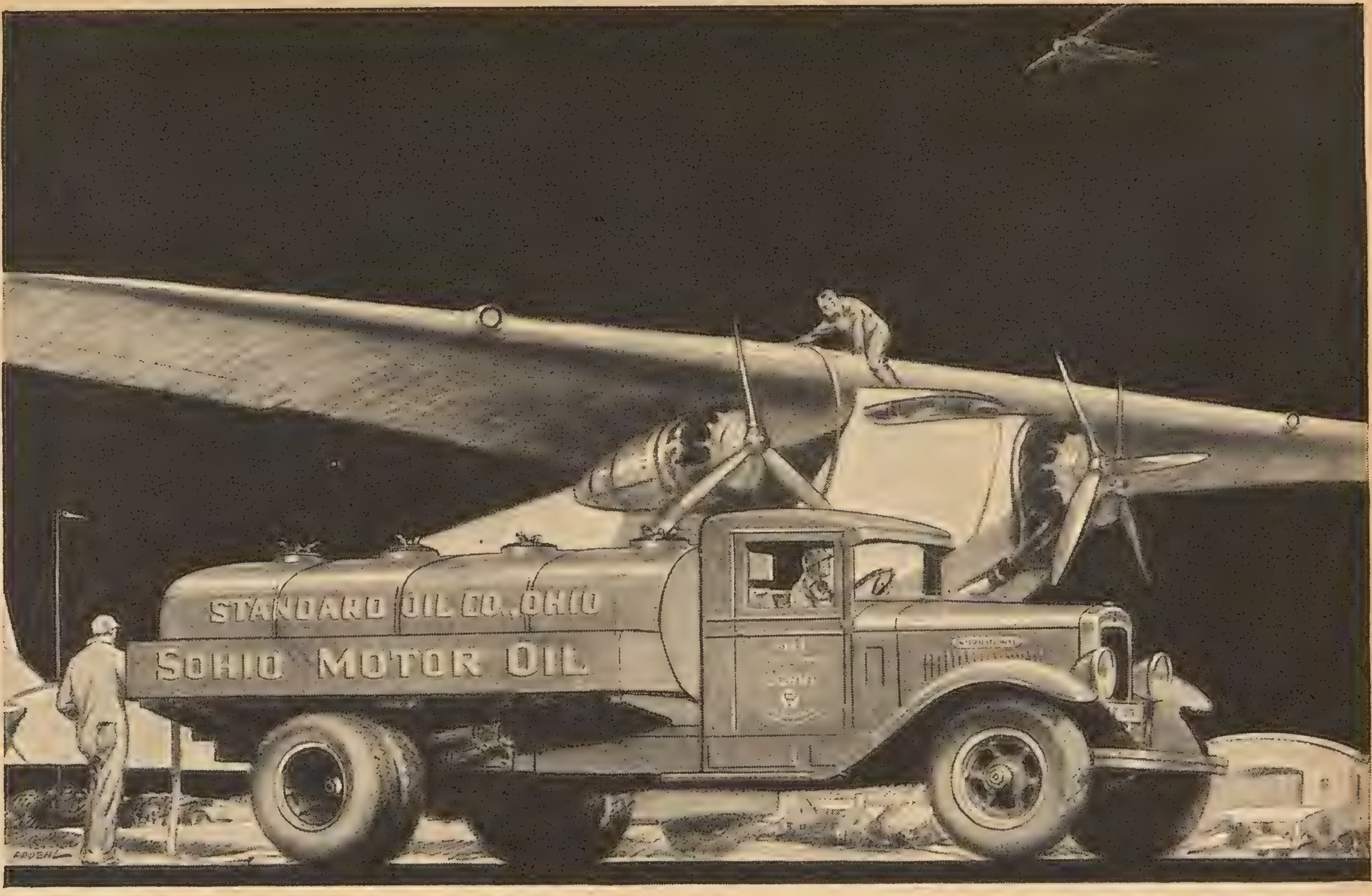

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

keeping their chairs at opposite ends of the deck, exchanging the most perfunctory greeting in the morning, and generally behaving in a manner most unsatisfactory to the sentimentally minded.

"I simply can't understand it," Miss Paterson complained. "They absolutely seem to dislike each other. They'd be an ideal match, too. What a wasted romance! I'm sure I don't know—" She gazed wistfully, touchingly, out at the blue sky where castles can be built.

"Poor old thing!" thought Mr. Roberts. "How she craves her desert island and her noble brute. Poor old thing!" Aloud he said, "Perhaps they need a change of diet."

Miss Paterson, however, only sighed and marveled at the folly of these spoiled dolls of women who have all the luck, and decided that despite his years Mr. Roberts was a fine man, and wondered whether he'd ever marry again—and wondered.

Joy was one of the first to assault the domes of silence, as she had dubbed them. She did so with an air of bravado rather than tact—as if to win a wager—and began with Framlingham, who had provided her with an opening by offering her a cocktail.

"Listen, Frammy—for Frammy it is; I don't deal in 'misters'—tell me all about how you got along on that precious old island of yours. Be a duck. I shan't breathe a word to a living soul."

She tried to look a repository for confidences, and he sat opposite her looking very much the architect and not at all the rugged man from the cave. His mildly amused eyes mocked her.

"YOU saw the precious old island. What do you think one could do in a place like that, except fish and gather coconuts and rain water to keep alive, and sleep and swim and wait to be rescued?"

"Listen, Frammy darling. I did not come down in the last shower, nor do I believe that you find anything except slugs under cabbages. I have graduated from the kindergarten to lower things. In other words, you can talk to me as one bad boy to another. Now, then, what about the leisure hours? What about the tropical nights? What about ye age-old lure? I know jolly well that if I'd been on that island—"

"I doubt whether the life would have suited you, Miss James." He smiled dryly.

"A snub! I do believe the monster's trying to snub me! But he can't do it. And he must call me Joy, like everybody else, and he must be a good boy forthwith and come right out of his shell."

"I'm afraid from living among them so much I've become a hermit crab, Joy."

"Oh, I could shake you! Really I could! Here am I, a delightful slip of modern girlhood, craving a thrill, and you offer me hermit crabs! Talk about the two of you. Tell me about her. What did the pair of you get up to?"

"Exactly nothing," said Framlingham. "You see, we had our separate establishments—just as if we were in a city—and when we met, we met just as we would have in a city. Merely being on an island doesn't make any difference. Not a scrap."

Joy considered him, pouting. "Hell, Frammy!" she declared. "You may be all the world as an architect, but as the hero of the greatest love story ever told you make me ache."

"Sorry! Perhaps one needs to be trained for these jobs. There's the gong. I'll let you into one secret before we go—the food aboard here is better than the cuisine ashore."

No one ever penetrated any further into Framlingham's side of the story.

APTLY enough, Miss Duncan's first name proved to be Eve, but Eve had nothing at all to say about the garden. She declared, with a surprising firmness about the rosebud mouth, that it had been a terrible time and she preferred not to be reminded of it.

"I'm afraid," she would say, "that you must weave your own romances. I have none to tell you."

Three years on a desert island apparently made for strength of character. Romance seekers desisted.

"Dumb!" wailed Joy. "So dumb they make a dumb-bell look like a loud-speaker." She it was who invented the gag, "Back to your island!" for use whenever anyone was slow on the uptake or sluggish in wit. It was quite the thing for a day or so.

Such outstanding events as the scandal about Mrs. Dewar and young Ralph Macauley, and the fearful conflict between the Hope girls for Sir David Catterleigh—not to mention a trifle like the passage of the Panama Canal—served to thrust the island further back in the ocean of memory. The castaways lost their identities. They read a lot, particularly the old magazines and papers that everybody else had flung aside with a yawn long ago. It made Mr. Roberts marvel when he thought of how much they had missed in the world's affairs. He pondered whether they were any the worse for that. Indeed, he continued to ponder about them quite a lot, but still he did not seek to intrude on either, for he was of polite disposition and also old enough to wish to conserve his energy.

The last night of the voyage brought Bishop Rock light, brought parties and partings, regret and relief, tears and laughter—all the manifestations that accompany the dissolution of a little social system. Old Mr. Roberts, who did not care for alcoholized sentiment and had not compromised himself with anybody, withdrew to a quiet corner of the deck, where he reclined in a long chair and mused, in a fashion becoming to his years, on the turning of another page.

The night was briskly cold, but fair

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

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BALANCED PHILCO
MEANS TRUE CLEAR TONE

When Emil Mix plays with the Philco Symphony Orchestra for you, Wednesday evenings over CBS, a radio set, whose units are but partially *balanced, can only bring you the distorted* tone *pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true. clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*

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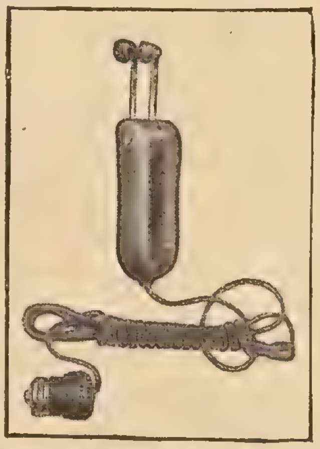

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HAPPY EVER AFTER
Continued from page thirty-four

and bright with stars. The ship seemed to hurry home, and this effect was not merely a pretty fancy, for chief engineers, though Scotch, are human. Indefinable but potent, the breath of the land was in the air, bringing new currents, shattering the established atmosphere, changing values and people.

To old Mr. Roberts, meditating there, came an unexpected but welcome vision in the form of Miss Duncan, approaching with the obvious intention of taking the chair at his side. This struck him as an admirable notion. Her borrowed plumes became her well, and the deck lights lit her hair, which, though it had been sadly civilized by the barber, still retained the magic glitter of three years' sunshine. She had not yet relearned the art of smiling often, so that old Mr. Roberts was flattered to see her smiling now.

A NOTE of pleading, an appeal, an earnestness, enriched that smile. It was not, he noted with approval, the grin of one passenger to another. A glow crept through him.

"Good evening, Mr. Roberts. You are Mr. Roberts, aren't you?" So soft her voice, so pleasant. It had been filtered by three years of quiet. None of the dust of cities in Miss Duncan's voice.

Mr. Roberts made his little courtly bow and answered her gravely, but with a boyish twinkle. He was an easy man to meet if he wished to meet.

"May I sit with you for a while? I want to talk."

"Nothing would make me happier," said Mr. Roberts, and saw to it that the phrase was no formal tag.

"You are," said Miss Duncan, "a nice man." She nestled into the chair, and while he covered her with his rug, she smiled up bewitchingly out of the upturned collar of her wrap.

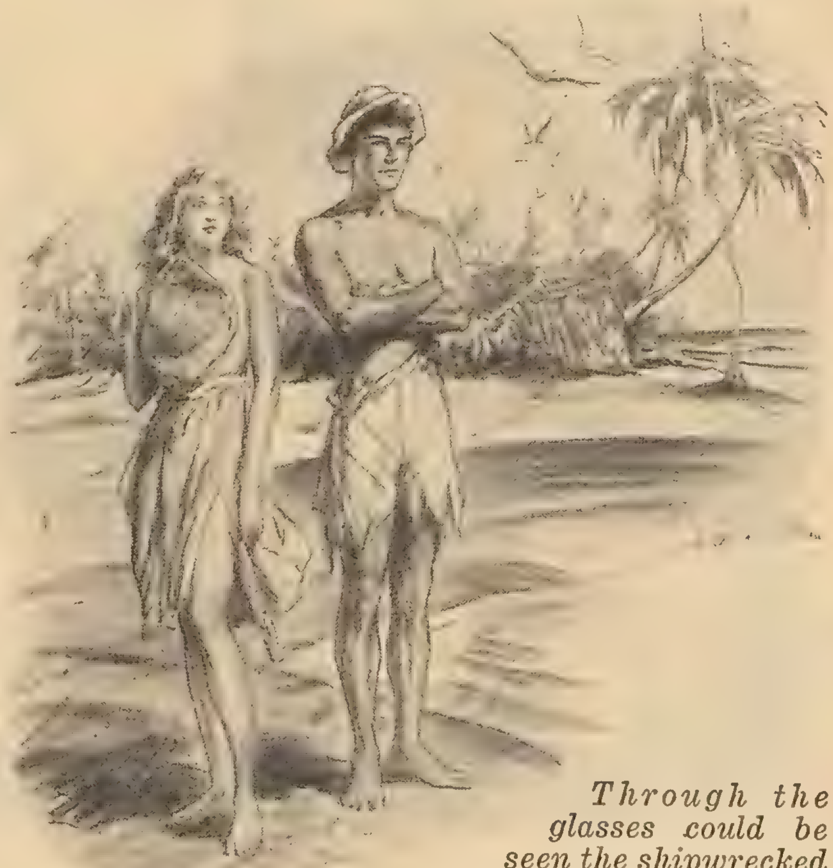
"And you are very discerning," said old Mr. Roberts, twinkling more brightly at her. He resumed his place with a little preliminary cough of satisfaction, like that a man gives when he is about to light the best cigar that has ever come his way.

"I mean it. You are the only soul aboard who has not tried to play Peeping Tom, and yet you are more genuinely and intelligently interested than all the rest."

"Discerning," murmured Mr. Roberts. "Did I say extraordinarily discerning?"

"You've watched and understood and thought, but you haven't intruded. Yes, you are nice!"

"Please go on talking," said old Mr. Roberts. "You have the most beautiful voice in the world." He tugged his beard as he always did when he paid a young woman a compliment. The gesture added value by stressing that this was an unbiased opinion from a man of experience.



Through the glasses could be seen the shipwrecked couple standing side by side on the coral strand.

"You nice man. I wonder if I should let you cherish your dreams?"

"I fear, my dear, that I am rather old for that. And so, as usual, the truth is unpalatable. What a pity! Oh, dear me, what a pity!"

"Isn't it? Oh, isn't it? But that's what the truth is. Our romantic island, Mr. Roberts, was hell. You know what hell is, don't you?"

"I am drawing on toward that knowledge," said old Mr. Roberts.

"HELL," said Miss Duncan, leaning forward and speaking with a sudden sharp intensity, "is monotony, that's all! Unchanging, hopeless, eternal monotony. The same thing! The same thing! God! The same thing! Day after day, until days mean nothing. In a globe of blue. Goldfish in a bowl, but without even the prowling cat or the wavery giants peering in or an occasional unlucky fly. The same gulls, the same palms, the same sea, the same sky—and, above all, the same other human being."

"And yourself," Mr. Roberts supplemented.

"Exactly! And yourself. You're the only thing you can change, and I suppose that's why you do. Just for variety."

"For the better?"

Miss Duncan shrugged. "At least a change. Don't you see? You must do something. You can't alter the sea or the sky or the other person."

"I suppose one gets set with the years," said old Mr. Roberts mildly, "but I am not a great one for change. Isn't it possible you overrate it?"

"You," she mocked, "are not a great one for change! Surely you are joking, Mr. Roberts? Why, every moment of your life brings change, and it would if you were as old as Methuselah. The things you see, hear, do, say, eat, read; your interests, your hopes, your fears; the faces passing you in the street; the places you go; the plays, the papers, the very weather — everything! Everything! Always different, changing from second to second." She broke off, hands clenched outside the rug, and gazed somberly at the stars. "Not on a desert island," she said. "No, not there. Things don't change there."

She lay back again with a short laugh that held the loneliness of a gull's cry.

"Now, perhaps, you see why we've no romance to reveal. You know a good deal about love, old Mr. Roberts, but can you truthfully say that any one of your sweethearts would have been enough on a desert island where there was absolutely nothing else? No career, no literature, no art, no sport, no other human soul—nothing save the two of you, and keeping alive and not letting the silence drive you mad or the sun blind you. Can you truthfully say that, wise old Mr. Roberts? Not just as a sentimental tribute to lost ladies, but as the stark truth. Look back at them, Mr. Roberts, and tell me."

WITH a tender but detached interest old Mr. Roberts did as he was instructed. The girls of half a century passed before him, wearing a pageant of fashions, set against a panorama of changing times. Their smiles, their kisses, their talk, their laughter, their pretty ways, their shining eyes, their lips parted in sleep —all these old Mr. Roberts saw, all these and much beside. He weighed them one by one, briefly, gently, kindly, on the delicate and impartial scales of memory, and each in turn was dismissed with a curt, apologetic mental nod. "No," said he at last.

"So now you see why the comrades in adventure shun each other like the devil?"

"Quite! Oh, quite!" said old Mr. Roberts. And then, "No, I couldn't even have survived it with her." He did not trouble to give a name to the particular love whose ghost had returned to delude him for a second.

"No," said Miss Duncan, "believe me, not even with her. All her pretty little ways would have become distorted and magnified into maddening habits; her charms would have palled; the very things you loved her for would become the very things you loathed her for. We're much too complex these times, Mr. Roberts, for the simple joys of the Garden of Eden. If they'd been moderns, Adam and Eve would have indulged in murder before the serpent came to break the monotony. You'd be surprised, Mr.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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TRY the method which has served so many for so long. Methods wrong and ineffective come and go. This right method grows and grows in favor as more people learn about it.

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Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets—*The Right Way to Reduce*

HAPPY EVER AFTER
Continued from page thirty-seven

Roberts, if I told you how easy it is to get into the way of playing with the idea of murder. Particularly if you have nothing to do save hate."

"No doubt," he agreed.

"But I am forgetting the real reason why I'm here," the lulling, singing voice went on. "I came to give you my confidence. I knew that would be safe."

"Quite," said Mr. Roberts, a mere matter of punctuation, since he was not given to stressing the obvious.

"But, of course, as a woman I had an ulterior motive." She smiled on him. "Well, this is the way of it. You see," said the beautiful Miss Duncan, "I am Mrs. Framlingham."

Old Mr. Roberts only made a pleased purring sound in the fashion of a cat with the mouse at last between his paws.

"Yes, Duncan's my single name. It will have to come out in the end, of course, but at least by hiding it we've been able to escape from each other's hateful company for this voyage. It would have been a pity to have been driven to murder in a liner's cabin after resisting the sweet temptation in hell."

"TELL me, my dear. Were you in love when it began?"

"If he had gone down in the Pisa I shouldn't have wanted to live—not then. But it's only in the books that lovers flourish on desert islands."

"How long before had you been married?"

"Three years."

"Ah, yes. Just long enough to make it awkward."

"Just."

"And how does—er—Mr. Framlingham feel about all this?"

"Precisely as I do, only more so. He abominates me."

"I cannot credit that," said Mr. Roberts.

"But you haven't tried living with me on a desert island."

"True," said Mr. Roberts, and, "What a pity he wasn't somebody else's husband and you somebody else's wife!"

"That might have made a difference," she nodded. "For a time, at any rate. And now," she said, her rosebud mouth appealing, "tell me how I'm to go about getting a divorce. That was my ulterior motive, for I knew you were a lawyer."

"And that," ruminated old Mr. Roberts, "is the way poor old Ballantyne would have had to end it in this year of grace: 'So they got a divorce and lived happily ever after.'"

"Alas!" said the heroine.

"Alack!" said old Mr. Roberts.

Up on the lofty flying bridge paced Captain Ryce-Andrews, a contented man. This time tomorrow night he would be in the plump and rosy arms of Mrs. Ryce-Andrews, which was a good thought to a sailorman—even to a plutocratic sailorman—home again with the long voyage ended.

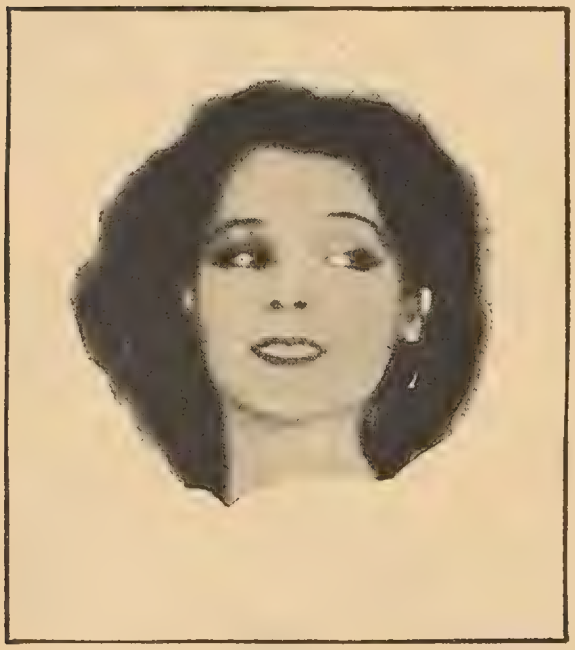
THE END

Funny Faces! *Can You Make Them?*

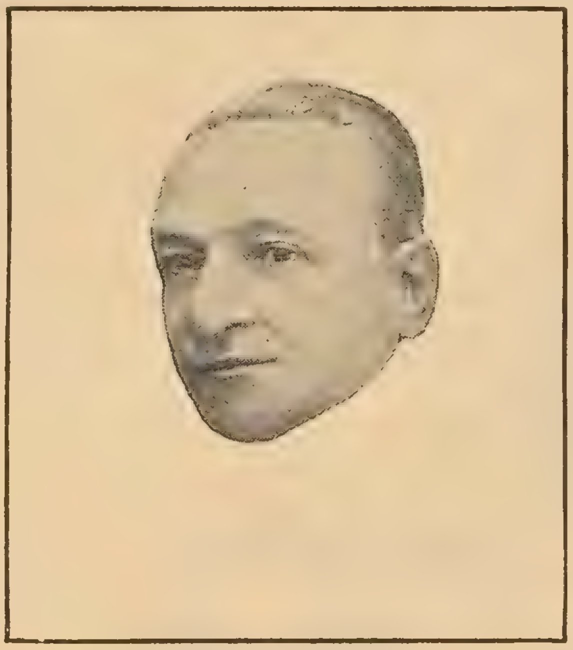
Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

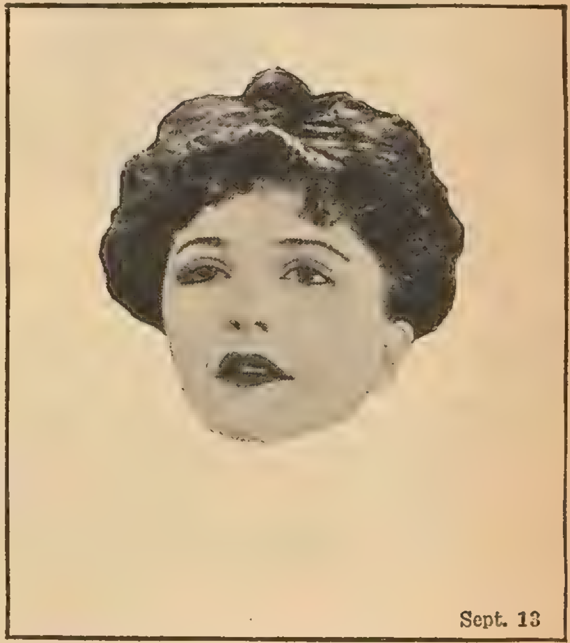
First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500



ARMIDA



FLORENZ ZIEGFELD



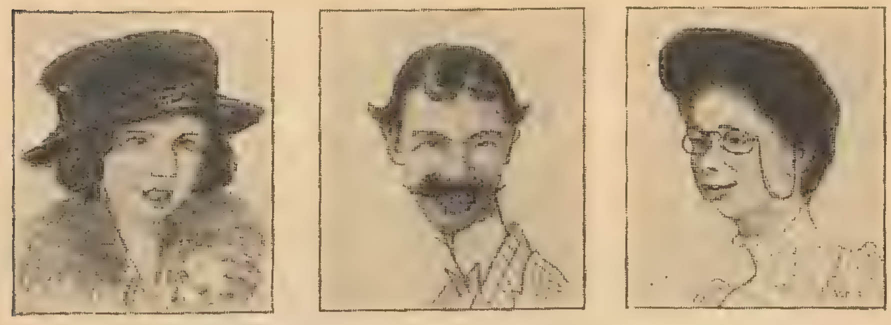
Sept. 13

HELEN MORGAN

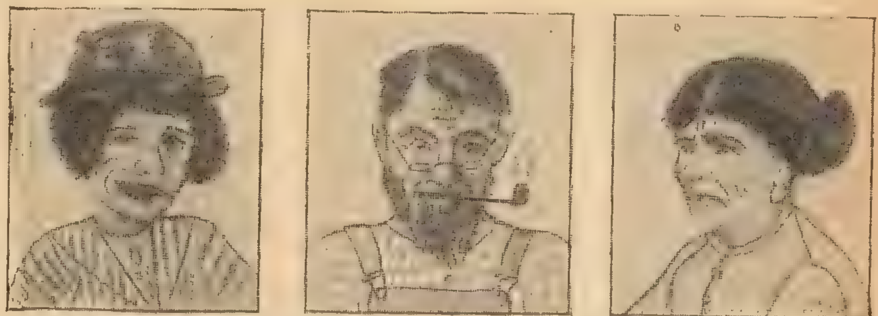
See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, September 13. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THIS WEEK'S PRIZE AWARDS

for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Mary Astor, Charles Rogers, and Maude Adams, in our August 16 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by Albert D. Quigley,
9 Court Street, Keene, New Hampshire



SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Irene Bauer,
609 Zimmer Avenue, Menominee, Michigan

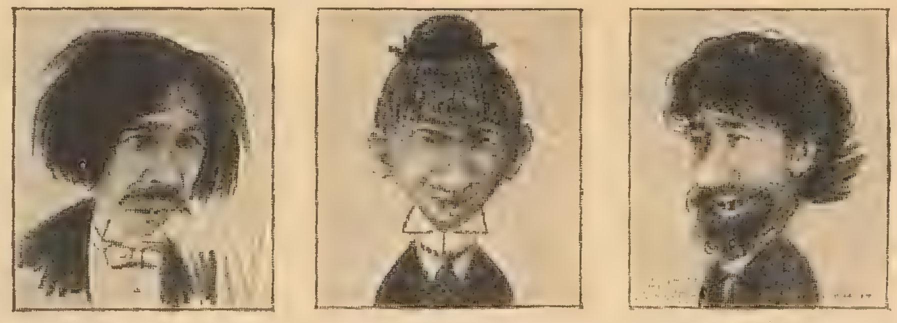
THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced four weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.



THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by E. C. Jenner,
Route 1, Box 233, Vashon, Washington

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to Helen Brand, Columbus, O.; Herbert A. Clark, Beverly, Mass.; Mrs. B. Crawford, La Crosse, Wis.; Irene M. Dube, East Bristol, Conn.; E. J. Evans, Salt Lake City, Ut.; Ray Felling, St. Joseph, Mo.; Georg de Galantha, Toronto, Ont.; Raymond E. Gates, Jr., East Dedham, Mass.; Mrs. R. A. Gieringer, Roslindale, Mass.; Mrs. J. S. Graham, Brownsville, Tex.; Agnes Hagerty, Allenhurst, N. J.; Ida Jardine, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. E. Kukowski, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. H. Lawless, Topeka, Kan.; Douglas D. McEachin, Hibbing, Minn.; M. G. Meekison, Fort Meade, Fla.; Mrs. C. S. Neal, Starkville, Miss.; E. W. Newman, Iowa City, Ia.; Erma Price, Elm Grove, W. Va.; Helen Prickett, Chicago, Ill.; Florence Ratterman, Woodstock, N. Y.; Moss L. Renaker, Monrovia, Calif.; Jack Rodgerson, Berlin, N. H.; Ruth E. Roeder, Milwaukee, Wis.; Julius Roth, St. Paul, Minn.; Marius Santin, Mystic, Conn.; Pete Schiro, Memphis, Tenn.; G. W. Schmidt, Portsmouth, O.; J. Allen Thomas, Enid, Okla.; Margaret Willoughby, Chicago, Ill.

SMILES,

And a Little of Everything Else

Cyril Maude, in Grumpy, brings his gifts to the screen. He's shown here with Frances Dade.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ GRUMPY

CAST

"Grumpy" Bullivant	Cyril Maude
Ernest Heron	Phillips Holmes
Jarvis	Paul Cavanagh
Virginia	Frances Dade
Ruddock	Halliwell Hobbes
Susan	Doris Luray
Keble	Olaf Hytton
Berci	Paul Lukas
Merridew	Robert Bolder
Dawson	Colin Kenny

Produced by Paramount. Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner.

PARAMOUNT'S policy of assigning more than one director to a picture has been working out to the advantage of the production.

Two directors were responsible for The Border Legion, which was a fine western bandit film, and it took eleven of them to fashion Paramount on Parade, but they turned out the best film revue that has ever been done.

The two men who stage-managed Grumpy did a neat job of it. They had, of course, Cyril Maude to work with, and as he had played the part of the irascible but lovable old man fourteen hundred times on the stage they didn't have to spend much time or use up much patience coaching him. He will delight you.

The lady is Barbara Kent. She's in Dumb-bells in Ermine.

★ ★ SINS OF THE CHILDREN

CAST

Adolf	Louis Mann
Nick Higginson	Robert Montgomery
Johnnie	Elliott Nugent
Alma	Leila Hyams
Martha Wagenkampf	Clara Blandick
Laura	Mary Doran
Ludwig	Francis X. Bushman, Jr.
Joe Higginson	Robert McWade
Ted Baldwin	Dell Henderson
Tony	Henry Armetta
Katherine	Jane Reid
Bide Taylor	James Donlan
Muriel Stokes	Jeane Wood
Dr. Heinrich Schmidt	Lee Kohlmar

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Sam Wood.

Louis Mann makes his talking screen début in Sins of the Children, and the story, which is by the Nugents (father and son), is a good vehicle for him. There are smiles and tears in the story, and Louis Mann has one grand scene wherein, as Adolf, he tells a wealthy fellow townsman that he is the richest man in the world because of his four children and the love they bear him.

★ ★ DUMB-BELLS IN ERMINE

CAST

Jerry Malone	Robert Armstrong
Faith Corey	Barbara Kent
Grandma Corey	Beryl Mercer
Mike	James Gleason
Uncle Roger	Claude Gillingwater
Mrs. Corey	Julia Swayne Gordon
Siegfried Strong	Arthur Hoyt
Mrs. Strong	Mary Foy
Camilla	Charlotte Merriam

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by John Adolfi.

This is one of those nonsensical stories that is highly entertaining because of a good cast and clever direction. Beryl Mercer, Claude Gillingwater, and James Gleason are excellent comedians.

Robert Armstrong and Barbara Kent are the juveniles, and Armstrong is particularly good as the young prize fighter. Julia Swayne Gordon does very well as the self-righteous mother who tries to get her daughter married off to a missionary, that she may spend her life uplifting the heathen.

Vivienne Segal and Walter Woolf in the fantastic film, Golden Dawn.

TEARS, NONSENSE

in the Week's Potpourri of Pictures,
Reviewed by

KATE CAMERON

Louis Mann, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and Jeane Wood in Sins of the Children.

★ ★ ★ COMMON CLAY

CAST

Ellen Neal	Constance Bennett
Hugh Fullerton	Lew Ayres
W. H. Yates	Tully Marshall
Arthur Coakley	Matty Kemp
Richard Fullerton	Purnell B. Pratt
Mrs. Neal	Beryl Mercer
Edwards	Charles McNaughton
Judge Filson	Hale Hamilton

Produced by Fox. Directed by Victor Fleming.

When Common Clay was produced on the stage some years ago, it won the Harvard Prize, an honor much coveted by playwrights and producers, and it had a highly successful run with Jane Cowl in the rôle of Ellen Neal. The picture is no prize winner, not because of inferior acting or direction, but because the play is old-fashioned in its construction. In one or two spots the melodrama goes a bit ludicrous.

In this day of the snappy comeback Ellen would never have got away with her long denunciation of her father, her lover, and the latter's father. Even this fault can't destroy the picture's appeal.

Lew Ayres, who made a name for himself as the young soldier in All Quiet on the Western Front, has the ungrateful part of the faithless lover, but he plays it well. Constance Bennett is charming, pretty, and clever. Tully Marshall gives another of his pluperfect characterizations.

A sir-how-dare-you! scene from Common Clay, as played by Constance Bennett and Matty Kemp.

lso Noah Beery making it plain that he is very, very peeved.

★ GOLDEN DAWN

CAST

Tom Allen	Walter Woolf
Dawn	Vivienne Segal
Shep Keyes	Noah Beery
Blink	Lee Moran
Joanna	Marion Byron
Sister Hedwig	Julanne Johnston
Mooda	Alice Gentle
Napoli	Nick de Ruiz
Captain Eric	Otto Matiesen
Hasmali	Nigel de Bruilier
Colonel Judson	Ivan Simpson

Produced by Warner Brothers. Directed by Ray Enright.

This is an elaborate production, but it scarcely justifies all the energy put into it. It is musical and made from the extravaganza produced by Hammerstein last year.

The color effects are lovely and the voices are beautifully recorded in song, but the story is a dull affair.

I'd like to make a suggestion to

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that they acquire the talking-picture rights to Rain and give us Garbo in the rôle of Sadie Thompson. What a rôle—and what an actress for it!

Isn't it possible that Sadie might have gone from Minnesota to San Francisco instead of from Missouri or Kansas?

Do you know that—

Edwina Booth, who went to Africa on location to play the blonde goddess in Trader Horn, and who returned to Hollywood suffering from a physical breakdown, has recovered and has just signed a new long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer? . . . William Farnum is coming back to the screen? He has a featured part in Norma Talmadge's next picture, Du Barry: Woman of Passion.

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Manslaughter, Romance, For the Defense, Let Us Be Gay, The Dawn Patrol, The Unholy Three, The Border Legion.

Pot of Gold

The Story of an Old Prospector

As Told to Arthur Chapman

By Jack Bell

AFTER nearly fifty years of prospecting, off and on, I have some scars to remind me that I have been following the roughest and hardest, as well as the most fascinating game in the world.

Real scars, I mean. On my shoulders are marks—once harness sores, such as any beast of burden might get—telling of the long days spent in Alaska, packing and mushing through a country where the big pokes that were brought out seldom paid for the hardships. And nowadays in hot weather one of my legs will fire up like a furnace and be covered with mottled designs, just to keep me from forgetting the time when a desert rattlesnake down in New Mexico got me in the shin.

The fact that my hair turned gray pretty early in life might be ascribed to a little experience I had with Apaches in Arizona when Geronimo was on the warpath. I was trailing back from Globe and had made as far as the low, rough hills west of Horse Ranch, some miles east of where the Datil Plains trading and supply store is located now. A dust cloud told of an approaching band of riders. I hustled my burro string off the trail and hid out in a clump of juniper in the rolling hills.

I threw and hog-tied the burros and tied down their muzzles, and then waited. It was not long before a war party passed within 300 yards of me, headed toward the ranch. A little later I could hear the yells of the savages, borne on a high wind which was blowing across the desert. Then I could see the smoke of burning buildings. That was about four o'clock in the afternoon. The next morning I trailed in and found that a few riders who had been in the hills when the ranch was attacked had buried the eight or ten victims of the savages.

If a burro had made a sound, or if the Indians had not been so intent on their raid that they missed my trail into the juniper, there would have been one more prospector added to the many who were picked off by Apaches.

Today there is no more danger from Indians, but prospectors have steadily quit the field. No new discoveries of importance have been made in several years. Many of the rich camps have shown a steady decline. Other camps, which were producing millions, have gone out of existence altogether.

What is the reason for this disappearance of the prospector, friend and ally of everybody? Why has the once-great prospecting army been cut down to a mere handful?

For one thing, the chances of making an easy find have been greatly reduced. Gold at the grass roots is hardly ever discovered any more. This means that the prospector must go trenching—hard, back-breaking labor. And he must get into the rough, distant places where few men have been before. No more founding a Cripple Creek within easy distance of a city like Colorado Springs. At least the odds are all against it.

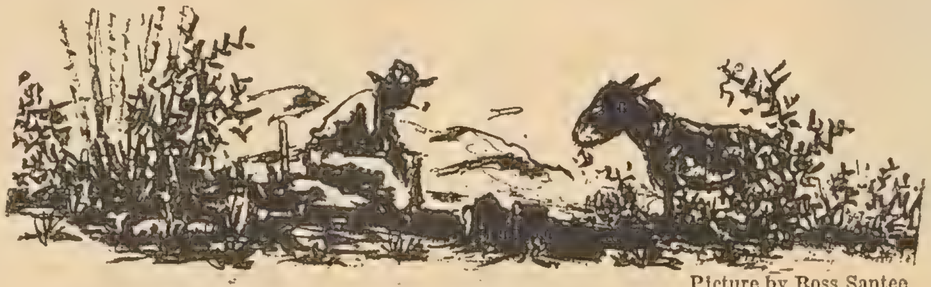
Then, too, the prospector has been hit by the high cost of living. Gone are the days when he could take a fourteen-burro string and live on a small grubstake. It costs four or five times as much as in old days to keep oneself in the field. And the investing public got to turning to flashier things than mining for a while. The group that used to be good for a little grubstake every spring put its money into something else—oil perhaps.

So, what with one thing and another, the prospectors gradually dropped out. Not that they wanted to, for in spite of prospecting's seamy side, there is nothing else that so fascinates the man who has once followed it.

THE late Thomas F. Walsh, who made millions out of a prospect which others had practically thrown away as worthless, saw the answer years ago. He said that if prosperity was to continue, new gold discoveries must be made, and he didn't see how that could be done without prospectors. So he established a free course in prospecting at the Colorado School of Mines. Anyone could go there and get free instruction in the rudiments of mineralogy, the supposition being that he would use his knowledge. It was a move along the right track, for there isn't an old-timer in the field who doesn't believe that the greatest gold discoveries of all are still to be made.

The man who takes up prospecting must be able to forgo human companionship. If he isn't fairly good company for himself, he'd better try something else. I have seen times after weeks and months of loneliness, when I was fairly starved for the sight of a human being and the sound of a fellow hombre's voice. That is why a prospector always welcomes anybody to his camp. He never asks personal questions of the newcomer—it's enough to have somebody around. Sometimes the prospector finds that he has been entertaining more or less distinguished company unawares.

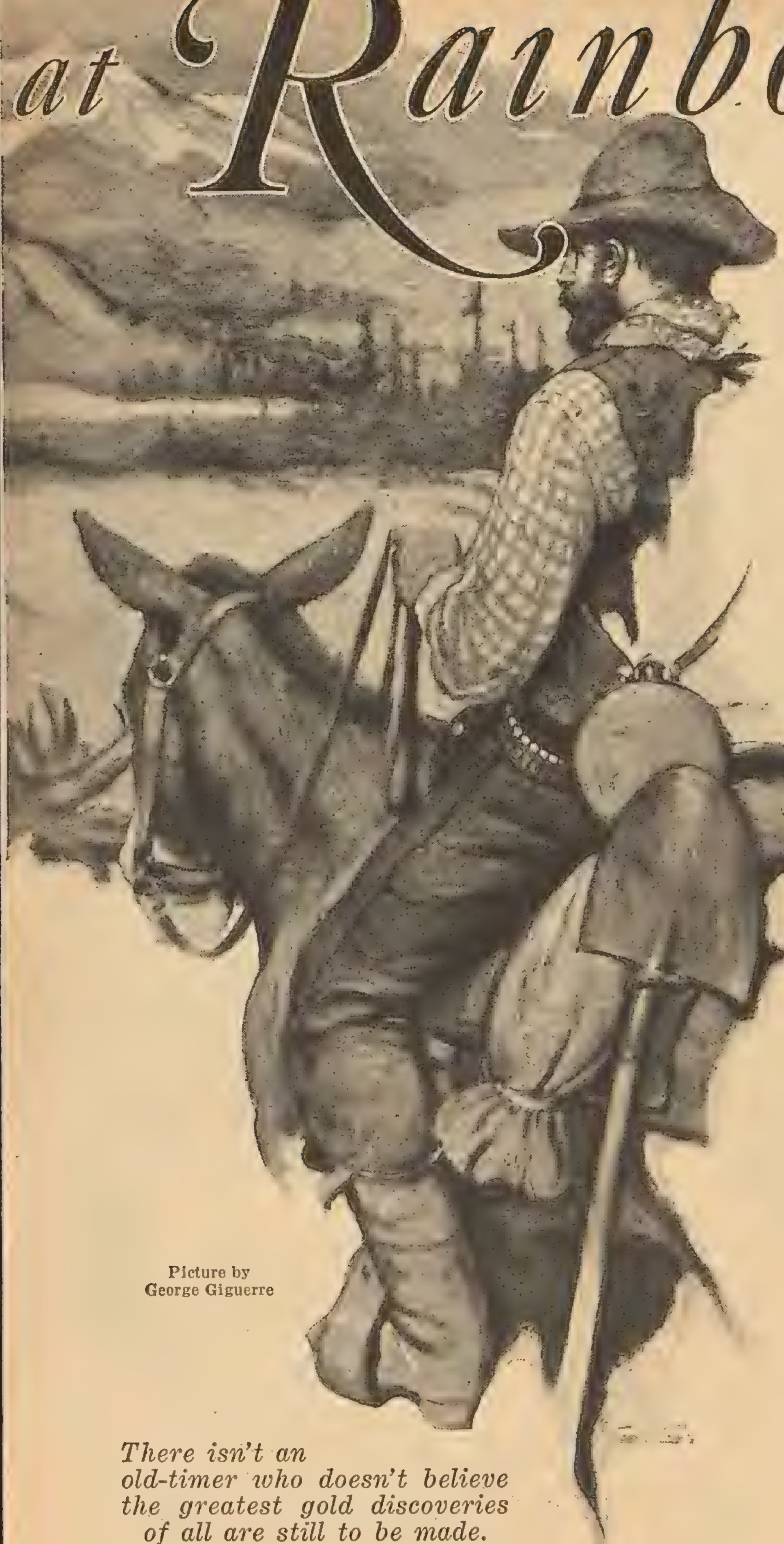
An instance of that sort happened to me one night in camp at Quemado, New Mexico, a big flowing spring in the desert. I was out with a string of burros and was making for the Organ Mountains, after a hurried look at Volcanic Ridge, where my partner, Alf Rose, had found, embedded in blue mud, a rough crystal which he afterward sold for something over $25,000.



Picture by Ross Santee

I was fairly starved for the sight of a human being.

at Rainbow's End



Picture by
George Giguerre

There isn't an old-timer who doesn't believe the greatest gold discoveries of all are still to be made.

I found a few sheep herders and camp tenders at the spring—a very friendly outfit. I was thinking of the hard trip ahead of me, across the Luna Valley, when, in the early evening, a stranger rode into camp. He was dark and good-looking, and the soul of friendliness. While after water he began talking of the matters that interest men out among the big things—distances, trails and water holes and the likely fields for prospecting. Then he asked:

"Have you heard about the stage robbery between Deming and Fairview?"

I told him that I had been out alone for weeks, so any happening was news to me, and he gave me the details. It was a businesslike robbery. A strong force of armed men had held up the stage and all the passengers had contributed. That is, all but a schoolma'am, who not only refused to give up her purse, but, when a bandit tried to take it from her, struck him such a hard blow on the nose that the robber bled profusely. Like a temperamental man, the bandit "reached," but, according to the stranger, who seemed to enjoy the story greatly, the chief of the gang interfered and put a quietus on the revolver play and allowed the schoolma'am to keep her purse.

"That girl sure had the pluck," said the stranger, repeating the story for the benefit of a herder who had come in for water.

The sheep herder and the stranger then went into the details of a horse trade, in which it seemed that the herder was getting the worst of the deal, as he swapped a big, rangy roan for the visitor's travel-worn broncho. When the stranger had ridden away, the herder said:

"If he'd wanted that roan horse for nothing, he'd have got it. Don't you know that's Black Jack? He probably pulled that stage holdup himself and is making his get-away."

So the dark-eyed stranger was Black Jack Ketchum, the last of the train bandits, a bandit who terrorized the Southwest for years and who, a short time after our meeting, was captured after a desperate battle and so thoroughly hanged at Deming that he was decapitated when the drop fell!

BUT bad men generally let prospectors alone. There is no money in holding up a man who may be out on a slender grubstake, just sufficient to keep him in supplies. The prospector's chief dangers do not come from men but from accidents on the trail—the bite of a rattler, the clutch of an early snowstorm above timber line, or a broken leg from a fall among the slippery boulders in some lost cañon.

A rattlesnake nearly took my life down in the white sands of New Mexico. I was taking a short cut across these billowing wastes, slipping back one step out of every five. The burros could make only ten miles at most during one of the long June days, and the animals were carrying light packs at that.

The lead burro, Monte, cocked his ears and, with raised muzzle, indicated that there was water not so very far away. There were some broken beds of red sandstone showing through the sand, and, from the way the string increased its pace, I concluded that water would be found when those beds were reached.

This entire country is overrun with the desert rattlesnake, known to prospectors as the sidewinder. This reptile will glide over the silicas like a streak and will lie in wait to strike. It will battle to the death, but when one does try to escape (and here is where the name sidewinder originates) it will dart its head at any angle or straight back over its tail when in rapid flight. So you can see it's hardly a pleasant companion, even for a lonely prospector.

In the sandstones and little dikes of volcanic material the big rattler makes his home. Ordinarily this snake will give warning, but it is blind when shedding its skin, and then strikes without any preliminary rattling.

I had made the blind water, under the guidance of Monte. The burro, in the gathering darkness, began to paw away the sand at the base of the sandstone measure. A sump was soon dug and the animals drank their fill. Then I brushed through the cat's-claw to unpack the lead jack. Before I reached him he jumped stiff-legged and snorted. Under ordinary conditions I would have been careful to look about. But I was trail-worn and anxious to unpack the stock and feed them and get my own meal and was careless for the second time in all my years of trailing alone.

Like a flash it came to me, but too late. I could see the thrashing, gleaming coils of a big snake that was whirring his anger, and could feel the punctures in my

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SIX]

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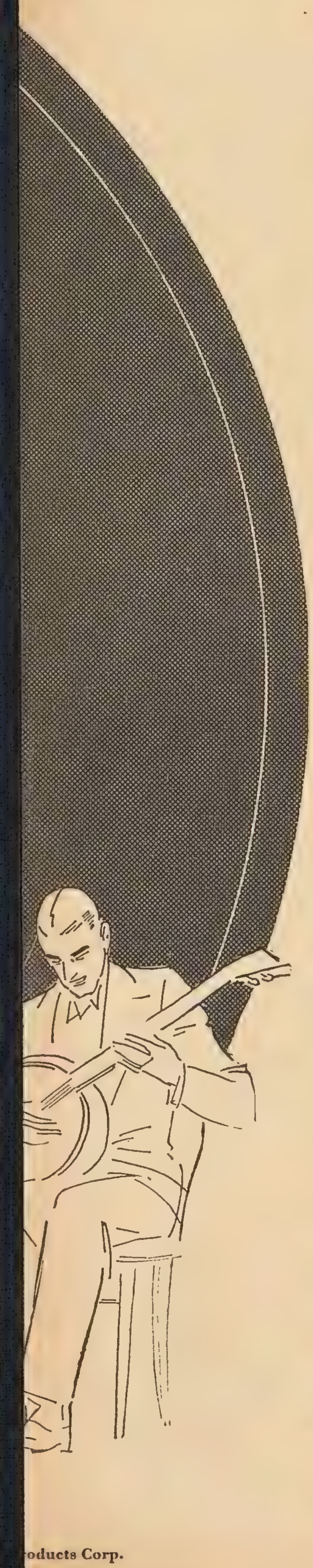

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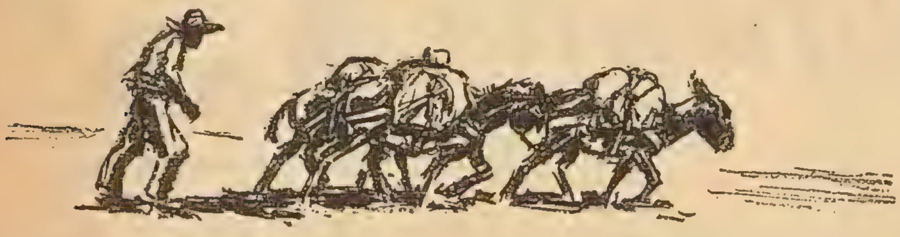
oducts Corp.

[POT OF GOLD AT RAINBOW'S END
Continued from page forty-three]

right shin, midway between ankle and knee. When I had killed the snake, a seven-footer, I began to tear off the boot, to get at the punctures with the hypodermic, filled and ready with a ten-grain solution of permanganate of potash, which should be a part of any prospector's outfit.



Pictures by Ross Santee

The real prospecting will be done with the burros.

The venom felt like burning liquid all through my body. A million needles were pricking me. I was getting groggy, but I threw the pack off Monte, dragged myself on his back, lashed myself to the sawbuck saddle, and started off, I knew not where. My subconscious mind seemed to tell me that Monte would take me to the Datil Plains, where I might be picked up by a rider or sheep herder.

It seemed ages before I regained consciousness. I was in the tepee of a Navaho Indian sheep herder, Tse-ne-Gea. Looking out, I could see the burros grazing peacefully enough among the cedar and piñon. I was given water and mutton broth. Then Tse-ne-Gea's wife brought in a big poultice made of herbs, which she put on my leg.

By signs the Indians made me understand that I had come to their camp three days before. Monte had brought me forty miles or so in less than two days. He was saddle-sore from my rolling, and my body was cut cruelly from the rope.

Tse-ne-Gea indicated that I would lose my leg, but the woman angrily told her man that she could save it. And she did, by applying new poultices day and night. I was the guest of these kindly native Americans for over a month. When I was ready to take to the trail I began to cut my entire outfit in two, with two twenty-dollar gold pieces for good measure. When I carried the supplies and money to the old folks who were helping pack my string, a hurt look, which I shall never forget, appeared in their eyes. I immediately desisted, realizing my mistake. Instead I made the sign of brother and friend, and both smiled like the children of the open that they were.

I have seen other men's lives in danger, just as mine was, on account of their being momentarily careless. I was among the stampeders at Buckskin, Nevada. We had arrived in a March snow. Men were huddled about a fire and took turns breaking down the sage to keep the blaze going. John Hardy was bringing a bunch, when I yelled:

"Drop it!"

He dropped it without question. A four-foot rattler was just unwinding himself from the sage. Into the fire he went, and there was more care in bringing in the brush thereafter.

WHAT keeps prospectors in the field in the face of so many disappointments? Nine times out of ten it will be found that their hope of making a big strike is not for themselves, but for somebody "back home"—old people, perhaps, or a sister, or someone else for whom they want to make good. A more unselfish class of men never lived, which is proved by the fact that so many of them lose their money soon after they have made it. I have known it to happen scores of times—friends who need help, or a glib stranger with a glittering idea. Or perhaps the "pile" is shot against the allurements of town, and the prospector is around again, hunting up a grubstake, confident that he can find something bigger and better in the way of a mine.

Living away from civilization as much as he does, the prospector is pretty apt to fall an easy victim to anyone with a smooth line of talk. In my own case I have painful recollections of trading some valuable claims for a basic patent on a corset! It was the old story—playing the other fellow's game.

One prospector, now in Nevada making a comeback, cleaned up a million in the sale of a mine which he had located. He invested his money in a water-power project in California and dropped it. Another, whom we will call Johnny X, made a fortune in Colorado. With his money he went to Nevada and struck it rich again. Today Johnny X, former man of millions, is working for someone else in a Nevada mine, at small wages. The lure of the high card and all that went with it swept away his immense holdings.

Nor did experience prove to be such a valuable teacher as the schoolbooks claim. One good friend of mine made a stake in Colorado, another in Alaska, and a third at Seven Troughs, Nevada. The fortunes went, one after the other, and he is working for wages in a Colorado mine.

With others it was different. They had no trouble holding to what they made. Winfield Scott Stratton was a carpenter at Colorado Springs who used to spend his spare time prospecting in the near-by hills. He sat up nights studying mineralogy, and he knew that gold didn't always come in the same form. He located the Independence mine where experts said there couldn't be any gold. Stratton made millions, just because he didn't believe the experts. He was shrewd, and made big investments in real estate. At his death most of his money went toward an old people's home at Colorado Springs.

The same with Jimmy Burns and Jimmy Doyle, who were plumbers and just followed prospecting as what the city man calls an avocation. But they had learned everything they could about minerals. When folks said there couldn't be any gold at Cripple Creek, where Bob Womack had made the first strike on a cow ranch, Burns and Doyle went ahead anyway and developed the big Portland mine.

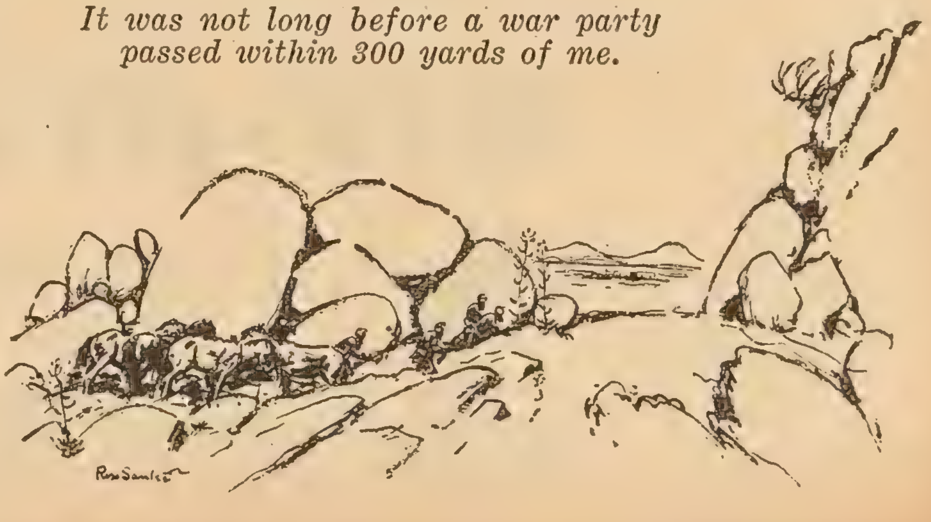
When Thomas F. Walsh went to Ouray, Colorado, that camp had been deserted by all but one miner. Walsh arose from a sick bed and examined a prospect above timber line in the Imogene Basin. The men who had been operating this property had been going after a showy-looking ore and throwing over the dump a modest rock containing threadlike circles of black mineral which Mr. Walsh recognized as gold in tellurium form. He bought the property for next to nothing, and this mine, the Camp Bird, turned out to be one of the richest finds ever made.

MOST prospectors are skilled miners. They know their business and follow their game scientifically. But, naturally enough, luck has played a big part in many discoveries. John and Joe Ferreti, who were prospecting in the high breaks of the Gillis range in Nevada, lost some burros from their camp at Bovard. They located the burros three miles from camp. Prospectorlike, they scratched around a bit and located the famous Gold Pen, very rich in native gold.

The camp of Manhattan, Nevada, was found by riders from the Humphrey Brothers' cow outfit, who literally stumbled on some rich float.

The late Jim Butler, an old-time burro prospector, had noticed an upthrust of brown rock, in going back and forth from Klondyke, a small camp. He often thought of looking it over, but kept putting it off. Finally he knocked off some chunks of the rock, and found it rich

It was not long before a war party passed within 300 yards of me.



in gold and silver—which was the start of Tonopah.

Sometimes a prospector has claim jumpers to reckon with. Judd Terril, an old-timer from Creede, Colorado, made a rich strike at what became Terril, Nevada, and found his claim jumped by two fighting Basques, who began shooting at him. But both of the Basques were ripped away in smoke.

Today Terril lives at the scene of his discovery, with a big orchard and flowers, and strips enough high-grade ore to enable him to travel in the best financial circles if he wanted to.

Confidence men and saloon hangers-on tried lot-jumping in Goldfield at the height of the excitement there. One of them took possession of a lot belonging to Dan Williams, a prospector. Mrs. Williams was alone at the time. She got a blacksnake whip and, when the confidence man refused to leave, she lashed him nearly to death, leaving just enough of him to be run out of town.

Mrs. Felix, the young and attractive wife of a prospector who was in the field, found that her lot had been jumped in similar fashion when she returned from a trip to the Goldfield post office. Her personal belongings were pitched into the street. She went to a telescope grip and took out a forty-five and shot the lot jumper dead. She was not even held for the killing.

Sometimes little quirks of individuality will set a prospector apart from the average. Maybe living alone so much brings out peculiarities. Two-Step Mike Donovan got his nickname through his love for the old-fashioned two-step. Between jaunts, when he was working in a mine, Mike would lay off night shift many a time, go to a dance hall and two-step the whole night through.

A prospector known as Fraction Jack had another bug which was strictly business. Mining claims often overlap one another at odd angles. Sometimes a tiny unsurveyed fraction will be left between claims. Fraction Jack had an uncanny eye for such unclaimed bits of ground. The owners of valuable properties in new camps would often wake up to find Fraction Jack located between them, waiting to be bought off at a good price.

I HAVE prospected in Alaska, Mexico, and every western state where there was a chance of making a strike, but Alaska to me was the hardest of all. Going in there right after service in the war with Spain, I still have painful recollections of the stampede. Tenderfeet (chechahcos) along soft trails, actually without grub a few miles from the coast camps—bushed, crying, and asking the old-timers for food and direction. Everything packed in on one's back—125 pounds of dead weight. The gray moss of the tundra. The rolling hummocks that seemed to be fastened on toggle joints, letting one plunge to the thigh in the surrounding slime. Hauling the "John boat" upstream, harnessed like a jack, with the halter fastened to the prow. No wood—not a tree. The pits dug into the benches, and the panning, panning, panning.

Winter in double tents, with a cut into the benches. Fuel a hard game—day after day breaking willows at fifty below zero. And one had to be careful not to let the tent get too warm—otherwise the "grabs" (pneumonia) and the end. The smell of fish and seal oil—the oil one had to use on his face in winter. The dogs that cost more than good horses "outside." The thawing of frozen gravel in a tub in the tent.

And yet a wonderful country, in spite of its clouds of mosquitoes and 130 in the shade in summer—provided you were where you could find shade. Wild life as you find it nowhere else—musk ox, caribou, fox, wolf, and Kadiak bear, and the rivers literally filled with fish. But as to prospecting, the hardest work in any desert country seems a life of ease compared with Alaska.

Modern invention hasn't helped the prospector much. I've seen an airplane settle down in a dry lake bed in Nevada. Fine and beautiful, so far as appearance is concerned. But the airplane prospector must find a good landing place, which means that he is still far from the rough country where the real finds are to be made.

It is about the same with the automobile, though a compromise can be reached there. My partner, who has

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hair Falling?

Baldness need not follow

If your hair is falling out, don't worry about it. Brush out the dead, loose hair, and concentrate your efforts on the scalp. If the scalp is in healthy condition, new hair will grow in fast enough to replace what is lost. It's up to you to keep the scalp clean and vigorous.

Use "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to soften encrusted dust and perspiration and free the tiny follicles, so new hairs can come through. Before your weekly shampoo, apply the Tonic and massage it in thoroughly. Make the scalp move loosely. Work it round and round, from the neck and temples up to the crown. This treatment is a double feature—the Tonic cleanses and lubricates, and the massage tones the scalp and stimulates the circulation of nourishing blood.

Now's the time to encourage a new crop of hair if you want to guard against baldness. Start the sensible, simple "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatment tonight—and follow it regularly every week.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

Buy your supply of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at any drug store. It comes in handy bottles of 2 sizes, with a convenient shaker-type top. Made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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The Judges report

EX-LAX CONTEST WINNERS

Dear Liberty Readers:

We wish there had been hundreds more prizes to be awarded in the Ex-Lax contest. There were so many letters that seemed almost as good as the prize winners . . . we wish we might have strained the generosity of the Ex-Lax Company and given prizes right and left!

The letters of all who entered the contest proved to us that Ex-Lax is a wonderful product. And—congratulations to you winners! You did best among thousands who did well enough to win in most contests.

The Judges

JAMES O'SHAUGHNESSY
Business Manager, Liberty

W. B. MAC LEAN
Eastern Adv. Mgr. Liberty

PAULINE CLARK
Director, Ex-Lax Research

Here are the Winners

Mr. Victor C. Spies Jacumba, Calif.	*First Prize,* $250
Miss Doris M. Coates Coconut Grove, Fla.	*Second Prize,* $200
Mrs. J. Nathan Brooklyn, N. Y.	*Third Prize,* $150
Rev. Kenneth R. Close Coral Gables, Fla.	*Fourth Prize,* $100
Mr. Charles U. Read Upper Sandusky, Ohio	*Fifth Prize,* $75

$50 Prizes

Mr. W. E. Barringer	San Diego, Calif.
Mr. E. K. Hatton	New York City
Miss Ruth B. Schmidt	Augusta, Ga.
Mrs. R. G. Wilkins	Waterloo, Iowa

$25 Prizes

Mrs. Warren Doyle	New Orleans, La.
Mr. Gustave C. Helbing	Toledo, Ohio
Mrs. Berniece Jackson	Ludlow, Ky.
Mrs. A. E. Payne	Lake Linden, Mich.

$10 Prizes

Mrs. B. C. Andrews, Jr.	Birmingham, Ala.
Miss Josephine Bulin	Omaha, Neb.
Mrs. Thomas W. Braden	Dubuque, Iowa
Miss Harriet Cahn	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr F. W. Gray	Beverly Hills, Calif.
Mrs. Frances Harvey	Milwaukee, Wis.
Mr. F. W. Hausmann	Atlanta, Ga.
Mr. Frank Kilts	Magnolia, Iowa
Miss Gwynne Mothersbaugh	Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Miss Grace Ward	Oak Park, Ill.

$5 Prizes

Miss Jane Biglin	New York City
Mrs. Florence Drake	Tecumseh, Okla.
Mrs. Frank Gallagher	Jamestown, N. D.
Mrs. H. R. Harvey	San Francisco, Calif.
Mr. J. Hayes	Columbus, Ohio
Mrs. Paul Held	St. Louis, Mo.
Mr. C. M. Kauffman	Denver, Colo.
Mr. Bert Logan	Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. Raymond A. McCarty	Natick, Mass.
Mrs. S. I. Moore	Burlington, N. C.
Mr. W. T. Person	Lake Village, Ark.
Mr. John Ritchie, Jr.	Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Barbara Stadlman	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. L. F. Stewart	Muskogee, Okla.
Mrs. Marvin R. Tufts	Long Prairie, Minn.

The experience of millions shows that there's no better health rule than—

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

POT OF GOLD AT RAINBOW'S END

Continued from page forty-seven

been a desert rat and timber-line musher for thirty-five years, has rigged up a truck, on which he has fitted three stalls, padded and made deep with straw. He can carry a three months' supply for two men, and three burros will occupy the stalls. When the rough country has been reached, and the automobile can be driven no farther, then the real prospecting will be done with the burros. Pack animals are still a vital necessity, and will be for a long time to come.

How does a veteran prospector go about getting into the hills? He does it as methodically as a general laying out a campaign of battle. When buying his string of burros he takes young animals. Then begins their training. They must become used to packsaddle and diamond bands. It takes many weeks to overcome their natural desire to loaf on the trail, especially when packed. First a small pack is put on, and then up to the maximum of fifty pounds for rough or sandy going and from that to 100 pounds. The burro generally will indicate by his actions when a pack is too heavy or is uncomfortable or slipping.

The clever, patient, hardy burro is still the prospector's mainstay. Stories of his intelligence and faithfulness could be told by the dozen. The lead burro can always be depended upon to let you know by his actions if something unusual is breaking on the trail ahead. Coming out of the radium country in southeastern Utah, when the rush for carnotite claims was on, and it was no great stampede, because the country was too rough for any but seasoned prospectors—my lead burro stopped the string. Going ahead to see what was the matter, I saw that the sandstone trail seemed to be moving. It was a hegira of tarantulas, and we stood for an hour or two while this army of big spiders went by, marching no one knows where.

If a prospector takes the trail today with a proper outfit, it is going to cost him $300 a month in the field, and he will have no luxuries at that. Everything from muck stick to overalls has gone skyward in price.

After a claim has been located with notices duly posted and filed, the real work begins, trenching and then panning for "color." My journals, covering years of operations in the field, sometimes read like the diary of a ditch digger. But behind all the story of toil there is the background of the big outdoors—the life in the open, with nature in her grandest moods, the knowledge of birds and animals, the camp fires and the nights of sound sleep in the mountains and on the desert.

These things, as well as the constant beckoning of fortune, make prospecting the game of games.

THE END

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

1—The sixth to the fifteenth centuries, inclusive.
2—Coolness in trying circumstances. Literally, cold blood.
3—Matthew vi.
4—François de Voltaire. George Bernard Shaw.
5—The interbreeding of races; specifically, of whites and Negroes.
6—Woman suffrage.
7—Taking an irrevocable step.
8—Benjamin Franklin.
9—A gold leaf.
10—Les Misérables, by Victor Hugo.
11—In Inyo County, California.
12—Lockjaw.
13—Atlas.
14—Secretary of War.
15—Thirty-two.
16—Changeable.
17—A female professional singer.
18—Telepathy.
19—A mark placed under the letter c to indicate the sound of s.
20—An alarm bell, or the ringing of one.

Red Roses

A Short Short Story

By

GIBBS HOFMANN

who, in the course of newspaper work in Kansas City and New York has written a great number of articles. This, he says, is his first try at fiction. He was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, of American parents, and now lives in New York City.

THE strangest thing about the events in this story is that although Charles Wentworth left a record explaining them, he does not know they occurred. Wentworth—"Happy" Charlie Wentworth, who became stone deaf and lost his left arm when American troops made their début at Cantigny—is hopelessly paralyzed now. But he cherishes a remembrance that will live forever.

On the morning of that eventful day, Joseph Greer, a thin, nervous man, came to the breakfast table filled with self-pity and disturbed by a pleasant account his wife, Nora, had just given him of a chance meeting with the man living in the apartment across the hall. Greer's father, a New York financier, disinherited him because he married a woman of no social standing, and this caused him to regard her as a costly treasure to be guarded with jealous care. The two years following their marriage were years of misery for Greer, all because of his insane jealousy of his fair wife.

Greer sat down and sullenly began annihilating the bacon and eggs on the plate before him. He made no effort to speak. Nora, after filling their cups with coffee, broke the uncomfortable silence.

"Joey," she asked indulgently, "aren't you going to talk at all—not even to your Nora?"

Obtaining no response she resorted to sympathy.

"I don't blame you, though. This terrible stock-market crash's made you work night and day almost. You must be exhausted, aren't you, honey?"

She bent forward to attract his attention, but when he did look up momentarily his expression had a marked trace of resentment. Nora was sensitive to his moods and she caught the cause of his present one instantly.

"Have I hurt you again?" she asked, a little frightened by his mental disturbance. "Was I too bold to suggest that we visit the lonely man next door? If so, I'm sorry. But I thought it would be nice and neighborly to call, especially since he's the only other tenant in the building."

AT this, Greer dropped knife and fork, kicked back his chair, and dashed from the room. Nora caught him as he reached the front door.

"Joe!" she cried, clutching the lapels of his coat. "Why do you act like this? Can't I even have a kind thought about a man who offered his life for people such as we, without getting you wrought up? I told you that when I passed him on the street he wore the silver button the government gives to those who were wounded in the war. He gave his left arm for you and me. Then can't we give him our smiles and good cheer?"

Greer kept his face averted and made no reply.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking," she said tremulously. "You—you think I'm interested in him. It's so—"

"Let me go," he commanded, reaching for the door knob.

"You do think that. You *do!*" Nora tugged at the lapels by way of emphasis. "But I'll tell you one thing: all your selfishness is not going to keep me from being kind—not even to you when you act this way."

Greer brushed her aside and, white and trembling, rushed into the hall.

Throughout the day and late that night at the brokerage office where he was employed as a margin clerk, Greer's mind was inflamed by what Nora had told him about the man next door: "His wistful look simply made my heart go out to him. I never knew men could look so wistful before."

When Greer reached the glass door of the lobby at 1 A. M. the next morning, he saw Nora, wearing a kimono over her pyjamas, emerge backward from the apartment opposite theirs. She reached in to switch off the light, closed the door gently, and then, drawing the kimono snugly about her figure, skipped across the hall.

With the agility with which a cat springs on its prey, Greer leaped up the steps and into his apartment. A moment later he took a revolver from a dresser drawer.

Newspapers throughout the country the next day carried dispatches from Los Angeles saying that Joseph Greer, the disinherited son of a Wall Street financier, had murdered his wife and then killed himself. "Police declare the tragedy was caused by Greer's heavy losses in the stock market," the dispatches added.

RETURNING to town two days later, Alvin Rogers, who had a key to Wentworth's apartment, made his weekly visit to Happy Charlie, and, to his dismay, found him in bed unconscious. On a table at the bedside was a letter addressed to Rogers in Wentworth's handwriting.

After an ambulance had removed Wentworth to a hospital, Rogers opened the letter, which read as follows:

DEAR OLD HORSE:

Not since the day you dragged me to safety at Cantigny have I needed you as I do now.

But for the timely arrival of the loveliest of women, who has promised to mail this letter, the Lord knows what would have become of me. I might have died.

About 11 P. M., as I walked over to switch off the light before retiring, I had a terrible paralytic attack, which must have been caused by that shell wound in my hip. Both my legs gave way and I dropped to the floor, helpless. I struggled for what seemed to be eternity to lift myself, but could not. Then I began to get chilled. I cried for help repeatedly, and just as I about gave up hope she came—this beautiful woman—through the window by the fire escape, my door being locked.

How gentle she was—how sympathetic—as she lifted me into bed. I never expect to be touched like that again, or feel so light a hand pass over my forehead.

Forgive this show of emotion, but now that I have seen her and felt her gentleness I want to live again—live forever! And what would I not do if I had been able to hear her voice!

For my sake, Rogers, send her a bouquet of flowers for me—roses, red roses.

As ever,
HAPPY CHARLIE.

P. S. Her name—she wrote it on a piece of paper—is Nora Greer and she lives across the hall.

After Wentworth regained consciousness that afternoon, Rogers did as he was asked and placed the flowers on Nora's casket at the railroad station. And when he returned to the hospital he brought a rose from the bouquet and gave it to Wentworth.

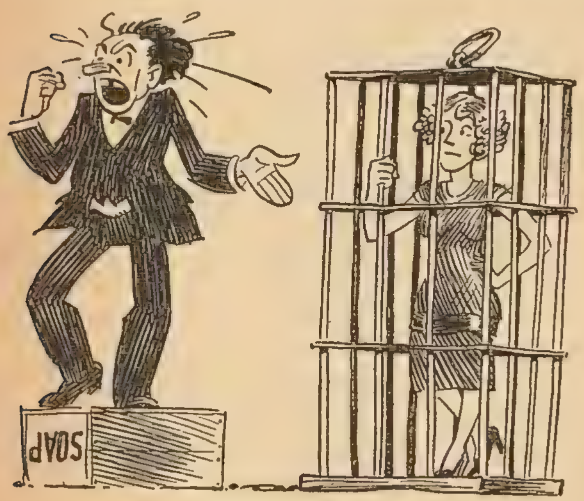
"Nora sent you this," Rogers wrote for him. "She is moving to her home in Ohio and asked me to tell you she will carry your roses all the way."

THE END

Vox

Selected Afterthoughts on "The Amateur Competition"

St. Louis, Mo.—I see that "More About the Amateur Competition," by Grace Robinson, is a collection of the opinions of some of the nation's newspaper girls. While it makes most entertaining reading, it occurs to me that if you were seeking an honest indication of the attitude of women as a whole on this subject, and not mere sensation, you would hardly confine your inquiry to a group who by the very fact of their employment give eloquent testimony of their dissatisfaction with the traditional rôle of their sex.



You might just as well compile the opinions of bachelors on the blessings of the hymeneal state, or the opinions of communists on capitalism.

I do not, of course, mean to insinuate that ladies of the press are less vigilant in the preservation of their virginity than are other theoretically self-supporting women. I do not know if they are or if they are not. But I do know that there exists no group that is more persistent with the shrill—and slightly sour—shriek for equality, and that regards more bitterly as the greatest inequality the fact that normal society is inclined to wink at a man's sexual promiscuity at the same time that it condemns a woman's.

Since the collapse of Rome's noble experiment, men and women have gone on, for over twenty centuries, in their traditional, and natural, way. Radicals, from their soap boxes, may rave and pray to heaven to deliver women from the barred cage of a slavery they do not know exists, but when the sun of each day goes down the inarticulate yet overwhelming majority of all women will still be decent, and will still be wives and mothers.—*1830—And Proud of It.*

Jackson, Miss.—Being a young man of twenty-four and popular with the girls around this place, I didn't know I was dumb until those brilliant newspaper women sounded off in a recent issue of Liberty under "More About the Amateur Competition."

I have taken many a girl automobile riding with intentions far from honorable, and I have returned from about ninety-nine such rides with tingling jaws.

I never have any trouble getting second, third, or even more dates with a girl, but as for "amateur competition," I just can't find any of it.—*Davis.*

Cincinnati, Ohio—It seems very easy for these women whose views made up that article, "More About the Amateur Competition," to say men do not demand purity in their wives-to-be any more. They may say that, but why let it go at that?

These ladies must not forget that the men of this old U. S. are not so "modern" but what they still look upon the man who gets a second-hand girl for a wife as a poor sap. A man may play around with them all, and get what he can. But does he finally marry one of these hot mamas? Not on your life.—*R. R. Rains.*

San Francisco, Calif.—Why some of the readers of Liberty should take offense at Grace Robinson's sincere attempts to put into words our present moral code is more than an intelligent person can understand. Is it because we do not like to face the truth of a situation? I am afraid so.

I gloried in Miss Robinson's articles. I admire her tremendously. She is a smart woman, knows our present world, and speaks the truth.—*Clarine T. Dodd.*

Yes?

Kirksville, Mo.—What a laugh your Mr. Anonymous, who wrote that short short story, "The Egyptian," should get. Twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of surgical instruments in a physician's bag! Were they gold plated or diamond studded? As a matter of fact, he would need wheels to drag that much property around. Maybe he had a sterilizer and an operating table tucked away in that marvelous bag.

And, just to be accurate, people with an appendix that is about to burst aren't interested in other people's bags. They are generally home, with one knee drawn up, flat on their back, and suffering like heck, long long before the expected blow-out comes.

And another thing, Pop! Surgeons don't carry cans of ether around in their bags to perform operations in Pullman cars or any other place. They keep that stuff at the hospital.

The only natural thing about the whole yarn was that the patient died.

The smartest thing Mr. Anonymous could do would be to stay—anonymous. —*G. Francis M.*

Thanks! You Bet Your Life

Los Angeles, Calif. — Thrasher's covers are excellent. They make the magazine distinctive. Nearly all other magazines published in America have the old stereotyped cover—the head of a too beautiful girl which nobody ever resembled—and this isn't sour grapes, either, because I'm a young woman in my twenties and no one ever suffered sore eyes looking at me.

"Still Another Juliet" is one of the most realistic stories I ever read in a magazine. Juliet is a stenographer and so am I, so I know whereof I speak.

Never discontinue the Vox Pop page. It is the best cross section in America today depicting modern life.

You know your editorials are good—they don't need any comment from me.

Benchley is superb—his sense of humor is rare and keen; his only rival is Ralph Barton who creates the page "News of the World."

The illustrations used in your various stories and articles are detailed and graphic.

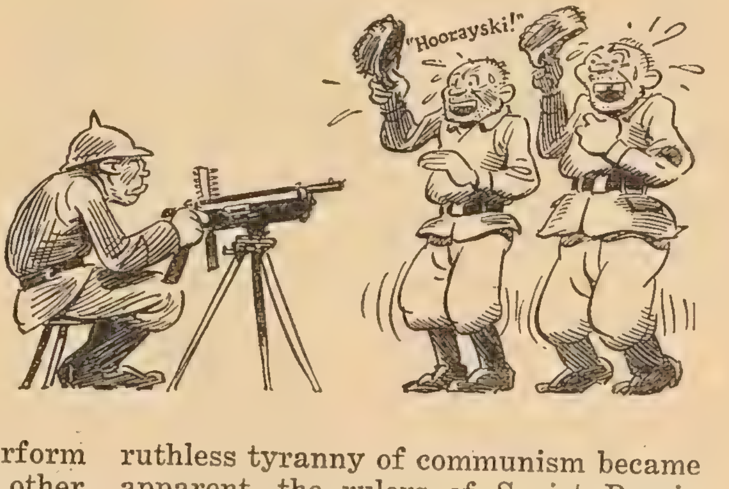
What I like about Liberty, chiefly, is that, in addition to supplying interesting and frequently enlightening reading matter, it also brings pastime and pleasure in the form of contests, puzzles, and games. A sort of three-ring circus—something doing every minute. —*Señorita Los Angeles.*

Well, Live and Learn

New York, N. Y.—I am forced reluctantly to agree with your editorial, "Dealing With Russia."

When the Soviet experiment first startled a watchful world I had great hopes that, at last, a real formula for democracy had been found; a system that would bring about not just political democracy but industrial democracy as well. But, as time went on, and the ruthless tyranny of communism became apparent, the rulers of Soviet Russia have, increasingly, seemed to me like men who turn machine guns on a crowd and say:

"Throw up your hats and cheer! Let's see you show how happy you are, under the blessings of Soviet rule!"—*Disillusioned Observer.*



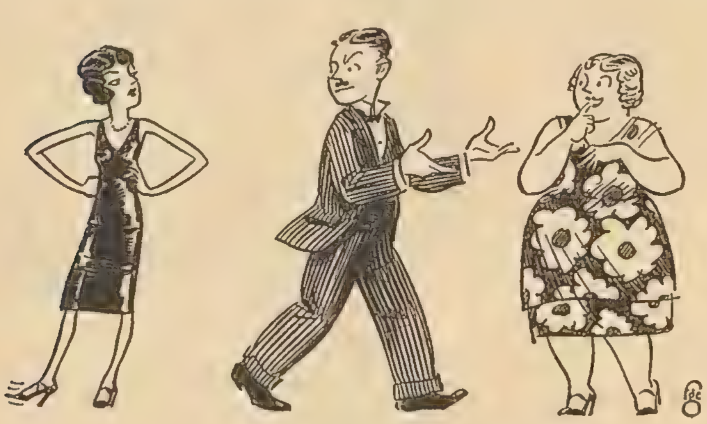
Pop

The Bigger They Come the Harder He Falls

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I'm giving one good, hearty cheer for Fred MacIsaac's story, "The Line of Beauty." It was a peach of a yarn, and it had some propaganda in it for girls of normal weight, as against living skeletons.

It beats me, why it's been the fashion for so long to admire women with the configuration of cranes: undernourished, and just bundles of nerves.

Let's give thanks that the calm and well fed girl is coming into style again—the girl who has curves where the curves should be.



If I had to choose between two girls equally attractive—one thin and the other ample—I wouldn't hesitate for a minute.

No, sirree!—*J. Blodgett.*

And When We Do Grow Up, Auntie, We'll Probably Bust You One in the Jaw

CHICAGO, ILL.—I'm betting on you, Liberty. I know that you're just in the growing-up stage, and that what looks like cussedness and no-accountness are just growing pains, green-apple tummy-aches, etc.

Just keep on doing your best (and mind you, *do* your best) and you'll amount to something when you are finally grown.

In the meantime, you have the interest, sympathy, and good will of most of us.

Love and kisses.—*Auntie Lennie Hart.*

Little Constructive Criticism for Mr. McGuirk

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—It's a shame that Chas. J. McGuirk should have nearly ruined his otherwise "Beautiful" story in your August 9 issue—yes, he named his story "Beautiful"—by that foolish and needless piffle about a groggy, slowed-up boxer knocking out a fighter. Don't you fellows know that only the hard hitters are dangerous until the last, and even they seldom win when so far gone?

The way that boy purposely stuck his face into the champ's fists was a crime, and as damaging to the story as it was to his map.

It was utterly brainless, and as painful to the readers as to the boxer. A championship fight? Gosh! Such stuff doesn't happen, and it was all unnecessary.

The hero should have erred on the side of reckless fighting, of course, and should have got his face damaged, but should have recovered himself in time, and won on his own form with a little hard hitting at the last. We wanted *him* to win, not McGuirk to win for him.

This man is an excellent writer. Give us more of him, but tell him to watch his step.

Even the best story can be ruined.—*Paul A. Richie.*

Ain't It the Truth?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Liberty is everywhere. You take a vacation trip on the ocean, and Liberty is there: on the deck, in the library, on the tables in the salon.

You travel by air and Liberty is there waiting with its entertainment.

You'll find it at every city station and mountain resort, or at every little hamlet in the country as you travel by train. Go anywhere in your automobile and it's to be found at every pop-corn stand or little store along the highways.

I stepped into a theater, to get away from Liberty staring me in the face, and sure enough it popped up in the talkies, with one of Leslie Thrasher's inspirational covers playing a big part.

It seems to me that all that remains, now, to make Liberty as outstanding as the Rock of Gibraltar is for someone to write a good theme song for it, and have calendars made for 1931 for all our walls.

Well, you can't hold a good product down, especially if it is a Liberty.—*Alexander C. Hepburn.*

You Don't Say!

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Many, many thanks for your editorial, date of August 9: "Girls and Their Great-grandmas." Women are not so "good" as they were in the bad old days; they are a great deal better. It is far, far better for women to be human (and pureminded) than inhuman and evil-minded).

Don't make any mistake about it, Liberty. The next great battle (transcending in ferocity anything that has ever occupied the stage) will be the battle between rationalism, sanity, and sanitation in sex matters, as against "morality": stupidity, ignorance, epilepsy, insanity, and disease!—*Grace Elizabeth Benson.*

"A Way to End This Matter"

FORT WAYNE, IND.—Re your editorial, "Girls and Their Great-grandmas."

No child in the third grade of either Lutheran or Catholic parochial schools would have found it "hard to tell" you whether adultery, divorce, perjury, and birth control "are on the whole good or bad."

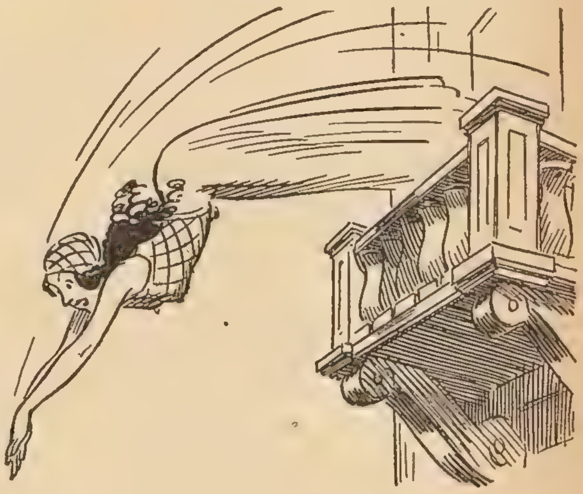
"What people generally think" about this subject is of small concern to those who have heard of the Ten Commandments of God, and who try to live up to them. These laws never change, and they will tell you that the vices mentioned above are wholly bad: equally so for both sexes.

A better way to end this matter would be to simply print the Decalogue. That evidently would be informative for you also.—*Leon J. Baker.*

Two About Juliet: Take Your Choice

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—Patiently, laboriously, hopefully, have I been reading Thyra Samter Winslow's "Still Another Juliet," but it's too much for me. Its movement and interest can best be compared to the progress of a snail.

As a quick and fitting climax to this beautiful love story of today in America, I would suggest that "ye editor" politely compel the author to place Juliet upon a balcony high above the streets of New York, and down below place the "Romeo," Keith, with outstretched arms, imploring her to come to him.



At the sight of her loved one, Juliet impulsively dives from the balcony in a leap of death.

Such a climax would be sad, but it could never be as sad as the rest of the story.—*Jake Apps.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"Still Another Juliet" is certainly one peach of a story. How Miss Winslow knows human beings! She's an absolute artist. I'm worn out, wishing for Keith to get a break.

And what a movie it would make!—*Ruth Phelan.*

WINDFALL

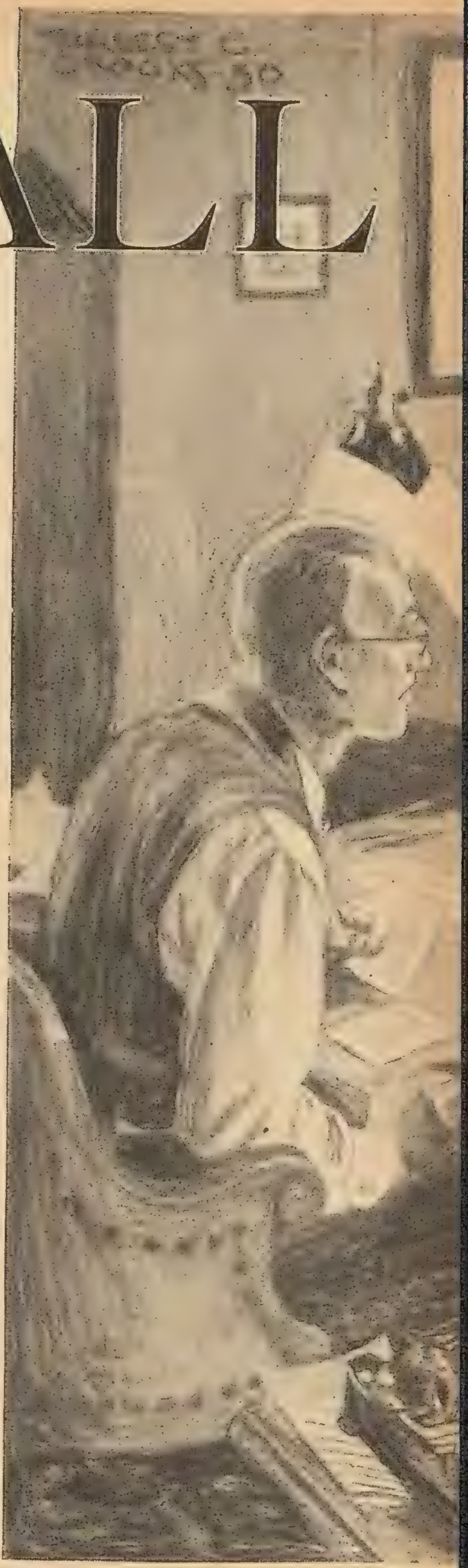
A Tale of Lumber and Love

By

FREDERICK MERRILL TIBBOTT

who was born in Indianapolis and studied engineering at Princeton, but majored in football. He was a first lieutenant of engineers in the World War, though he did not get overseas. He has followed engineering, manufacturing, farming, and lumbering—the last two in Maine, where he and his wife give much time to hunting and fishing.

Pictures by FORREST C. CROOKS



"Look at them!"

IT was the different feel of the water, the diminished resistance against his paddle blade, that aroused Reed Loomis from his deep abstraction. He glanced at the shore line and knew he had reached the slack water above the dam.

"An hour more," he told himself, and settled his big lean body in a new position and put more power in his strokes.

The bow of the weather-beaten green canoe rose and fell with little hissing, watery smacks. It split the flat surface of the river and set to dancing on smooth, widening ripples the faded images of the few remaining hardwood leaves, the gray tracery of branches, and the dark shadows of black growth reflected from the nearer bank.

An hour more. Reed squinted at the afternoon sun. Plenty of time—if he could keep his backbone stiff. The freckles across his nose and cheek bones slid downward and their patterns assumed serious lines as he fell again into contemplation of what he must do.

It was not an easy contemplation. An hour more, and he was still trying to think what to say and how to say it in each of the two cases that confronted him. It was his own fault that made it necessary for him to say anything. He knew that. He had just been too spineless. But that was over with now. It had to be. There were limits; even where his mother was concerned. He never would be married if he kept on letting her wishes interfere with Polly's and his own.

He groped for some means of persuading her. Things would be so much nicer for them all if she would only look at Polly from his point of view instead of her own. A girl couldn't have everything; and just because Polly kept hopping from one thing to another it was no sign she was light-minded. And even if she wasn't as steady as she might be she had enough of everything else to more than make up for it.

A sigh tumbled into him and tumbled out again, and for a moment he was just a little boy very much disturbed. Then he shook himself and throttled the insidious voice that whispered to him to put it off. Nothing like that! But the voice served to warn him that it must be done today, at once, before his mother had a chance to make him weak-kneed again.

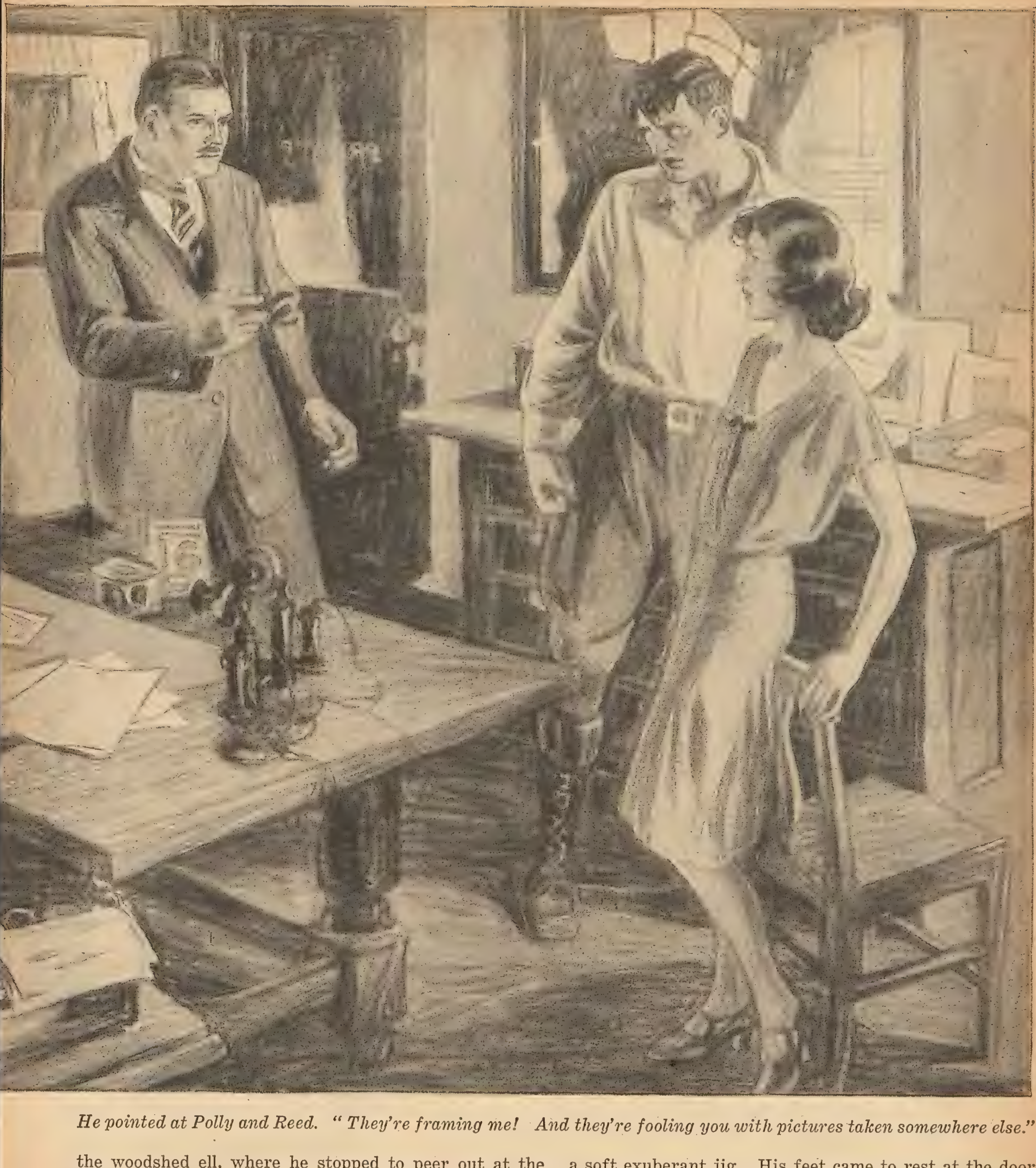
He would go directly home and come to an understanding with her. And then he would go to the mill and have it out with Pearson and Mr. Wright—no matter how it looked. And if they thought he was just trying to put the corks to Pearson he would go to headquarters in Portland and tell J. J. Ankeny what was going on in the woods. He owed it to the company to do that; just as he owed it to Polly to have it out with his mother. An all-round clean-up; and he would get through with it all in time to walk home with Polly.

The freckles lost their sober cast and climbed back, twinkling, to their accustomed latitude. Polly! He dug so deeply with his paddle that he wet his lower arm and sleeve.

STONE piers, heavy wooden cribs filled with rock, great brown boom logs chained in lines along the farther shore for the winter. Reed's eyes gleamed at these things of which he had been a part for nine of his twenty-seven years. His own work, those piers! And they would be there when the mill of the paper company ground the last stick of pulp from its empire up the river. Solid piers!

He turned his eyes reluctantly from them to the fringe of bushes and trees on the high bank. Through them he could see the white outline of his father's house. Above it floated a milky-gray streamer of smoke, and he knew his mother was at home. He pointed the canoe at a path that came down the bank, and drove toward it. A few minutes later he was on the path, following it up the bank and across the field.

He sneaked around behind the barn and through it to



He pointed at Polly and Reed. "They're framing me! And they're fooling you with pictures taken somewhere else."

the woodshed ell, where he stopped to peer out at the kitchen door.

All at once his nose wrinkled and his face lit up as he sniffed the pleasing aroma that came from an open window.

Doughnuts! And his mother had to be in a pretty good humor to make doughnuts. This was luck!

He eased off his pack and leaned it and his scale rule against the rail of the kitchen porch. His mother's quick, decisive steps came to him distinctly through the open window. She was humming a tune too, low-pitched and crooning, as if it came from deep inside her.

Reed stood poised an instant and then swayed lightly from side to side as his lumberman's rubbers padded out a soft exuberant jig. His feet came to rest at the door and he opened it inch by inch until he discovered his mother.

Her high black shoes were firmly planted beside a shining stove upon a spotless floor. A shining kettle bubbled on the stove and she watched it much as a portly major general might have watched a battle that was going well. Not one of the gray hairs, drawn tight in a knot on top of her head, was out of its sleek position. There was not a smudge, even of flour, on her hands or face or clothes. Her abundant bosom arched from her straight back like a fluffy pillow tied neatly—very neatly—at top and bottom to a board. And her skirt, spreading

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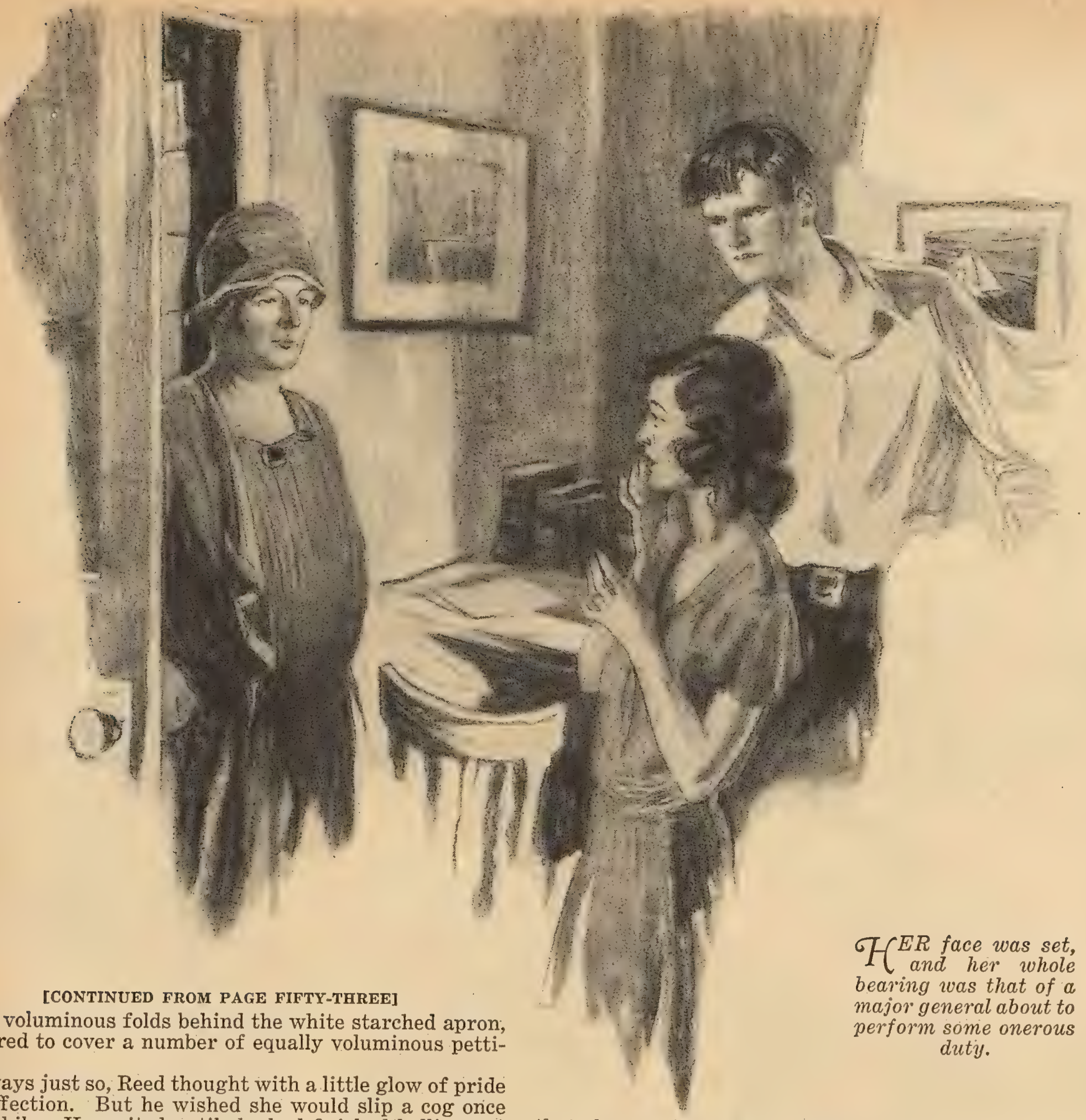

HER face was set, and her whole bearing was that of a major general about to perform some onerous duty.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

out in voluminous folds behind the white starched apron, appeared to cover a number of equally voluminous petticoats.

Always just so, Reed thought with a little glow of pride and affection. But he wished she would slip a cog once in a while. He waited until she had finished ladling out the crisp brown circles of dough, and then whispered with exaggerated emphasis:

"Hello, ma!"

Mrs. Loomis turned with a cry of surprise. "Reed! I was just thinkin' about you!" She opened her arms and he capered into them with a disturbing feeling of treachery. She patted his broad back and gazed up at him with an expression strange to her, and which, at first, made him doubly uneasy.

She looked as if she wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. But she said she had been thinking about him and it came to him suddenly that she might be ready to change her mind about Polly.

She gave him one more hug and leaned back. "You're that thin!" she declared. "Didn't they give you anything to eat upriver?"

"SURE, they fed me fine; but I been doin' some travelin'. You can't scale twenty-odd thousand cords in two months and do much sittin' around—not when it's scattered the way that stuff is. I never saw such a mess! The only decent job any o' them contractors did was Henry Meeker's. There's a woodsman!" Reed laughed self-consciously. "How's the rest of the Meeker family makin' out?"

The expression he had first noticed returned to his mother's face. Her hesitation gave him added confidence that she was in one of her rare receptive moods, and if he went about it calmly, logically—

"Ma," he said, "you remember how you used to laugh at Polly and say she was just like Henry when he was a kid—always up to something new that the other kids hadn't thought of or hadn't the nerve to tackle?"

Mrs. Loomis nodded slowly.

"And you've always said that blood would tell," Reed went on. His eyes were becoming more green than blue. They always did that in moments of intensity. "Ma, do you know a man around here that's looked up to more for having common sense and bein' steady than Henry Meeker?"

An artery beat strongly beneath Mrs. Loomis' ear. Her eyes wavered and then came back to her son's. "No, I don't," she admitted reluctantly. "But Henry's a man and Polly's a girl."

"But she's his girl, ain't she, and why wouldn't she turn out like him when she's only been actin' like he used to act? You never had a word against her till—till the second time she went away to school."

"Reed, the school here is a-plenty for any girl that aims to get married and settle down; but I wouldn't hold it against her if she wanted more edgication and got it and come home. But Polly went to normal school, and she quit that to learn typewritin', and after she'd give that a try she went back to the city to learn bookkeepin'; and now she—"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

Clean inside-well outside!

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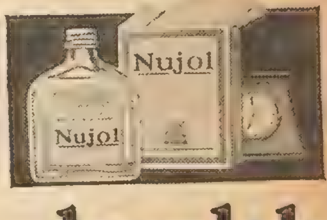

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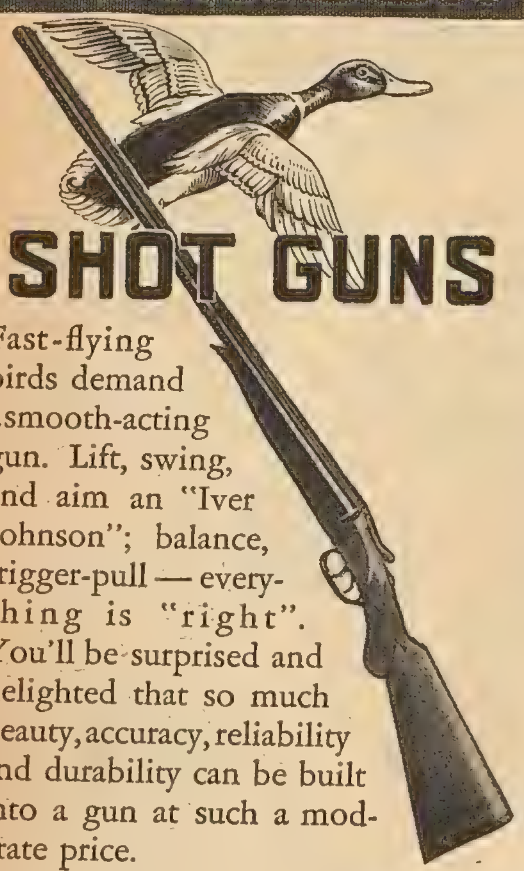

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

“But, gosh, ma,” Reed interrupted earnestly. “How's anybody going to find out what they like to do best if they don't try different things? Look at the jobs I've had at the mill and in the woods and on the river! And I've heard Henry himself tell about the things he tried before he knew what he wanted to do.”

Mrs. Loomis nodded tolerantly.

“But you and Henry knew what you was about; you got solid backbones, the both of you, and Polly's is nothin' but springs.”

She nodded again and her mouth moved as if she were relishing the taste of something.

“Reed, you wa'n't much more than out of sight upriver when she started goin' around with that Pearson again, and it wa'n't a week before she'd got transferred to his department. Maybe everybody don't know how he tricked you out o' that job, but Polly knew it and it didn't make any more difference to her than nothin' at all. There just ain't any dependence in her.”

Reed looked out the window and over the brown field at the pulp mill down below them on the river. He tried to concentrate upon it, and the big dam above it: brick and stone and concrete; substantial; permanent. His mother was always making things look worse than they were for anybody that didn't just suit her—just like when she said Elwood Pearson had tricked him out of that job.

There hadn't been any trick about it—he had just been spineless and let Pearson outtalk him; and now he had something to say that Pearson would have a hard time talking himself out of.

BUT what good would it do if Polly— Shucks! He was getting as bad as his mother—making molehills into mountains! Polly was Polly and if she wanted to go around with Pearson while he was away it was all right with him. But she might have thought a little about how it would look.

He swallowed several times, but it didn't seem to help the lump in his throat, and he turned so his mother couldn't see his face.

Mrs. Loomis caught his arm with determined fingers. “Reed, you mustn't!” she exclaimed. Her voice was sharp. “She ain't worth it, and the sooner you—”

Reed shook his head. “I don't want to hear any more, ma.”

“I guess you can't help yourself. I guess you'd rather hear it from me than somebody on the street!”

He swung to face her. “Hear what?”

Her mouth softened a little as she looked at him, but her eyes were very bright. Hot and cold shivers raced up from Reed's stomach and made his mouth dry.

“Now don't you look at me like that, son. I'm your mother and I won't have you puttin' any girl ahead of me!”

“Hear what?” Reed repeated.

“Why—what I been tellin' you. You don't suppose a girl that's engaged can carry on with another feller like Polly has without people talkin', do you? I could almost say it serves you right for not listenin' to me. She's nothin' but a hummin' bird, Reed, and you'd oughta be glad you found it out before you got married to her.”

Reed had a queer feeling as if he, too, were some kind of bird; a detached bird, hovering about outside himself. A queer feeling, familiar to him in a hazy sort of way. And then he remembered it was like the time the tier of pulp had fallen on him—he knew he was hurt and yet he felt no pain. That would come later. He took a deep breath and let it dissipate slowly. It relieved the pressure in his head and chest, and he did it once more.

“YOU say folks have been talking about us?” he asked, and was surprised at the evenness of his voice.

Mrs. Loomis bobbed her head. “They have!”

“What are they saying?”

“Plenty!”

“Oh, I see,” Reed murmured in that even voice that still surprised him. “She said she was coming over to see you while I was gone. Did she?”

His mother bobbed her head again, even more briefly. “Once,” she said, and her mouth shut tight like a trap.

“You ask her to come again?” Reed's even tone surprised him no longer. He knew it was like a sheet of freshet water flowing smoothly over a dam that was about to burst.

There was a momentary furtiveness in his mother's eyes, but it was lost, annihilated, in a rise of positive virtue that draped her in almost visible garments.

“Reed, there's some things a woman's got to use her own judgment about.”

Cumulative pressure; his mother's persistent ego. Reed had no time to be glad he had felt it coming, for he was suddenly and completely occupied with a burning mist that choked him and floated redly before him.

He shut his eyes so he could not see his mother, and clamped his teeth against the words that fought for utterance. He felt himself shaking and was dimly aware that his jaw muscles hurt as he told himself over and over that there wasn't any use getting mad at her. She was his mother and he must not let go.

He felt weak and hollow when he opened his eyes again. He thought his mother looked a little pale herself. The smile he forced was a dry-lipped grimace, and he said to her:

“I guess there ain't any use in our

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

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WINDFALL
Continued from page fifty-six

tryin' to think alike about some things, ma. It just makes us mad, and we'll do a lot better if we let each other think as we're a-mind to and go ahead about our own business."

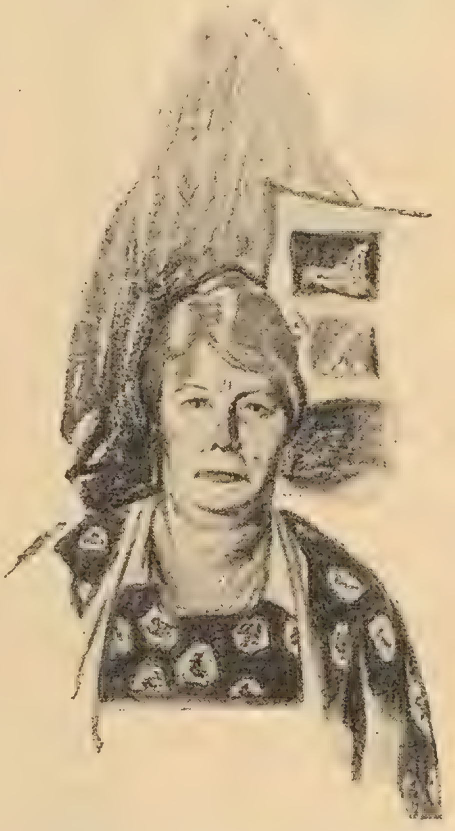
Mrs. Loomis' eyes opened wide and her double chin trembled. Her mouth opened and closed and opened again like a thirsty chicken's. Then her bosom inflated perilously, and she cried:

"Why—why, Reed Loomis, whatever are you talkin' about?"

"I'm talking about Polly, ma. She's promised to marry me and I'm going ahead with it till she tells me different."

His mother's fingers tightened convulsively on his arm. "You'll do nothin' o' the kind!" Her voice rose, sharply emphatic. "You'll tell her you're through with her and you'll make her give back that ring you give her!"

Reed gathered her wrists in one big hand and freed his arm. For a moment, while he looked at her, he continued to hold her wrists; then he dropped them and without a word strode out the door and closed it firmly behind him.



"I'm your mother and I won't have you puttin' any girl ahead of me!"

He walked down the lane between its rows of maples, but he didn't see the trees nor did he notice the bronze and yellow leaves that crackled and swirled about his feet. Mechanically he turned into the state road and followed the long angle of its descent into the village. Streets branched off from the highway, paralleling the river one above the other.

REED slowed his pace as he came to one of these, a short street blocked at its farther end by a brown-stained shingle house that sat in a pocket of the hillside. Reed's eyes went to it; to the Gloucester hammock on the porch where Polly and he had spent so many evenings that summer secluded behind the trailing vines now dry and leafless. Out of the emptiness within him reached a dull ache that coiled around his throat and squeezed it dry. He walked on slowly down the highway, down to the railroad tracks, and across them to the mill.

The solid walls and massive foundations, the rumble of heavy machines, the very atmosphere of the place steadied him and helped him shift his thoughts to company affairs. He spent a few minutes in the cubby-hole that had been his headquarters for three years now in his capacity of river foreman.

It adjoined and was included in the woods department which old George Wright, manager of the paper mill, had turned over to Pearson. Wright had handled the woods end himself, with Reed as a sort of assistant, until Pearson came. Things had changed then. There were more girls and more work, more noise and less really known about what was going on, Reed thought. It was hard to sort out necessary information from the masses of detail.

BEYOND the partition he heard the faint clack of a typewriter. Polly would be in there. Perhaps it was she he heard, and she might be alone. He half rose from his chair. Then he sat down again. He'd have to wait. Company business came first. Company business— At the end of five minutes he concluded that the only way he'd be able to fix his mind on business would be to talk it over with his father.

He walked down the hall to the mill superintendent's office.

Mr. Loomis, senior, was there, tilted back in his chair with his feet on the shelf of his roll-top desk. His back was toward the door and Reed paused a moment, his eyes on the expanse of faded blue shirt that bulged at the shoulders, and the shaggy sand-colored head rising so strongly between the wide, crossed suspender leathers.

Reed stepped inside and closed the door. Mr. Loomis looked around and his feet and the front legs of his chair struck the floor simultaneously.

"Well! Hello!" he said. "Just get back?"

Reed nodded and took the powerful hand that matched his own. A faint smile deepened the crow's-feet at his father's eyes.

"Well, son, you ain't lost your grip yet. I'm glad you're here. Been lookin' for you for the last two-three days. Sit down and tell me what you found in the woods. I'm kind of curious why Pearson sent you in there instead of goin' himself."

"If he was a woodsman he'd 'a' known better than to send me. There's something queer goin' on in there, dad, and I—" Reed hesitated.

The elder Loomis beat his blackened pipe against his palm and dumped the ashes in the wastebasket. "Queer?" he prompted.

Reed nodded. "You'd think so if you'd been with me. I never saw such a tangle. Every job but Henry's looked just like a windfall—not a top that didn't have from three to five good cuts left in it; just wasted. It'll cost more to get it out now than it's worth. What's the reason for it? There ain't a one o' them contractors that don't know better. But they did it. What gets me is the way they act about it—they just don't give a dang, and they won't talk. You'd think they wa'n't gettin' a decent price; but they are. They're getting a dollar more than they got last year. It's got me guessing, but I'm going to find out, and I'm going to have a show-down."

Mr. Loomis pursed his lips and regarded his son thoughtfully. "Just what you figurin' to do?" he inquired softly.

"Just what I said. And if Mr. Wright won't listen, I'm going to Portland and see J. J. Ankeny."

"Reed, I wouldn't. You know George Wright is fixin' to retire in a few years; and everybody knows that if Pearson hadn't come along you stood a good chance of getting the job. I don't know just how much pull Pearson's got in Portland, but it wouldn't have done him much good with George Wright if he hadn't been a pretty smooth talker. That's what's got him where he is, and he's solid with George. Now, if you go ahead the way you're feeling, there'll be just one thing happen: he'll make George think you're trying to get him in wrong—and it won't be a hard job for him, either, considerin' everything. And then where'll you be? You sit tight, son, and let George Wright find out, himself, that he's misjudged Pearson."

Reed shook his head. "I can't see twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of pulp go to waste without telling somebody who'll pay attention."

Mr. Loomis slid an inch farther down in his chair and stared at the floor. "Reed," he said, and Reed stirred uneasily at the deep solicitude in his tone, "I don't blame you for wanting a show-down on this pulp business. I guess I'd feel like seeing it through, myself. It's a risky thing to go over people's heads, but that ain't the main reason I'd hate to see you go for Pearson. Maybe it ain't any of my business, but—there's been some goin's on around here while you been away, and— You stop at home on your way here?"

Reed nodded and chewed his lips.

HIS father's face wrinkled sympathetically. "Well—I guess you heard a-plenty, then." Mr. Loomis picked up his pipe. He filled it slowly from a can of tobacco on the desk, lit it, and sent round balls of smoke gyrating across the office. Then he cleared his throat.

"Up to last August—when you went upriver—I had an idea your ma was just kind of jealous of Polly. Thought like enough she'd have acted the same way with any girl you might have hooked up with. But after you'd gone I couldn't help hearin' an' noticin' things. I like Polly, always have liked her, and I'd hate to think she'd—well, there's no use goin' over it. I just want you to think how it'll look to other folks if you start anything."

"I know," Reed muttered. While his father was speaking, his mind had jumped back to the last few days before he had gone to the woods. It hadn't been his job to look after that pulp; it had been Pearson's. But Pearson had told him to do it, and Polly hadn't seemed very sorry to have him go. "I know," he repeated. "But I've got to do it." He hitched his shoulders nervously and stood up.

His father stood up with him and laid a hand on his shoulder. Together they walked to the door. "Good luck, son."

His father's voice was deep with a new note that somehow eased him. He smiled and went out and down the hall to the woods department.

A door opened directly into Pearson's private office. Reed opened it and almost collided with Pearson's well fed, well dressed bulk. Pearson's black hair and his big white teeth were parted in the middle; his eyes were black and Reed had to look up to meet them.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" Pearson said. Reed's hands became white-knuckled knobs at the tone. He looked at Pearson steadily and took a slow, deep breath.

"Were you looking for me?" Pearson asked.

"I am. I want to—"

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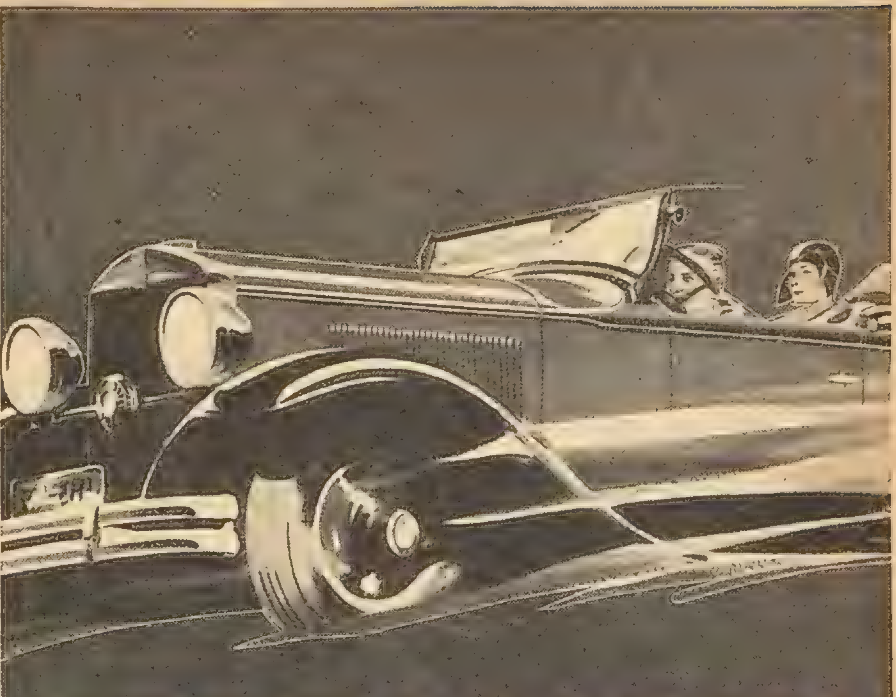

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[WINDFALL
Continued from page fifty-nine]

"What you want," Pearson cut in, "doesn't mean a thing. When I want to see you I'll send for you. And you'll use the other entrance. This one is private. Private—get it?" He started to close the door, but Reed put out a foot and hand and held it.

"Just a minute, Pearson. Did you show those reports of mine to Mr. Wright?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, but whatever it is, it's none of your business. Get out of the door."

"Not so fast. I'm making it my business; and if you've got anything to say, I'm giving you the chance to come along and say it. That's all. You can take it or leave it."

"I suppose you mean that you're going in to see Mr. Wright?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

Pearson laughed. "You couldn't suit me better."

Reed gazed longingly at the bulge of Pearson's jaw. Then he shook himself and turned away to the general offices. The buzz of tongues, the shuffle and clack of high-heeled shoes and of typewriters, subsided as he entered. He felt curious eyes upon him and his own narrowed.

The manager's spinster secretary seemed glad to see him. They talked briefly, with the familiarity of old friends. Then Reed asked if he might see Mr. Wright. She disappeared in the manager's sanctum and came out immediately.

"Go right in." She smiled, and held the door for him.

George Wright's sonorous voice boomed at him across the flat table desk in the center of the room. "Come in, Reed." Wright's deep-set eyes quickened. Little flecks of green and brown danced and changed color as he peered at Reed from under his shaggy brows. "What's on your mind?"

"Some things that don't look good to me, Mr. Wright. I just got back from upriver. Pearson sent me up there to go over the peeled pulp. I been over it—took me two months; and I sent out a report every week, along with the scale. Mr. Wright, you didn't by any chance see those reports, did you?"

"NO." Wright looked at him quizzically. "You know that's Pearson's job, Reed."

"Yes, sir. But I wish you'd go over them. They're short—it won't take you ten minutes; and you won't think it's a waste of time when I tell you there's from four to five thousand cords left in the tops."

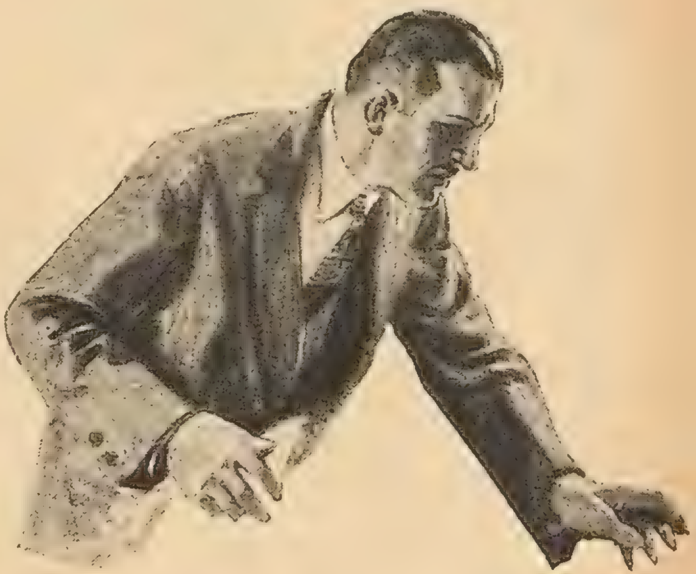
"Slash?"

"Yes, sir; the worst I ever saw. But Pearson was in there when they were peelin' and he was there when they started to saw, and he can likely tell you more about it than I can."

"Hm-m." Wright's heavy fingers drummed on the table. "That's a pretty severe statement, Reed. I hope you aren't letting your dislike for Pearson get the better of your judgment."

"I'm working for the company, Mr. Wright."

"You're sure, are you? I mean,



that your eyes haven't played you any tricks?"

"I am."

"And you understand what this will mean? You know, Pearson has someone behind him in the Portland office, and if I get him in here to answer such a charge, it's very probable that one of you will have to hand in your resignation."

"YES, sir; I understand that. But I couldn't look myself in the face if I let a mess like this get by any longer without telling somebody who'd do something about it."

Wright's jaw went forward a notch and his mouth lost its usual kindly expression. He pushed a buzzer, and said to his secretary, "Ask Pearson to step in here."

Reed felt curiously calm; even cold. Neither he nor Mr. Wright spoke while they waited.

Pearson came in. He ignored Reed's presence. "You wanted to see me?" he inquired.

Wright nodded. "Reed seems to think I ought to see the reports he sent in. I wish you'd get them."

Pearson's eyebrows went up. "Reports?" He turned to Reed. "What reports?"

"The ones I sent to you about the pulp cut."

"Oh." Pearson drawled the word sneeringly. "Mr. Wright, some of these foremen seem to think they can go and come as they please. This man has been away for over two months; I don't know where he's been and I haven't heard a word from him. If I understand him correctly, he would have us believe that he's been in the woods and sent reports on the pulp; but if he has been in there he went without my orders. He's entirely too independent, and coming in here this way, bothering you, is rank insubordination. I think it's about time some—"

"Never mind all that," Reed broke in testily. "What Mr. Wright wants is those reports. Where are they?"

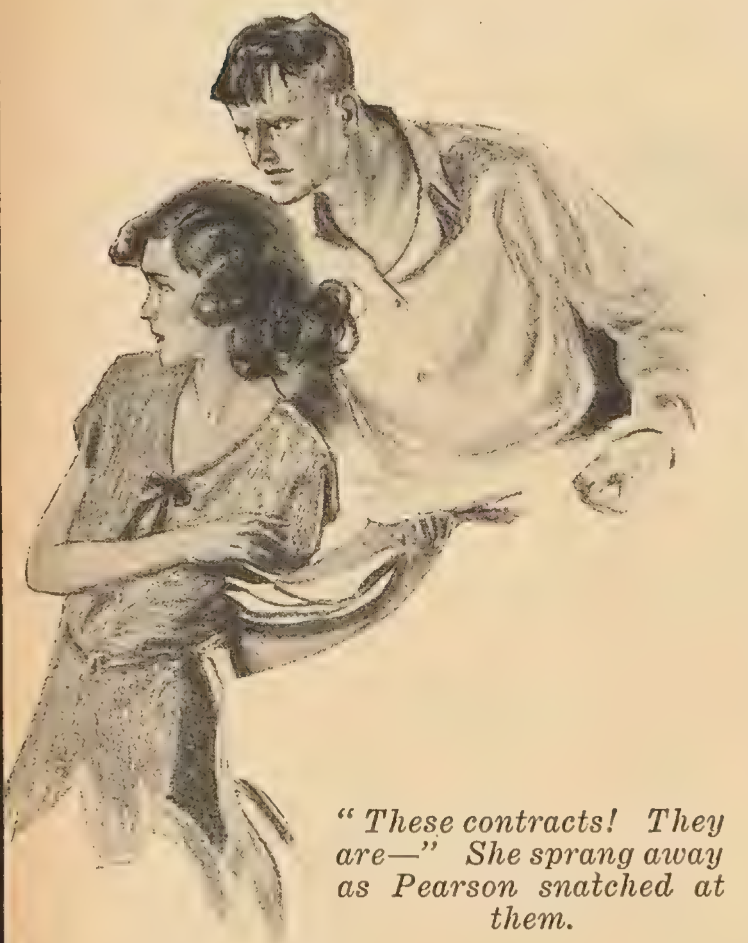
Pearson's face slid into another sneer, not wholly devoid of triumph. "What's the use in trying to keep that bluff? You know I haven't any reports."

"Well, maybe you haven't. I had an idea something might happen to them, so I made out duplicates." Reed took an envelope from an inside pocket. "I'd have given these to you before, Mr. Wright, but I wanted to give Pearson a chance."

Pearson came forward quickly. "Give them to me," he commanded. "Mr. Wright can't be bothered with details of that sort. Give them to me."

Reed squinted at him. "And let you put these in the wastebasket, too? Back up. Mr. Wright asked for them and he's going to get them."

Wright grunted and took the envelope. He grunted again and still again as he went over the sheets. He finished the last one and pushed them toward Pearson.


"These contracts! They are—" She sprang away as Pearson snatched at them.

"Better read 'em," he suggested.

Pearson ran through them quickly. "Poppy-cock!" he said. "Poppy-cock! Why, the whole thing's ridiculous on the face of it! He's accused every contractor except Henry Meeker. What does that signify?"

HE laughed and faced Reed. "You poor fool! A blind man could see through your game, from here clear to the height of land! They've slashed and wasted several thousand cords, have they? All except Henry Meeker. What poppy-cock! I was all over that territory while they were peeling and sawing, and I can tell you, Mr. Wright, that he lies. And not only that—if I remember the figures correctly, he's given Meeker a full scale and cut the others for a total of over two thousand cords. I'll prove that."

He went to the door. "Miss Emma, will you tell Polly Meeker I'd like to see her a moment?"

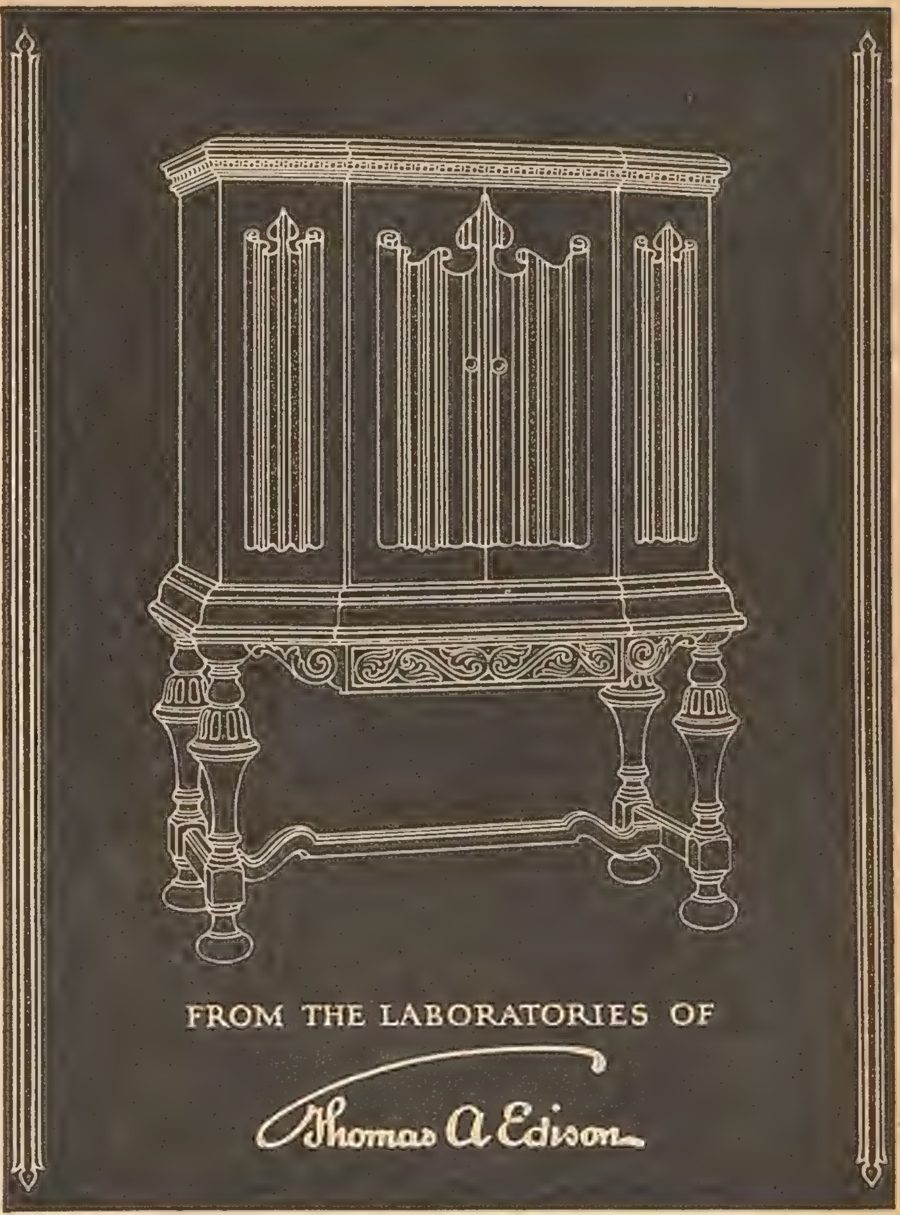
Fire surged through Reed. He wanted to sink his fingers in Pearson's thick neck and hammer his complacent face to jelly. Then the significance of Pearson's action came to him and all at once he became colder than ever.

It seemed a very short time to him before Polly appeared. She caught her breath and stared at him, her eyes and mouth three circles of astonishment. Charming circles. Two of them clear and gray and fringed with curling, dark brown lashes, and the other a setting rimmed with red from which peeped twin lines of glistening white; a setting whose red rim suddenly deepened to include her cheeks and neck.

"Polly," said Pearson, "I want to show Mr. Wright the scale figures on the peeled pulp. Will you bring them, please?"

Polly's breast rose quickly and fell. Her lids dropped and Reed barely glimpsed the flash they covered. She nodded and her lithe body seemed to float from the office. Reed followed her with his eyes, saw her come to an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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WINDFALL
Continued from page sixty-one

abrupt halt, and then, as she moved to one side of the doorway, he saw his mother standing in the waiting room beside Miss Emma.

He stalked out to her.

Mrs. Loomis' mouth drew to a puckered line as he looked at her, and she said:

"You ready to go home now?"

Bitterness choked him and he shook his head.

"I'll wait then," she told him.

"I don't reckon it'll do you much good." Reed spoke quietly, but the bitterness in him saturated every word.

His mother's chin lifted indomitably. "I'll wait," she repeated.

He swung about and reëntered the office.

"Yes," Pearson was saying. "I had Joe Lefevre in there and his scale checked almost to a cord with the figures the contractors sent in."

"Joe Lefevre?" Reed snapped. "He's pretty good at keepin' out of sight if he scaled any pulp in there. I never laid eyes on him, and nobody even spoke about him all the time I was in the woods."

Pearson shrugged. "We won't argue about it. I said he was in there and that's enough."

George Wright growled something unintelligible. He moved restlessly and his chair creaked. "You say Lefevre's and the contractors' figures showed over two thousand cords more than Reed's?"

"Yes, and very curiously so. Here's Miss Meeker—I'll show you what I mean."

Two feverish spots, one on either cheek bone, seemed to have absorbed all the color from Polly's face. Even her lips were pale. And her eyes were large and deep with a bottled intensity that Reed sensed rather than saw. But he did see the exultation in the glance that she and Pearson exchanged. The flare in Polly's eyes was swiftly hidden, but Pearson seemed to expand. He reached with a swaggering gesture for the folder Polly carried. But she turned toward a window, her fingers searching among the papers.

"HERE they are," she said. Her voice was low, almost husky.

Pearson took them, sorted them, and walked briskly around the table to Mr. Wright.

"It's just as I thought," he said. "His figures"—he indicated Reed with a jerk of his head—"and mine are identical for Henry Meeker. You see?"—he pointed with a stubby finger—"exact to a cord. And he's cut each of the other contractors exactly ten per cent. It's the crudest piece of business I ever saw. Ever since I came here he's been trying to get me in wrong. I haven't said anything because I don't like to carry tales, but this is too much. He goes upriver without any authority and comes back here with a crooked scale and talk of a big slash—four to five thousand cords left in the tops! Why," Pearson laughed, "it's perfectly ridiculous!"

Reed leaned across the table and Pearson involuntarily drew back. Reed smiled grimly.

"Pearson," he said, "I know you're a liar; and now I've got an idea that you're yellow. If you aren't, you'll ask Mr. Wright to come into the woods with us and see those cuttings for himself."

"Put him to all that bother for nothing?" Pearson laughed harshly. "If you think that anything you can say could mean anything to me, you're mistaken!"

Old George Wright grunted. His head seemed to settle back between his shoulders. Almost he had the appearance of a huge bulldog that could not make up its mind which of two people to bite.

"OH, Mr. Wright!" Polly spoke hurriedly, breathlessly.

He turned to her with a rumble. "Yes?"

"I—I have some pictures of the cuttings. Dad always takes a lot of them every year. He took these this summer and—and they'll give you a pretty good idea of all the operations."

"Let's see 'em."

"Yes, let's see them," Pearson echoed.

Reed gripped the edge of the table. The instant Polly mentioned the photographs he turned all hot and jumpy inside. But Polly appeared not to notice him. She came to Mr. Wright's side and spread before him on the desk half a dozen snap shots. They were good, and large enough to show detail.

"Well," Wright growled. "That's pretty clean work. I don't see any waste here."

"Of course you don't," Pearson murmured.

"These are all of dad's cuttings," Polly said. "The dates and places are written on the backs. Here are some of the other operations."

Reed watched her in wonderment. He could scarcely take his eyes from her. But when he finally did, he saw a curious expression on George Wright's face. Wright's bushy brows were pulled together in an unbroken hedge. His face and mouth were screwed up as if he were dissolving a heavy charge of quinine on his tongue and, in some strange manner, enjoying it. He glanced up at Polly.

"That's all of 'em, is it? Well, I guess it's enough."

"It certainly is," Pearson concurred. "Thank you, Polly. Vindication is always pleasant, whether one needs it or not."

"Um-m," rumbled George Wright.

Polly turned a startled look on him,

but he was nodding, as if to himself. "Yes," he said, "that's vindication." He rolled the word on his tongue. Then he looked at Pearson. "But who do you think it vindicates?"

Pearson frowned slightly, puzzled. "Why—that's perfectly evident, isn't it?"

"Perfectly," Wright nodded again. "Pearson, that kind of photograph doesn't lie; and the man who took them doesn't lie, either. I haven't seen anything equal to them since the old days when pulp was the cheapest thing in the world. You were in there while it was going on, and you permitted it. You look at these photos and have the ignorance, or the credulity, to think that I won't see any more in them than you appear to. Pearson, you've allowed the worst butchering I've seen in thirty years. Did you do it on purpose or don't you know any better?"

Pearson's mouth opened, but, for a moment, the words usually so ready to his tongue seemed to have deserted him. He glared at Polly.

"You— You! It's a put-up job, Mr. Wright. Look at them!" He pointed at Polly and Reed. "They're framing me! And they're fooling you with pictures taken somewhere else."

"You think so?" Wright drawled laconically.

"I know it! Those contractors wouldn't dare make all that waste—they know they'd never get another job if they did! It's—it's poppy-cock! Why—what would be the object in their doing such a thing when they got the dollar raise this spring that they've been asking for?"

"Oh," Polly murmured quite distinctly. "But they didn't get it."

George Wright sat very still. His eyes were full of green and brown flecks that danced and changed color. The room was very still.

Pearson made a strangled sound, and then shouted, "What are you talking about, you double—"

"This!" Polly broke in on him sharply. She took a handful of papers from her folder. "These contracts! They are—" She sprang away as Pearson snatched at them.

Reed jumped between them. "Back up," he said.

Pearson's mouth twisted savagely and his eyes were full of hate. His hands moved convulsively.

"Back up," Reed repeated. "If I have to help you, it won't be any love pat."

PEARSON backed up. Polly returned to George Wright's side. Her lips and cheeks had regained even more than their normal color. She gave the contracts into Wright's hands and dabbed at her damp forehead with her handkerchief.

"There are two sets of them, Mr. Wright," she said. "Those on top are dummies—or forgeries. None of them are signed by any of our contractors—they're all signed by one man who calls himself 'general contractor.' We don't know the man. And each one of them shows the increase in price of one dollar a cord. The company would have paid this general contractor according to Mr. Pearson's scale and at the increased price.

"These other contracts," Polly went on, "are the real ones—as far as our contractors are concerned. These have their signatures and are for the old price. Do you blame them for slashing when we promised them a raise and then didn't give it to them?"

Wright was looking at Pearson. "What explanation have you got for this?" he demanded.

"Just what I said before!" Pearson declared boldly. "It's a frame-up." But his eyes had a furtive look.

"A frame-up, eh? How do you account for your signatures? You've signed every one of these contracts. I know your signature, and these are not forgeries. Why is it that Henry Meeker is the only contractor who got the advance in price? But I think I know the reason for that. Just tell me about these contracts and what was going to happen to the twenty-one-thousand-dollar difference? Yes, and the fifteen-thousand-dollar difference between your scale figures and Reed's? Tell me about that, Pearson."

On Pearson's face and neck were dark red splotches that stood out in unsightly contrast against an ashy back-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

ground. His lips seemed to shrink and flatten against his big teeth. His head hung forward and swayed slightly from side to side.

"I don't know where she found those contracts," he rasped. "They were thrown away last spring when we signed new ones to take their place. I've got the new ones in my desk; I'll get them."

As he went out the door, Reed said to George Wright, "Do you reckon he'll come back?"

Wright grimaced. "I hope not. It'll save us a good deal of bother if he don't. Reed, it isn't nice to give a man rope and watch him hang himself, but sometimes it's necessary. No, I don't ever want to see Pearson again."

Reed forced himself to walk by Polly to the window. "Well, sir, I guess you get your wish."

"Goodness! Is he outside already?" Polly went to stand beside him.

"See?" he said. "There he goes, hikin' it for his car." Reed's eyes left the window and turned to Polly. She met them freely with her own. "Polly, did you go into his department and—and all, just to dig this out?"

"What else would I do it for, foolish?"

Reed's arms made a circling movement, and Polly whispered, "No, not before Mr. Wright." They looked at the desk and then at each other. George Wright had, somehow, left the room.

PRESENTLY there was a knock on the door. A moment later it opened.

George Wright smiled at them. "Time's up," he said. "There's somebody out here that won't wait any longer." He stood aside.

Mrs. Loomis marched in. Her face was set, and her shoulders, her whole bearing, was that of a major general about to perform some onerous duty.

She came up to Polly and stopped. The pressure of her lips relaxed. They began to quiver and she shut them tight again. Her double chin moved with a swallowing undulation, and she said:

"I heard every word. I—" Her chin trembled and she closed her eyes. Two large tears squeezed out beneath the lids. "I'm an old fool, Polly. Can you—can you—"

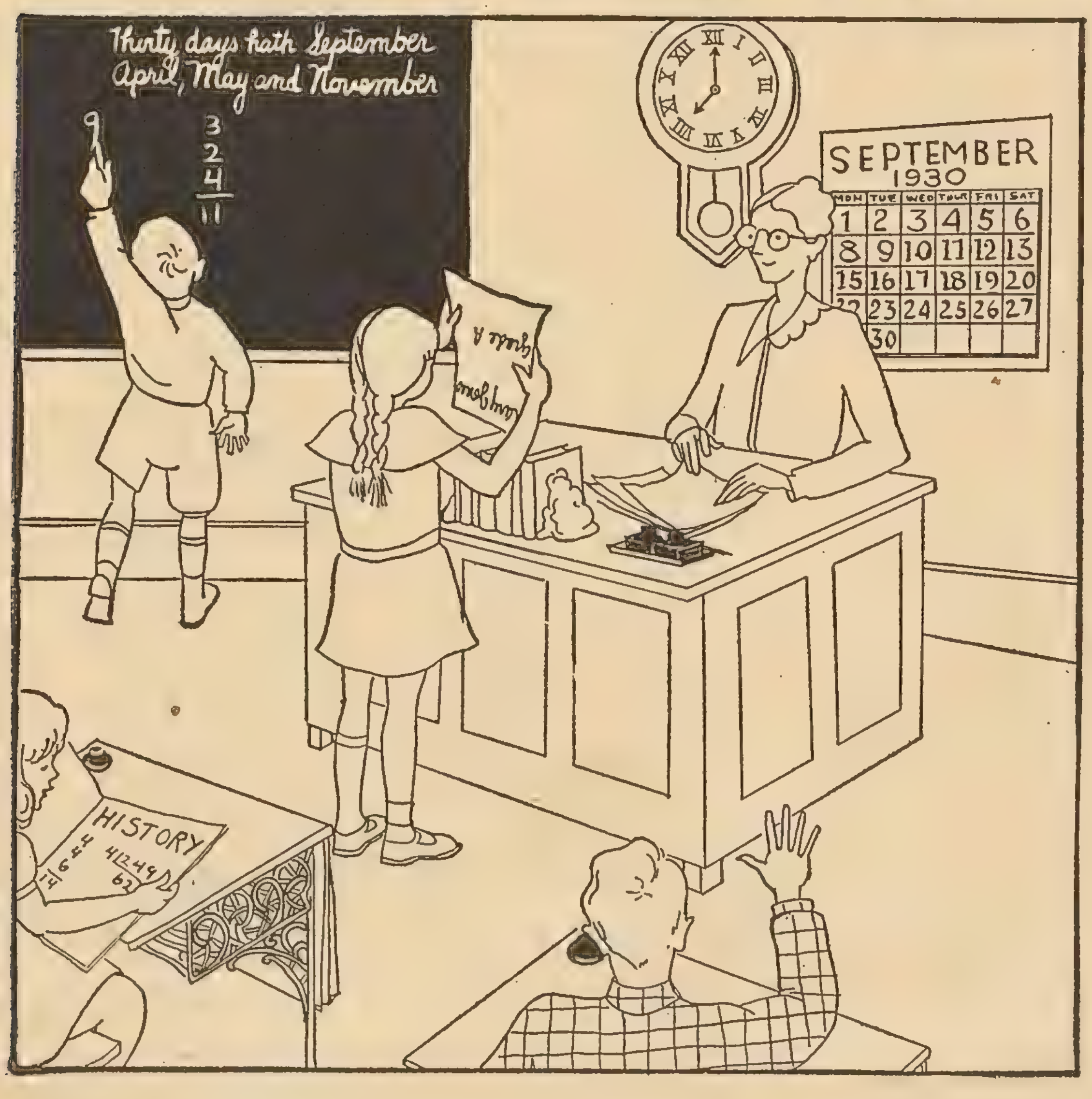
"Why—why, Mother Loomis!" Polly cried.

Mrs. Loomis opened wide her eyes and then her arms.

"Bless your heart, child," she whispered, and gathered Polly to her.

THE END

What's Wrong Here?



The artist made ten mistakes in drawing this picture. Try to find them without the aid of the list on page eighty-six.

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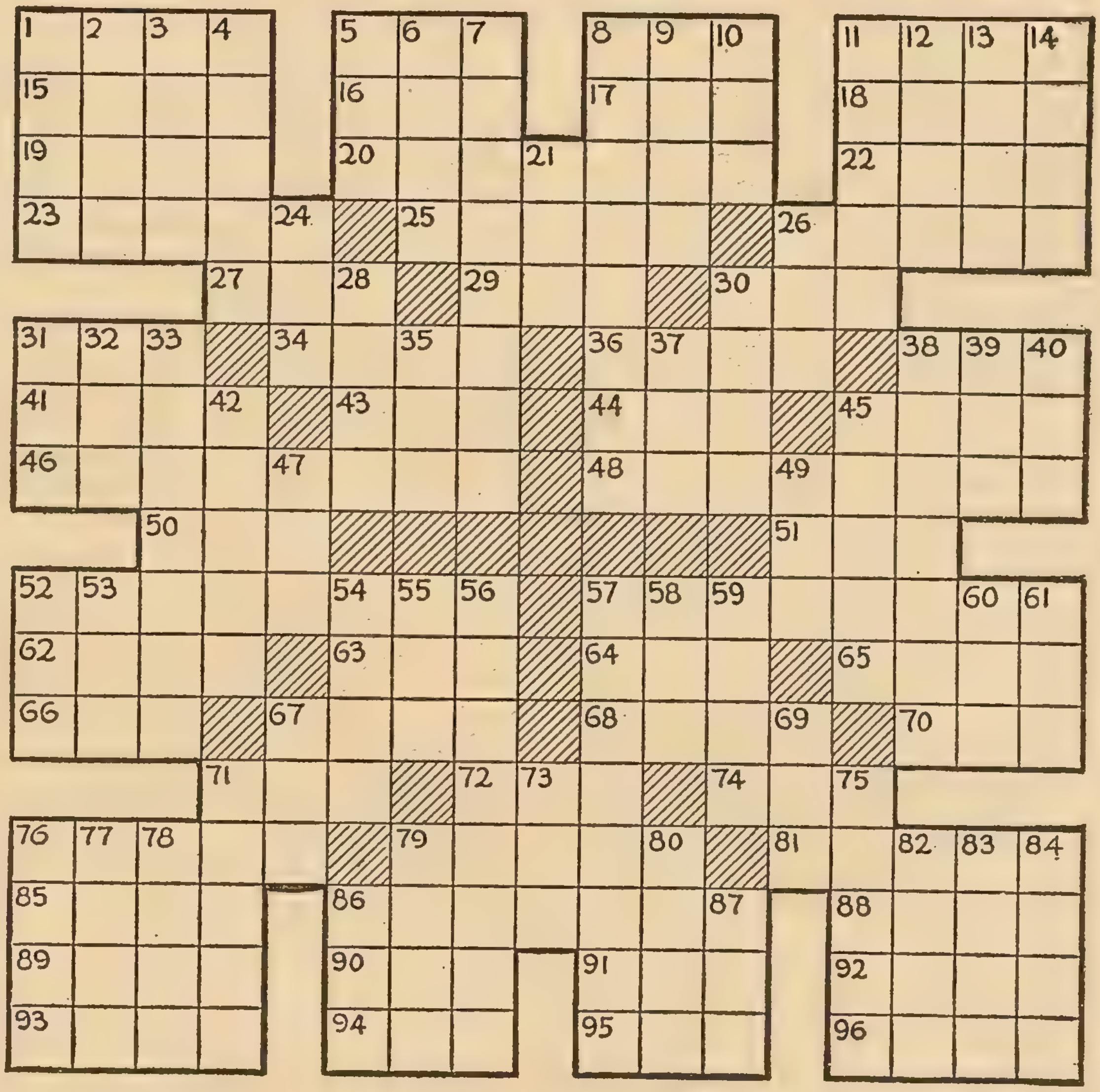
Two Puzzles for



HORIZONTAL

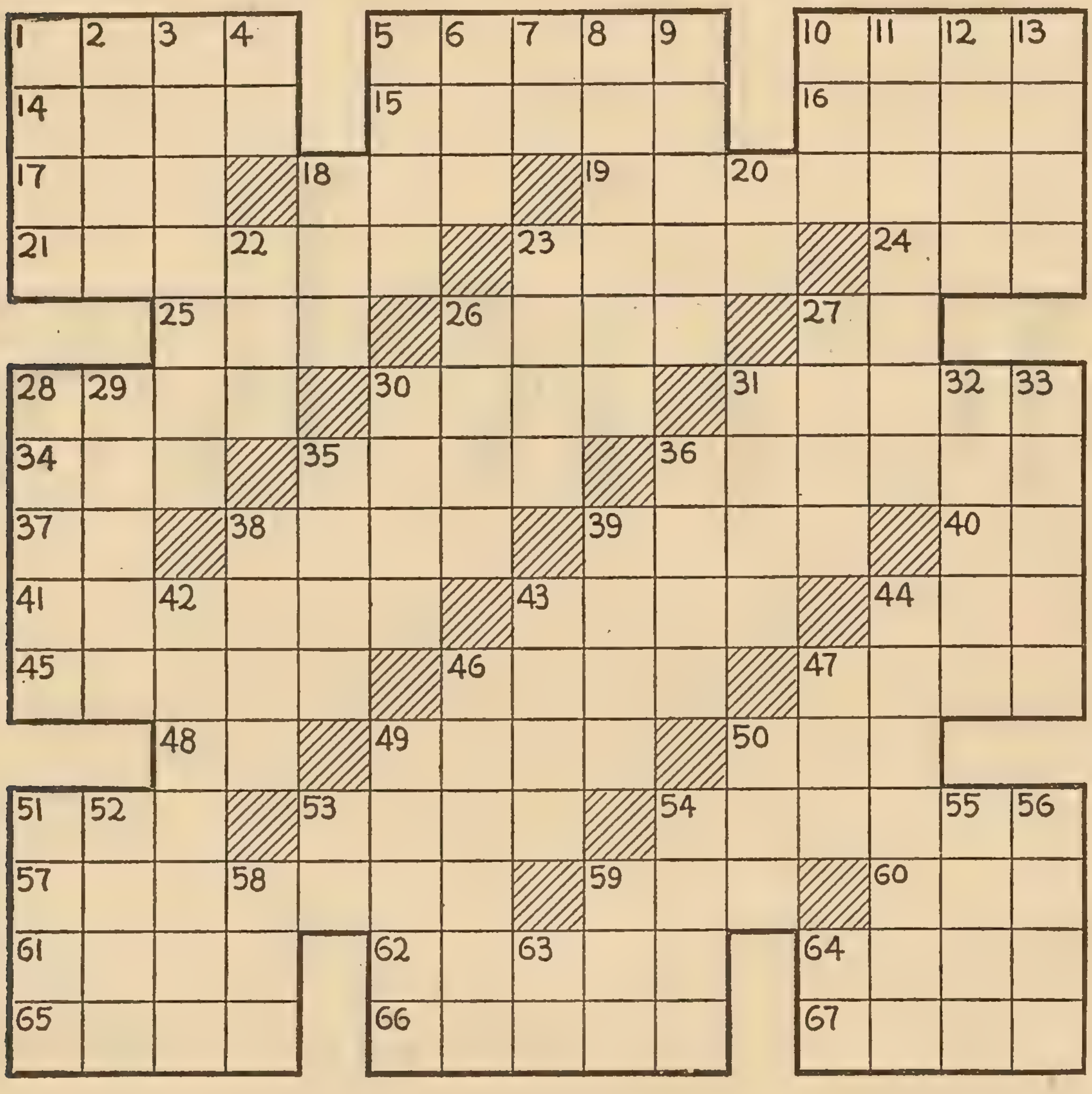
1 A stain
5 Tilt
8 Strike smartly
11 Jumps
15 Binding fabric
16 Babylonian god of war and pestilence
17 Man's name
18 Image
19 Ardor; dash
20 Company of desert travelers
22 A flower
23 A fruit
25 Nostrils
26 Peeled
27 Measure of length
29 A fish
30 A pronoun
31 Undermine
34 A balsam
36 To taunt
38 A male swan
41 Of the mouth
43 A beverage
44 An eternity
45 To heal
46 Manner of speaking
48 Hindered; prevented
50 Pieces of information
51 Exclude
52 An agreement
57 Small crowns
62 Simians
63 General of the Confederate army
64 Anglo-Saxon money of account
65 A son of Seth
66 By
67 News paragraph
68 Agitate
70 A digit
71 Commotion
72 A tree
74 Domestic animal
76 A region in an amphitheater
79 Essays
81 Bet
85 Hairless
86 Stamped; impressed
88 Masculine
89 Language of Scotch Highlanders
90 Islet
91 Adherent; follower (suffix)
92 Sicknesses
93 Mounds
94 Watch clandestinely
95 A container
96 Cozy abode

VERTICAL

1 Stalk
2 Wan
3 Semiprecious stone
4 Import; meaning
5 Nervous twitching
6 Persia
7 A country of South America
8 Recurred; adverted
9 Word of lament
10 Fastening device
11 King of Tyre
12 Scent
13 Attitudinize
14 A vehicle
21 A constellation
24 No
26 Cavity
28 Love foolishly
30 A suggestion
31 Turf
32 Metric measure of area
33 Profuse talk
35 A Gaelic god of the sea
37 Grief
38 Generally accepted; in vogue
39 Native metal
40 Couch
42 Supplies with an inner covering
45 Wading bird
47 A vehicle
49 A tree of Central America
52 Head covering
53 Open
54 Female voice
55 Born
56 Venturesomeness
57 Application designed to beautify
58 A fragment
59 An incursion
60 Also
61 Compass point
67 Woman's name
69 A brawl
71 Mountain range
73 American linden
75 Street urchin
76 Incite
77 Unusual
78 Otherwise
79 Excursion; jaunt
80 Bristlelike organ
82 Strong wind
83 Measures of length
84 Repose
86 Dance step
87 Lair

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page eighty-six

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 The chief god of Memphis (Egyptian religion)
5 Pertaining to the cheek
10 Carpenter's tool (plural)
14 Ratio; proportion
15 A shade of green
16 A tract of the earth's surface
17 Habitually liable or likely
18 Insect
19 One of a European nation
21 Longs
23 A deity in Norse mythology
24 Piece out by scanty addition
25 Titular character in a Euripides play
26 A large lizard of Arizona, New Mexico, etc.
27 By
28 Outlet, as from confinement
30 Blooming; blushing
31 City in Illinois
34 Human contrivance or ingenuity
35 Prong
36 A fleet of armed ships
37 Not
38 Identical
39 Fastening devices
40 A conjunction
41 Fortune; situation
43 Tibetan monk
44 Exist
45 Withers; dries up
46 Elongated fish (plural)
47 Fail of attaining
48 Small fish
49 Labor or study imposed by another
50 A wit; joker
51 Yellow ocher
53 Rows
54 Strove violently; fought
57 Ranged in rows
59 Bronze or copper (Roman antiquity)
60 Woman's name
61 Pineapple (Spanish)
62 Shelf
64 Let it stand!
65 Droops
66 A prying sneak
67 Mountain in Greece

VERTICAL

1 Beseech
2 Binding fabric
3 Affect with mental or moral contagion
4 Pronoun
5 A town in Belgium
6 High in the musical scale
7 Chinese measure of length
8 Greedily
9 Nets or networks (anatomy)
10 An East Indian timber tree
11 A short aria
12 Feeble; infirm
13 Mentally normal
18 Feminine personal name
20 One indefinitely of a number
22 A disease of sheep
23 A river in France and Belgium
26 Departed
27 Gift of charity
28 Weathercocks
29 Irregular, as if eaten away
30 Hoarfrost
31 Wild buffalo of India
32 Scents
33 Nostrils
35 A people allied with the Tajiks
36 Intentions; purposes
38 A variety of carnelian
39 A tract of ground
42 The part of a projecting brick inserted in a wall
43 A young woman
44 Feather headdress (plural)
46 Rich, well-cultivated tract
47 Deface
49 A weight of eastern Asia (plural)
50 Form of to be
51 Undermines
52 One of three bones of the pelvis (plural)
53 Over and in contact with
54 Cry
55 Evenings
56 Granted facts
58 Aëriform fluid
59 Past
63 Act
64 Thus

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page eighty-six

The TWO ORPHANS

If you have "adopted" a dog, you should learn how to care for it. Did you know that all dogs and puppies *must* be wormed? Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules for dogs and Sergeant's Puppy Worm Capsules for pups is the safe, effective treatment.

A Famous Dog Book Free ...

For complete information on how to care for dogs, write for a *free* copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. It contains information on the care, feeding, and diseases of dogs. A new edition is now ready. 48 pages, illustrated. *Write for your copy.* Our veterinary will advise you about your dog without cost.

Give your dog Sergeant's Dog Food, the complete ration that contains plenty of freshly cooked beef. If you cannot obtain Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food, write us.

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"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"
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CORNS
STOP PAINING

GETS-IT
FOR CORNS and Calluses

One drop does it immediately

Touch the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. Acts like an anaesthetic. In three seconds pain is deadened. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No cutting—that is dangerous. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers.

Doctors approve it as safe. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it. Money back if not delighted.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

Your Last Chance to Have a Try at $500 Offered in Five Big Cash Prizes

for the good old game

Limericks

No more new Limericks will be printed after this week, but the prize awards for recent Limericks will be published from week to week until all have been announced. We're getting ready for a new contest. Watch for it!

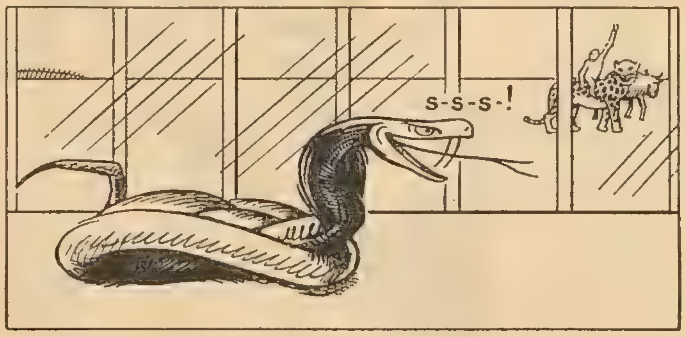
The RULES

The first four lines of a Limerick are published below. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. **We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Limericks.**

Here Is This Week's Limerick:



A leopard and monkey and gnu
Escaped from a traveling zoo.
When the cobra heard this,
With a bloodcurdling hiss—

. . . .

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, September 13. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

Here are
THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of August 16. The Limerick read as follows:

"I'm told," said a skeptical flea,
"That an elephant's not like a tree.
But I say it's the bunk,
For they each have a trunk

. . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"Also limbs—if you'll please pardon me."

Written by Alfred Allmuth
9 West Franklin Street, Baltimore, Maryland

SECOND PRIZE—$100

"So I'll bite bark and hide till I see."

Written by Lolita H. Barr
Box 1240, Station C, Los Angeles, California

THIRD PRIZE—$75

"Now tie that for quick repartee!"

Written by Georgia Cline Fricker
1002 North Beville Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

"And both are poor pickings for me."

Written by Everett D. Smith
326 East First South Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

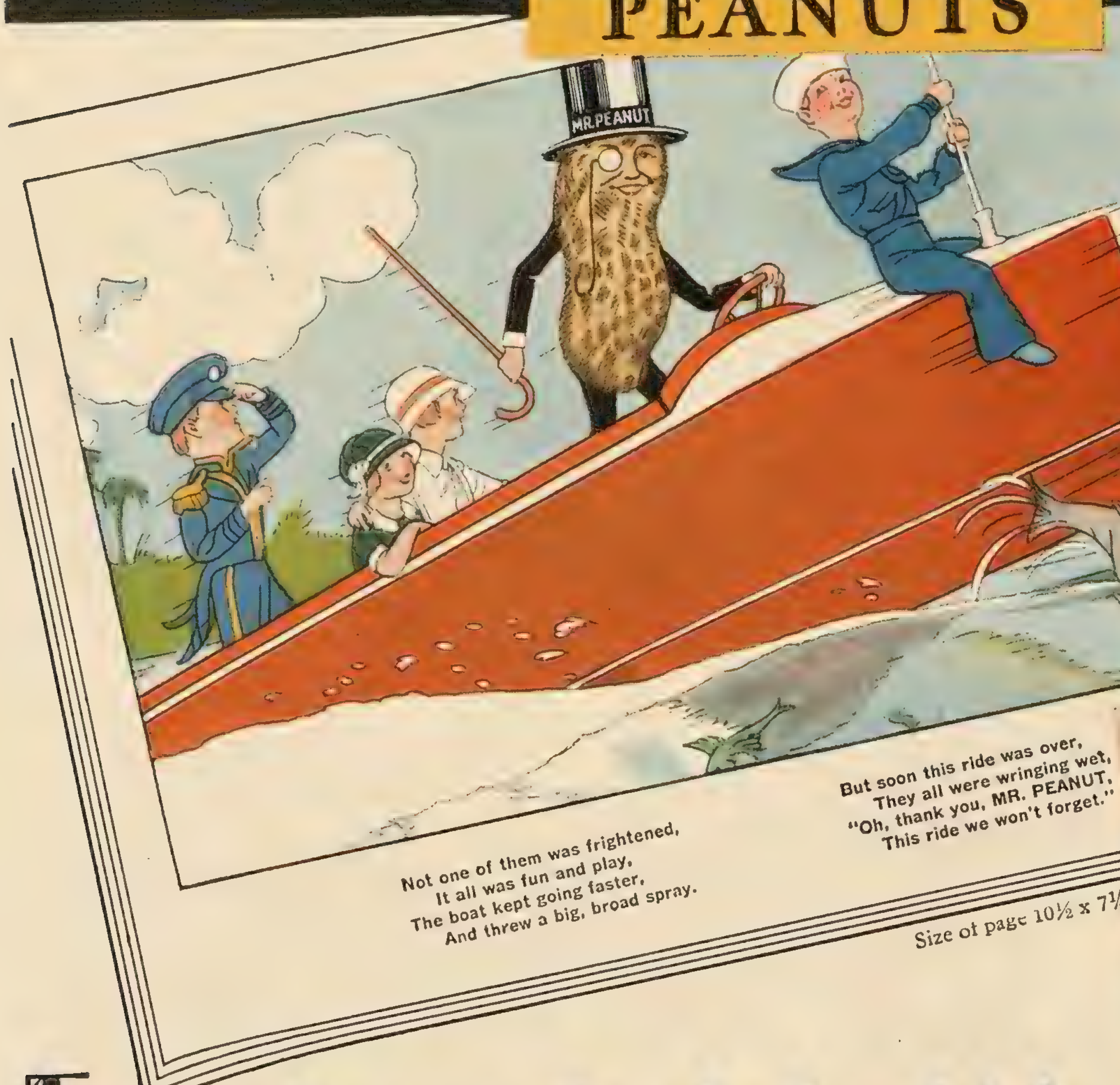
FIFTH PRIZE—$25

"And they never can check it. Tee hee!"

Written by Mrs. M. B. Wingate
Avon Park, Florida

PLANTERS

PEANUTS

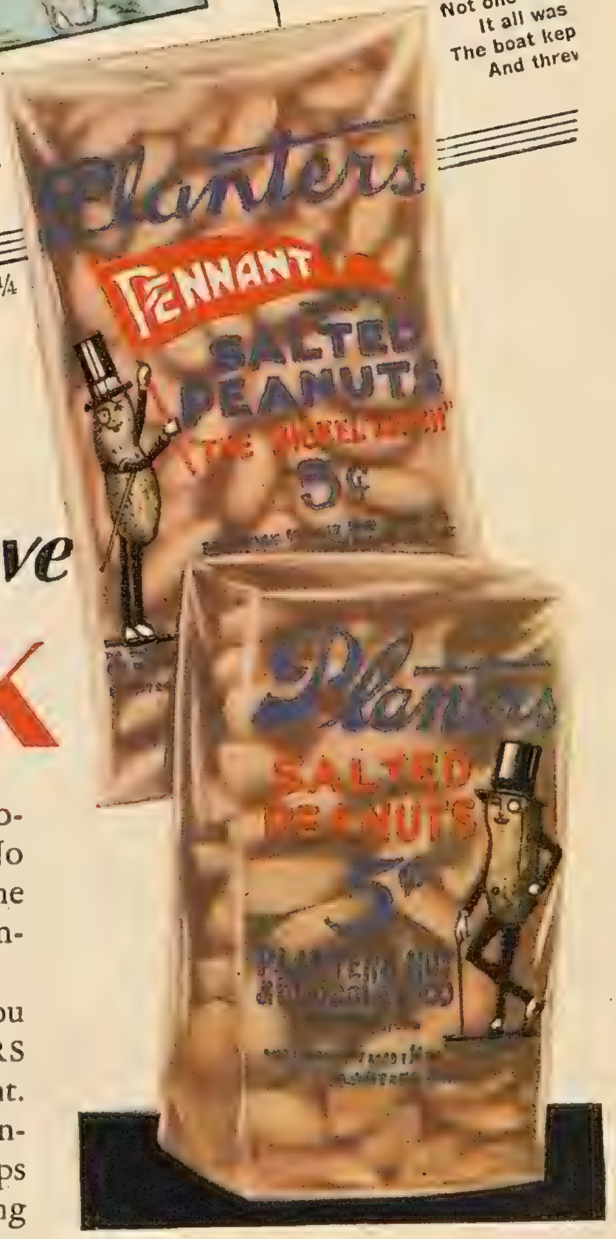


Not one of them was frightened,
It all was fun and play,
The boat kept going faster,
And threw a big, broad spray.

But soon this ride was over,
They all were wringing wet,
"Oh, thank you, MR. PEANUT,
This ride we won't forget."

Size of page 10½ x 7¼

Not one of the
It all was
The boat kep
And threv



Every Boy or Girl *should have*

MR. PEANUT'S 32 Page PAINT BOOK

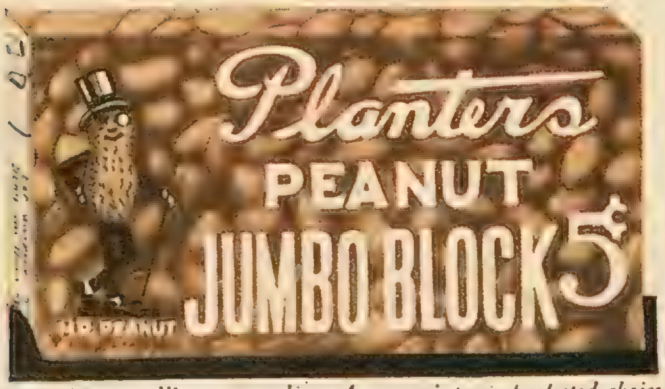
YOU need only send ten empty PLANTERS PEANUT Bags or Jumbo Block inside waxed wrappers to get this delightful 32-page Paint Book for your little boy or girl.

Think of the fun he will have coloring these pictures — following these lively adventures! Start at once to save bags and wrappers! When you have ten in all, send them with your name and address to Planters Nut & Chocolate Company, Wilkes Barre, Pa. No money needed. Your copy of the paint book will be shipped you immediately, absolutely FREE!

Health experts say that for both you and your entire family PLANTERS PEANUTS bring extra nourishment. Peanuts are a wholesome, non-fattening food. They give to grown-ups and children alike the body-building elements necessary to balance energy-giving sweets.

Men count on PLANTERS PEANUTS for a bite between meals and for a nourishing, satisfying lunch. Housewives use them in a thousand new and attractive menus.

When you buy peanuts, look carefully for the picture of Mr. Peanut. It is your guarantee of peanuts selected from the best of the Virginia Peanut crops and roasted and salted with extra richness by PLANTERS exclusive process.



The largest selling peanut bar. A rare mixture of selected choice peanuts and pure wholesome candy. Just packed full of goodness. Shown here in reduced size.

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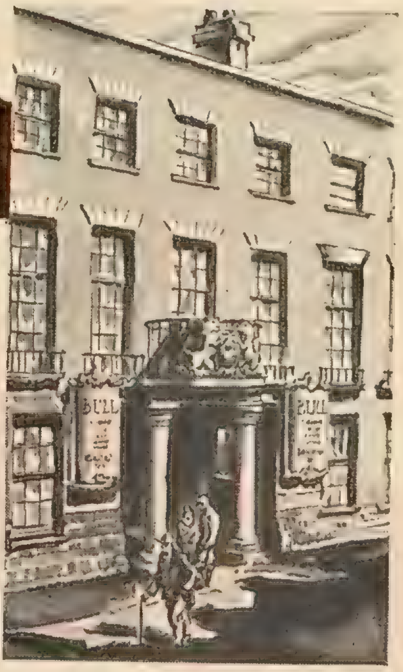
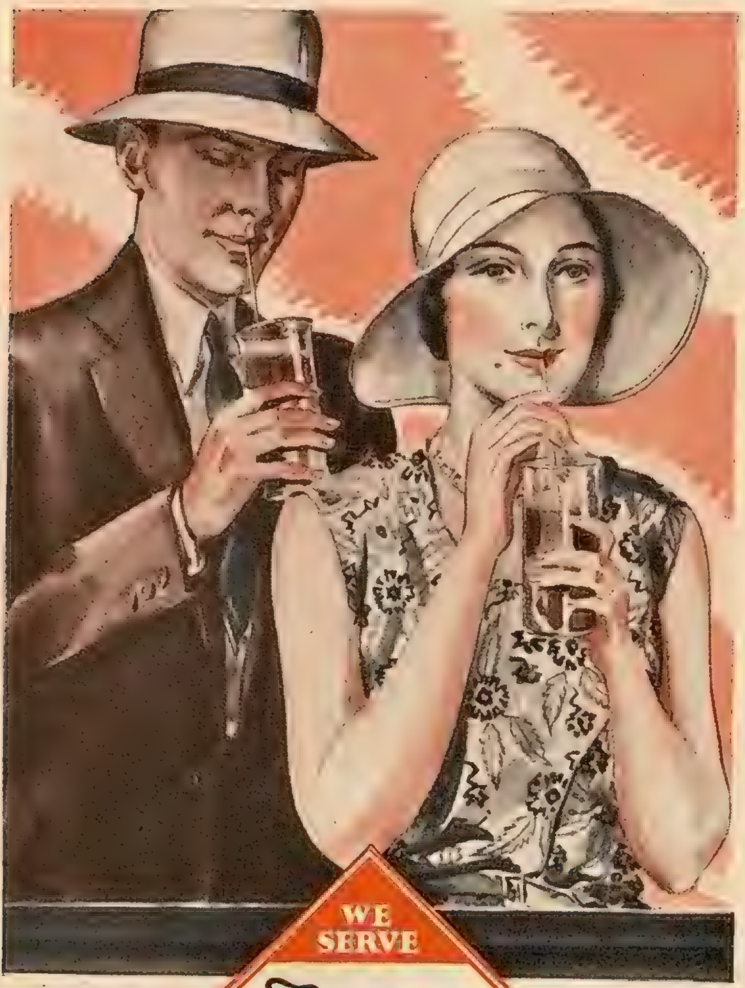
THE "ILLUSTRIOUS LARDER" . . . THAT PLEASED A QUEEN-TO-BE



*For good food
and drink
the beautiful Princess Victoria
herself stopped at
the Sign of the Bull*

In the same year . . . 1836 . . . that Charles Dickens wrote of Mr. Pickwick's stay at the Sign of the Bull in England's Rochester, the Princess Victoria feasted at the bounteous board of this historic old inn. To the Englishman of that glorious day, the Sign of the Bull meant vintage wines and savory-cooked repasts, leisurely eaten. Now our lives and meals are hurried—and we heed the importance of vitamins.



WE SERVE
Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED MILK
All flavors Delicious

*And today for
wholesome food and "double-rich"
malted milk, we go to
the Sign of the
Red Borden Diamond*

And when we drink a Borden's Malted Milk we are assured of the most invigorating and delicious of all malted milks. Fortified with vitamins and rich in quick energy. How completely a Borden's Malted Milk banishes mid-afternoon fatigue . . . or "fits in" with a luncheon sandwich. It does pay to insist on Borden's Malted Milk . . . at those better fountains that everywhere display the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond.

How the Old Game Has Changed

Photo The Ring

Ty Cobb stealing third. Get that ol' base-pirate expression on him?

A Look at the New Styles in Baseball

By

HUGH FULLERTON

who has seen enough baseball games to know whereof he speaks. Fullerton covered, for the Chicago Tribune, those strategy-tight contests of "the good old days" early in the century. Liberty readers have had the benefit of his seasonal pennant race forecasts for the last five years.

MORDECAI PETER CENTENNIAL BROWN, the famous old Three-Fingered Brown who is of the Immortals of baseball history, and I sat together watching the Chicago Cubs and Philadelphia Athletics playing the first game of the World's Series last fall.

Nineteen years before that date Brown had pitched in another World's Series between the same teams, and during those nineteen years he had not seen a World's Series game, or, in fact, many major league games.

Brownie, in his day, was known as one of the closest students of baseball as well as a master pitcher. As he watched the Cubs being baffled by Howard Ehmke's slow, barrel-hoop curves, he seemed worried and puzzled.

"Don't they make a play here?" he asked. "Don't they try that double steal? Don't they sacrifice? Don't they bring the infield in? Don't they play the outfield close for a throw?"

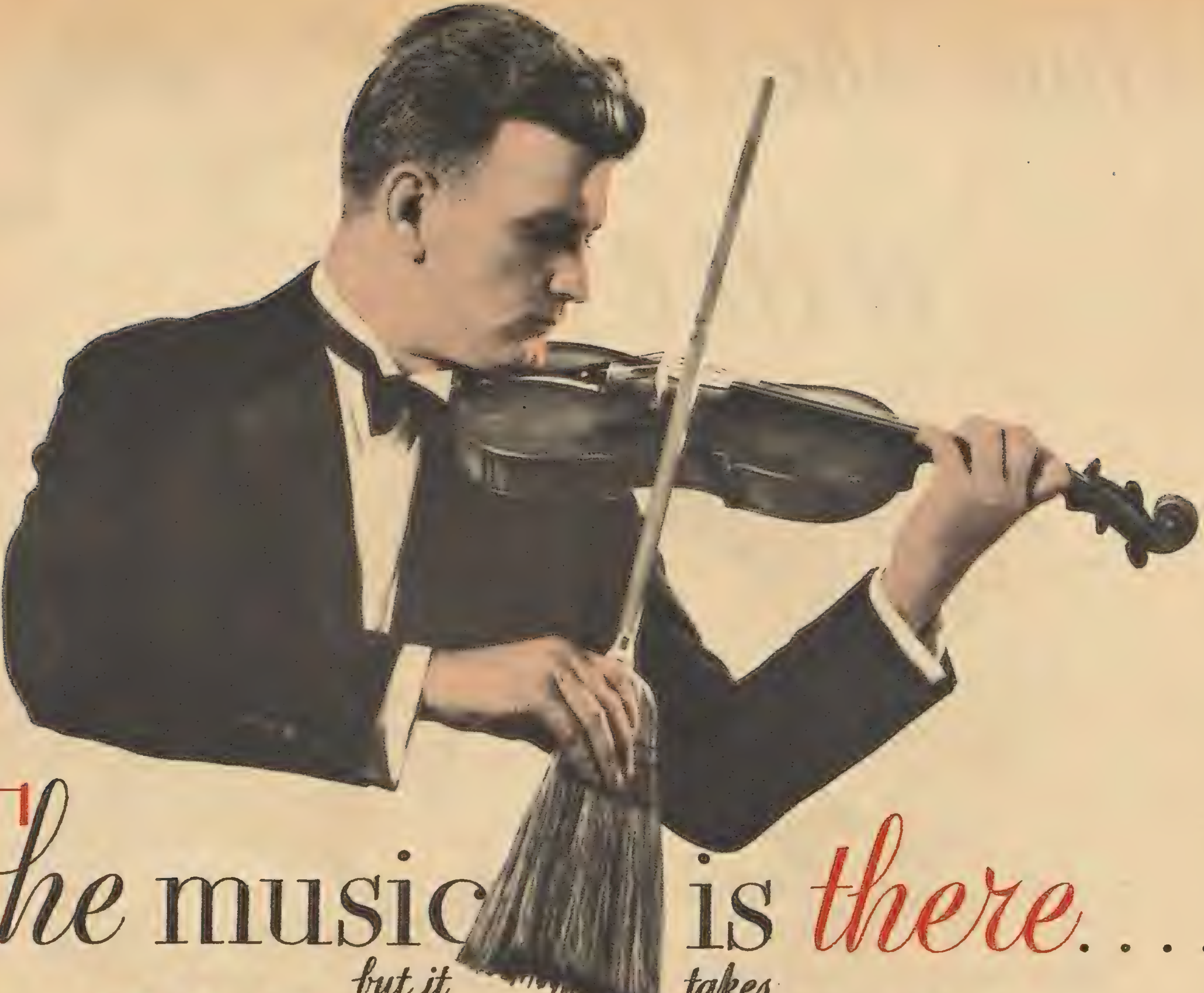
At length, in the middle of the game, Brownie turned to me disgustedly and said: "Old Slough [meaning Frank Chance] would kill some of those guys if they played that way for him."

Never before had I realized how greatly baseball in the major leagues has changed, for the changes have come about gradually as the players and managers have adapted the style of play to the new ball; but Brown, not having watched year after year, saw the differences clearly—and marveled.

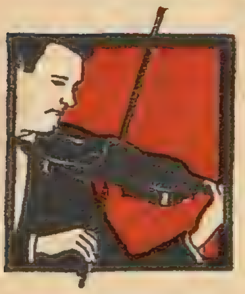
The game has changed. Every player, manager, and veteran of the sport admits that, but it is difficult to get any one of them to explain wherein lie the differences. Owners, managers, players, and scouts who seek playing talent say that the quality of play is lower, that there is a dearth of good players, that commercialism and high salaries have affected players.

Among the reasons assigned for the changes are the lively ball, which has grown more lively since it was injected into the sport at the end of 1910; the hardness

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]



The music is there.... *but it takes* THE BOW TO BRING IT OUT



The finest home entertainment the world has ever known is being broadcast every hour of every day.

Famous bands and orchestras .... famous singers and speakers, dramatists and explorers .... the big games, sports, national events .... all are on the air, in your home, in every home.

Any radio set can bring this entertainment into the home. But if you would hear it brought *in* just as sent *out* .... crisp, clear, with nothing added to it, nothing taken away .... then hear it over a *Stewart-Warner!*

No violinist ever played his way to fame with a broomstick. Just as it takes the *bow* to bring beauty and richness of tone from the violin, so does it take the properly equipped *Stewart-Warner* Radio to reproduce the wealth of tone now put on the air.

When the Great Violinist plays, you hear the music over the *Stewart-Warner* exactly as he plays it. With all the original quality of tone retained even to the last fine shade of feeling. Brilliant, clear, utterly *real.*

For here is radio that takes "broomstick" crudities out of reproduction — that brings in all programs with "bow-like" realism and finish. It incorporates every modern, proved, worthwhile feature essential to the enjoyment of radio at its best — assures Championship Performance *clear across the dial.* Behind it is 25 years' experience in the manufacture of electrical precision instruments famous for quality all over the world.

Housed in four exquisitely beautiful cabinets of authentic Period design, and now shown by authorized dealers everywhere, at extremely moderate prices. Easy terms, too.

See and hear these splendid sets. Remember! The music is there. But to hear it brought in *naturally,* hear it over the *Stewart-Warner.* Without any obligation, have a demonstration. Stewart-Warner Corp., Chicago, Illinois.

STEWART-WAR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

of the cover of the ball; standardization of play, with all the plays directed and dictated by the manager, and consequent loss of individuality on the field.

Not one of these reasons, however, is sufficient in itself to explain the great changes that have come about during the last dozen years.

The players are almost as good as ever. Each generation produces about the same proportion of superplayers. The teams carry a much larger number of substitutes than in the old days and have, therefore, greater reserve power. The teams are better organized and disciplined and the players much better paid, so there is every opportunity and incentive for improved play.

The great changes in the sport are these:

Base running, which was one of the most exciting and thrilling features of play, has practically ceased. In an entire season some present-day teams steal fewer bases than Hugh Duffy, Big Bill Lange, Billy Hamilton, and some of the other great base runners stole as individuals.

Throwing to the plate from the outfield has become a rarity.

Intentional sacrificing to advance runners has been reduced to a minimum.

Scientific playing for " one run at a time " has almost become a lost art because of the decreased value of a single score.

DEFENSIVE infield play has changed because of the necessity of the infielders playing a deeper field. This has resulted in widening the gaps between the defensive players and increasing the number of batted balls that go between the fielders as safe hits.

The value of " holding up runners " and of the balk motion has become less and less with the decline in base running.

More time is required in making double plays around second base because of the deeper fielding positions, and consequently fewer such plays are made.

The pitching of curves has changed radically and the fast shooting curve, the chief reliance of the majority of pitchers of past generations, has become almost obsolete. While the use of slow curves and " sliders " has partially made up for the loss of the fast curve ball, the art of " mixing them up " has been radically affected.

The majority of these changes are due directly to the livelier ball. In fact, almost all the differences, either in attack or defense, in actual play or in strategy, that distinguish the game of today from that played during the " golden era " of baseball (according to veterans) are the result of the changes in the ball itself.

CHANGING the ball is no new thing in baseball. The ball used when Abner Doubleday worked out the mathematics of the American game was larger and deader than almost any used since that time—a modified cricket ball—and it was the improvement in the make of the ball that caused him to reduce the distance between bases to ninety feet and to add the shortstop to the team for better defense.

There never has been a time in which the baseball used has been of an absolute standard. In the early days of the sport it was deadened and then made faster frequently, gradually improving until it approximated a fixed standard. In the days when the American Association challenged the National League and claimed equality, experimenting with the ball went on. In one season the young Association used a lively ball which it claimed made the game faster and more exciting. That season the National League stuck to the old ball and played low-score, close games with the pitchers and the defensive team having the advantage over the attackers.

Oddly enough, the following season the Association returned to the dead ball and low scores, while the National League changed to the livelier ball.

The union of manufacturing firms brought supposed standardization of the balls, which were manufactured in Philadelphia, and until 1910 the method of manufac-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A
Great Radio
Backed By
A
Great Name

NER

The St. James Model

A rich reproduction of Elizabethan furniture design. Top and sides are of American ply walnut, the front being of solid walnut embellished with real wood carving. Non-vibrating, silent, sliding doors. Dull satin finish. One of four exquisite new Period models priced from $99.75 to $197.50 (less tubes).

Radio

Frank Chance, peerless leader of the Cubs, in action at the plate.

HOW THE OLD GAME HAS CHANGED
Cont'd from page 73

ture and the materials used remained unchanged.

So far as I have ever been able to learn, there was no decision on the part of the major or minor league clubs to introduce a faster ball into the sport, but late in the season of 1910 a new ball of changed structure was produced and distributed in the American League.

National League players and managers were not, as far as I ever could learn, aware of any change in the ball, nor were the reporters told of it—unless, perhaps, those in Philadelphia. The first hint we had came in the first game of the World's Series and in one of the early innings. The ball was hit down to Joe Tinker, who fielded it and threw over to first base. As the ball left his fingers Tinker yelled, "Hold that ball!" and ran after it across to first base, demanding that the umpires examine it.

The umpires could see nothing wrong with it, but Tinker knew from the feel of the ball leaving his hand and its course in the air that it was not like the ball he had been handling in the regular season.

That ball was the "cork center," a core of cork around which the yarn was wound. It frequently was forced out of shape by the pressure in winding and would not fly true when pitched, necessitating further changes. A solid rubber core with cork around it was experimented with, and since that time examination of balls and measurements of the rubber and cork cores show that slight changes have been made. The ball now used is the best constructed and most uniform ever made—but that is not the problem.

The big change in the ball has been due to the method of making. Improved machinery was invented to wind the yarn perfectly on the cores, and the covers were placed and stitched on by an improved method. The result has been that the ball is wound more firmly and the cover stretched on more tightly than before. Besides that the seams are less prominent and the stitching gives less of a grip.

Not only is the resiliency of the ball greater, but the tightness of the cover and lack of gripping surface have made pitching more difficult. In addition to that, the changes in the rules have limited the style of pitching, forbidding the use of roughening or darkening substances.

Until the changes in the pitching rules a half dozen different methods of pitching had been evolved, some of which were dangerous to batters. The changes, coupled with the hard-surfaced ball, revolutionized baseball and accomplished the desire for more hitting.

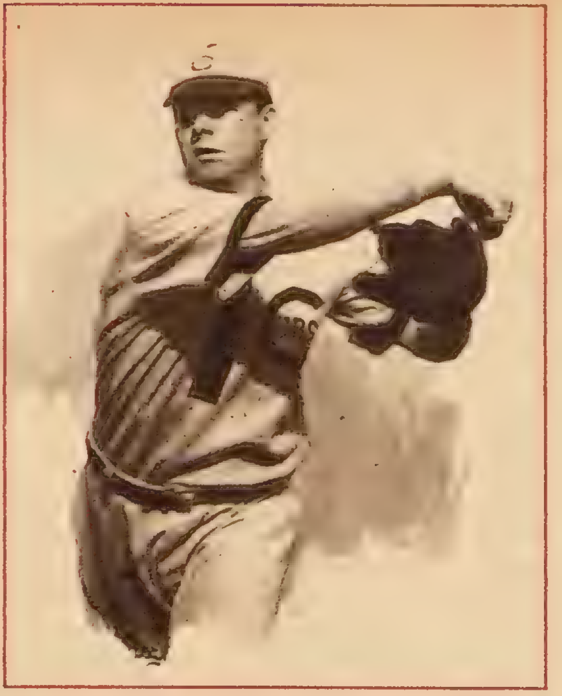
Brown Bros. photos

Jack Coombs, one of the great men of old, tossing a hot one.

THAT the era of tremendous prosperity in baseball was coincident with the huge increase in batting may or may not prove that the baseball public likes more and longer hitting.

There is no doubt that, for some time at least, the new style of game increased interest and brought out a new and a larger class of patrons. At the same time the heavy hitting, the driving of long flies over short fences, the large scores and quick changes in games disgruntled many of the old-school fans and alienated their interest in the sport. Those who loved the "inside game," who studied the strategy and cunning of players and saw in the game a battle of wits as well as of hands and feet, never have been reconciled to the drastic changes in style of play.

I have expected that, sooner or later, the pitchers would evolve a method of handling the ball that would put them again into mastery over the batters.



Mordecai (Three-Fingered) Brown, who's disgusted at today's game.

Thus far there have been only symptoms of such a development. In the last two years a number of pitchers have practiced and gained some success by using what they refer to as a slider—a ball so thrown that, instead of breaking and curving quickly, it seems to change direction and slide away from the batters. The ball acts much as a curve does but lacks the sharpness of the old fast curve, such as those of Brown, George Mullin, Jack Coombs, and such masters; but it has the disadvantage of traveling far when hard hit. Effectively alternated with slow curves, however, it has proved its worth.

THERE is another element that has accented the change in hitting—that is, a complete surrender on the part of club owners and managers to the home-run craze.

In former years the defensive ability of a player was considered and, even though he might not be a hard hitter, he was acceptable if he was smart, fast, and good in defense.

In the modern game managers are perfectly willing to sacrifice fielding skill and defensive ability in order to increase batting power.

As a result there are probably one-third of the players in major league teams who are there merely because of their hitting power. The scouts are seeking long-driving ball players and are willing to take dumb, slow, or worse than mediocre fielders if they can hit hard and make home runs.

This condition has added to the troubles of the pitchers, and helped increase batting averages of even the weak hitters.

Those who criticize the new style of play err in comparing it with the system of older days, especially the first decade of the century, when defensive teams and fine pitching were the features. Such teams as the Chicago Cubs, the New York Giants, the Chicago White Stockings of Fielder Jones' time could not win in these times. Whether we like the kind of baseball now being served to the public or not, it is the correct kind under the conditions.

Base running admittedly was one of the most exciting items of play, and defense against daring and skillful base runners brought out the most perfect team play. The modern ball player and manager know that the proper way to play is to reach first base, take a safe lead, and wait there for the batter to deliver a hit and advance the runners, or hit the ball over the fence. The odds are greater that the batter will make the hit than they are that the runner can steal second successfully, so that, excepting in close games in which the pitchers are holding down the batters well, the best strategy is against trying to steal.

This, naturally, takes away the greater part of the most skillful and beautifully complicated strategy and the thrill of base stealing. It would be rashness to try to run bases unless the value of one run warranted the risk, and, even with the best base runners, steals were successful in only about fifty-eight per cent of the attempts.

With the value of the single run diminished, the best method is to play, as the athletes say, for "a bunch of runs"—and, with home runs being made by scores, the method produces results.

The long hitting compelled radical changes in defensive play.

The infielders were compelled to move back six to ten feet deeper than they played ordinarily with the old ball and the outfielders were driven far out. This not only increased the number of hits that went safe through the wider grooves between the fielders, but almost destroyed some of the most spectacular plays; notably, the close plays at the plate.

The outfielders are so far out that, save in rare instances, they make no effort to throw out runners scoring from third after fly catches.

THE infielders, knowing that the value of one run has decreased, frequently will not risk playing close to cut off a runner at the plate, so that the thrill of the desperate slide around or under the catcher is lost.

In older days, throwing from the outfield was one of the finer points of the sport. Players through the late eighties and nineties practiced accurate throwing to the plate from their positions, and some of them were almost as skillful in making the throw to the catcher as the infielders were in throwing to first base. But the value of their salary wings increased steadily and long throwing was not likely to win favor among players desiring to save their arms as long as possible.

The reduction of value of one run killed off almost entirely the double steal, with runners on first and third bases, which was one of the long argued plays. Since one run on today's scoring scale is worth little more than one-third as much as a single tally was to Fielder Jones' Hitless Wonders, the managers and players are playing properly and would be foolish to wreck a three-, four-, or five-run rally by taking a fifty per cent chance on stealing a base. Thus it can be seen some of the most sensational features of play are lost entirely.

Psychologically the changes have been even greater. In the early decades of the national sport a premium was placed upon individualism. Players were supposed to think out plays, to figure their risks, and to spring the surprise move which depended for its success upon its unexpectedness. The

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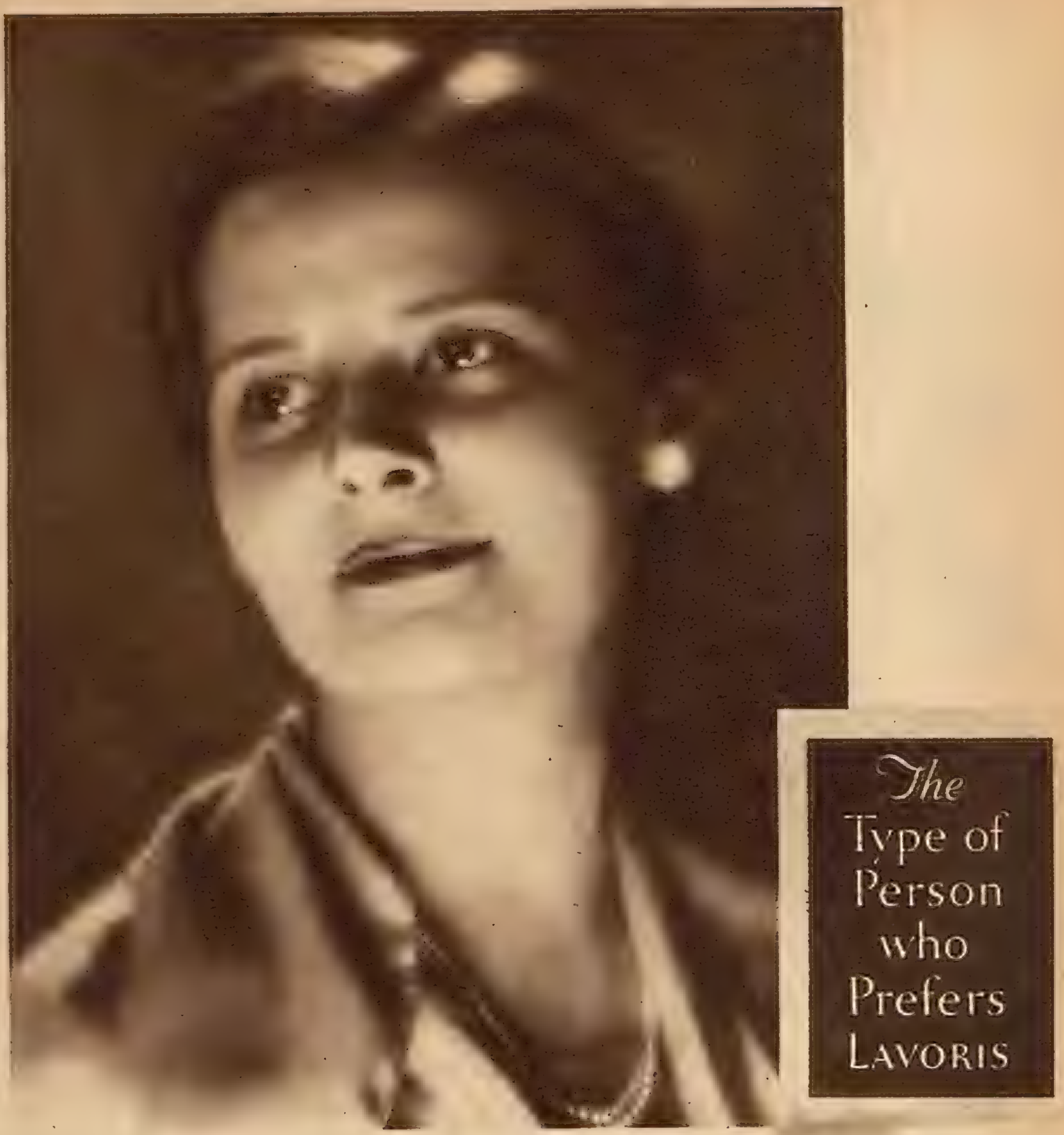
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HOW THE OLD GAME HAS CHANGED
Continued from page seventy-five

great reputation of King Kelly as a base runner, the astonishing successes of Billy Hamilton, Tommy McCarthy, Hugh Duffy, Herman Long, and Big Bill Lange were due largely to brilliant individual thinking and their audacity.

With the standardization of play and the advent of the master-mind type of manager who insists upon doing all the thinking for twenty-five players, individual brilliancy waned. At one time there was scorn of the player who " looked at the bench "—that is, who did nothing until he received orders to do it. Then outguessing the other fellow almost stopped. The guessing was between managers, and the " Don't blame me—he signaled me to do it " type of player increased. This mechanized the sport and detracted a great deal from the beauties of inside teamwork and brilliant individual feats.

Analysis of play throughout organized baseball proves that a premium has been placed upon brute strength as opposed to skill and cunning. There is no doubt of this. Ruth's tremendous home-run hitting aroused the desire to find more and better Ruths—and long-distance hitting has come to be relied upon to provide the thrills and quick changes in the score to maintain the excitement.

IT would seem, from the attendance figures, that the new style of game is more popular than that of early in the century, although it is true that attendance as a whole has been declining in the major leagues for five years and that some of the minor leagues are facing ruin through lack of patronage. Even the larger minor leagues have suffered seriously for the last two years.

The long hitting undoubtedly gave baseball its heaviest advertising and brought a new generation of followers larger than any preceding it. It drove away the old generation which was educated in the fine points of " inside baseball," which loved teamwork and science.

The question is whether this new generation has grown tired of long hitting, of seeing mediocre batters shut their eyes, swing blindly, hit the ball over a short fence, and then seeing two or three ball players jog lazily and almost boredly around the bags, unopposed. This season the question has been seriously studied in various quarters.

In four cities newspapers have taken straw votes among the patrons of the local games as to their views on the lively ball and long hitting. The fans are divided, but in three cities a majority urged a return to a deader ball.

The players and the fans generally have an uneasy feeling that the ball should be standardized and the standard maintained, and that, if the ball has as vital an effect upon the sport as it has had in the last dozen years, further manipulation might develop. It may be that the minor league club owners, harassed in all parts of the country, may find the solution of their problems in restoring the old style of game—and allowing the usually ignorant masses of the big cities to cheer the long hitters.

As Mordecai Brown remarked after the last World's Series: " They don't play baseball any more; they play home runs."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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Perhaps Joyce Spanked Her

" Is that you crying, Joyce? " asked her daddy reproachfully, on hearing plaintive wails from the playroom.

" No, daddy, it's my dolly," said Joyce. " I'm just making the noise for her! "—H. Landon Holt, 138 Midland Ave., Glen Ridge, N. J.

* * *

Fluctuating Grades

Virginia, not an apt pupil, brought her report card home at the end of the semester, showing low grades in several studies. When asked by her mother if she had passed, she remarked: " No, I didn't, but I got almost every letter in the alphabet."—Elizabeth Blozies, 1928 S. 28th St., Omaha, Neb.

A Farewell to Summer

A New For the Love o' Lil

"HEY!" a red-faced attendant of Dinny's Bathing Beach yelled to little Ulysses. "Don't cutcha feet on that glass! I raked all them beer bottles up in a pile for the rubbish man. So, get out!" And he sank back in his camp chair on the high wooden platform from which he was supposed to rescue bathers in distress.

This week's cover picture.

"I like walking on bottles!" U. piped up. "They make a nice noise." And he giggled at each tinkle.

"That's what you'll make if you don't get out!" the man yelled down to him. "You'll make such a noise that people'll think I'm murderin' you. Ha-ha!"

Little U. was stupid, but he didn't like the sound of that man's merry ha-ha, so he ran along the beach looking for other excitement.

"Is this for a circus?" he asked, poking his head into a tent strewn with wet bathing suits and towels.

"*Circus?*" an irate fat lady in underclothes snapped at him. "This is my private dressing room. Get away, you little rubberneck, or I'll go out, just as I am, and tan your hide." She waved a hairbrush with wire bristles—once, twice—but she didn't have to wave it a third time, because Ulysses had fled. Where? He didn't quite know—anywhere away from that hefty, glaring form and the hairbrush.

"Isn't he cute?" a girl asked a man who was spreading out their picnic lunch on the sand.

"I'm not cute," U. said, watching the girl cut into a chocolate layer cake. "I'm hungry!"

"Bless his little heart!" the girl laughed. "He's hungry. I suppose his mother lets him run wild on the beach all day just picking up scraps and drinking lemonade. Here, dear, but don't eat it too fast." She had cut a three-layer slice of cake which she held out on a flappy paper plate. "Why, he's simply starved."

"What d'you say?" the man asked.

Little U.'s mouth was too full to let him say anything. He dropped the gooey plate upside down on the girl's yellow silk dress and hurried off with bulging eyes.

"He has no manners," the girl said, "but I'd rather have had him rude than sentimental. Imagine if he'd ever kissed me with all that chocolate around his mouth."

"I'm not rude," the man told her. "I'm just sentimental!" And he kissed her and then licked the cake knife.

Dinny's Bathing Beach had an end-of-the-season look. The bathhouses were shedding paint, one of the life lines had dragged ashore, bathers' suits were faded, and people who had lost one rubber shoe in the waves didn't bother to buy another one. Then, too, the candies and soft drinks were getting low. When a customer asked for peppermints, he was asked to take chewing gum; when he ordered ginger ale, he was handed a bottle of fizz.

"Get away from that counter!" Lil called out as she saw U. scuffing across the beach toward the pavilion. And then she gasped, "What've you been eating?"

"Cake," he said. "I told a lady I was hungry an' she gave me some right away. She was nice."

"Don't go around begging any more," Lil laughed. "You get plenty to eat at home." She tidied up his face and tossed the beach ball at him. "You stay here with me. It's our last day at the shore. So, come on—let's play ball as a farewell to summer!"

(Next week's cover adventure: School)

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Offices and Factories: Jeannette, Pa.

The Truth About Thunderstorms

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

ONE of the advantages of growing older and putting on weight is that a man can admit to being afraid of certain things which, as a stripling, he had to face without blanching. I will come right out and say that I mean thunderstorms.

For years I have been concealing my nervousness during thunderstorms, or, at least, I have flattered myself that I was concealing it. I have scoffed at women who gave signs of being petrified, saying, "Come, come! What is there to be afraid of?" And all the time I *knew* what there was to be afraid of, and that it was a good, crashing sock on the head with a bolt of lightning. People *do* get it, and I have no particular reason for believing that I am immune. On the contrary.

Just where any of us in the human race get off to adopt the Big-Man attitude of "What is there to be afraid of?" toward lightning is more than I can figure out. You would think that we knew what lightning is. You would think that we knew how to stop it. You would think that no one but women and yellow dogs were ever hit by it and that no man in a turtle-neck sweater and a three days' beard on his chin would give it a second thought. I am sick of all this bravado about lightning and am definitely abandoning it herewith.

Ever since I was a child old enough to have any pride in the matter I have been wincing inwardly whenever 100,000 volts of Simon-pure electricity cut loose in the air. My nervous system has about six hundred ingrowing winces stored up inside it, and that is bad for any nervous system. From now on I am going to humor mine and give a shrill scream whenever I feel like it, and that will be whenever there is a good sharp flash of lightning. I will say this for myself: I will scream when the lightning flashes and not when the thunder sounds. I may be timid but I am no fool.

My nervousness begins when I see the black clouds in the distance. At the sound of the first rumble my digestive system lays off work, leaving whatever odds and ends of assimilation there may be until later in the day.

Of course, up until now I have never allowed myself to show trepidation. If I happened to be out on the water or playing tennis when it was evident that a storm was coming, I have looked casually at my watch and said, "Ho-hum! What about going in and making a nice, cool drink?" Sometimes I even come right out and say, "It looks like a storm—we'd better get in"; but there is always some phlegmatic guy who says, "Oh, we aren't going to get that—it's going around the mountain," and, by the time it is evident that we *are* going to get that and it *isn't* going around the mountain, it is too late.

It is remarkable how slow some people can be in taking down a tennis net or bringing a boat inshore when there is a thunderstorm on the way. They must not only take the net down but they must fold it up, very carefully and neatly, or they must put things away all shipshape in the cabin and coil ropes. Anything to waste time.

My attempts to saunter toward the house on such occasions must have, at times, given away the dread I have of being the recipient of a bolt of lightning. I guess that I have done some of the fastest sauntering ever pulled off on a dry track. Especially if my arms are loaded down with cushions and beach umbrellas I make a rather ungainly job of trying to walk as if I didn't care and yet make good time.

If possible, I usually suggest that someone run ahead and shut the windows in the house, and then immediately delegate myself to this job. I am not so crazy about shutting windows during a thunderstorm, but it is better than hanging around outside.

I once got caught up in an airplane during an electrical storm. In fact, there were *two* storms, one on the right and one on the left, and we were heading right for the spot where they were coming together. We could see them quite a long time before they hit us, and I was full of good suggestions which the pilot didn't take. I wanted to put down right where we were. It was a rocky country, covered with scrub pines, but it seemed to be preferable to hanging around up in the air.

I was considerably reassured, however, by being told (or shouted to) that you are safer up in the air during a thunderstorm than you are on the earth, as lightning cannot strike unless the object is "grounded." It sounded logical to me, or as logical as anything connected with lightning ever could sound, and I sat back to enjoy my first electrical display in comfort. It really was great, although I hate to admit it. You couldn't hear the thunder because of the motors and there were some very pretty flashes.

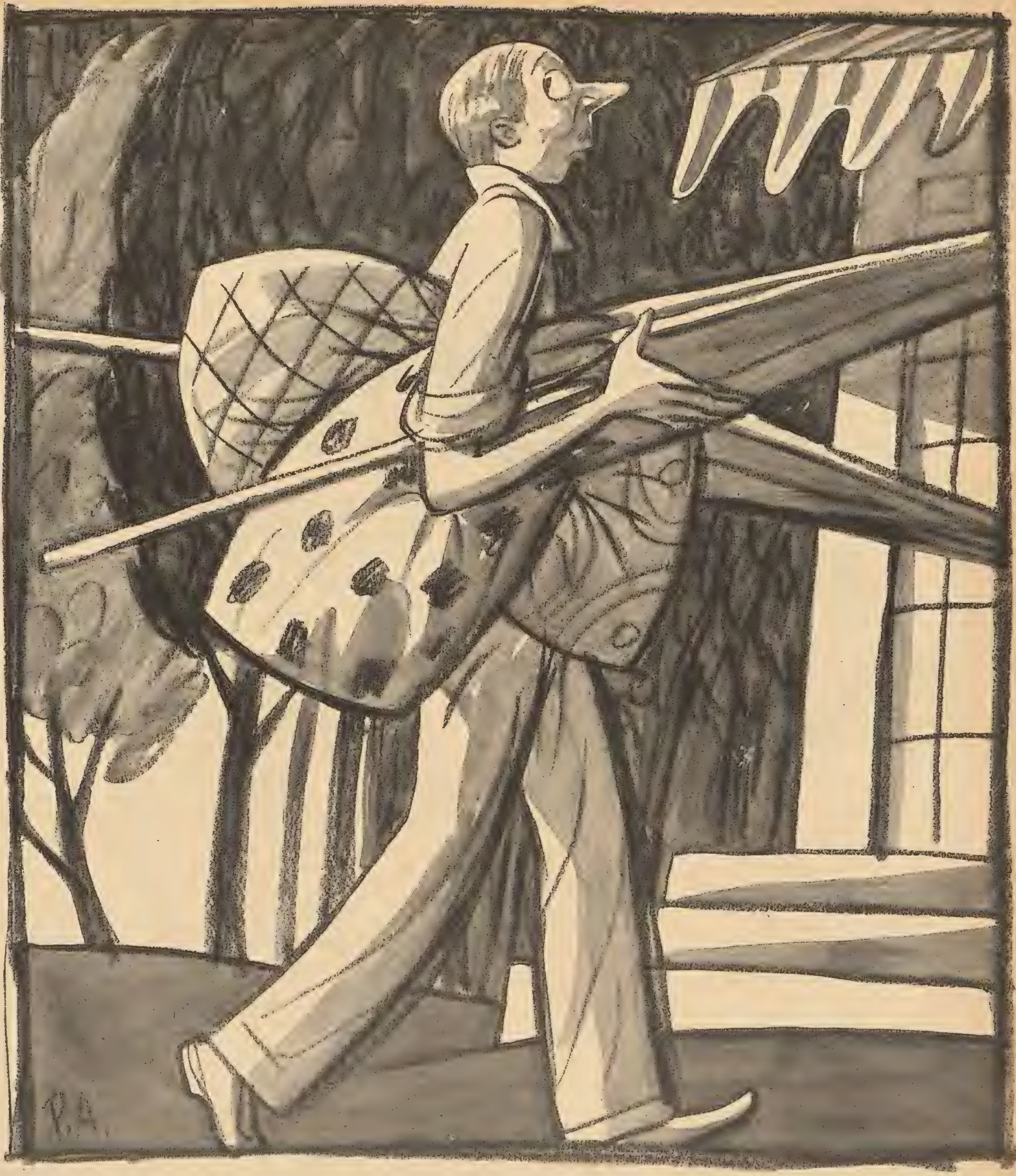
It was only several months after, on reading of a plane being struck by lightning three thousand feet up, that I began to get nervous. Perhaps you can't get hit unless you are "grounded," according to all the laws of nature, but it is always the exception that proves the rule, and it would be just my luck to be one of the exceptions.

PERHAPS the worst part that a nervous man has to play during a crisis like this is reassuring the ladies. If I am alone, I can give in and go down cellar, but when there are women around I have to be brave and joke and yell "Bang!" every time there is a crash. To make matters worse, I find that there are a great many women who are not frightened, and who want to sit out on the porch and play bridge through the whole thing.

This is a pretty tough spot for a man of my temperament. At best, I am an indifferent bridge player, even with the sun shining or a balmy summer night's breeze wafting around outside. I have to go very carefully with my bidding and listen to everything that is being said or I am in danger of getting a knife in my back from my partner when the game is over. But with a thunderstorm raging around my ears and trees crashing down in the yard by my elbow, I might just as well be playing "slapjack" for all the sense I make.

A good flash of lightning has been known to jolt a "Five spades" out of me, with an eight and queen of spades in my hand. Sometimes it would almost have been better if the bolt had hit me. (Only fooling, Lord! Just kidding!)

I would feel more ashamed of confessing all this if I



If my arms are loaded down I make a rather ungainly job of trying to walk as if I didn't care and yet make good time.

weren't sure that I am in the right about it. I am not afraid of snakes or burglars or ghosts or even Mussolini, but when it comes to lightning—boy, there's something to be afraid *of!* And anyone who says that he isn't is either lying or an awful sap.

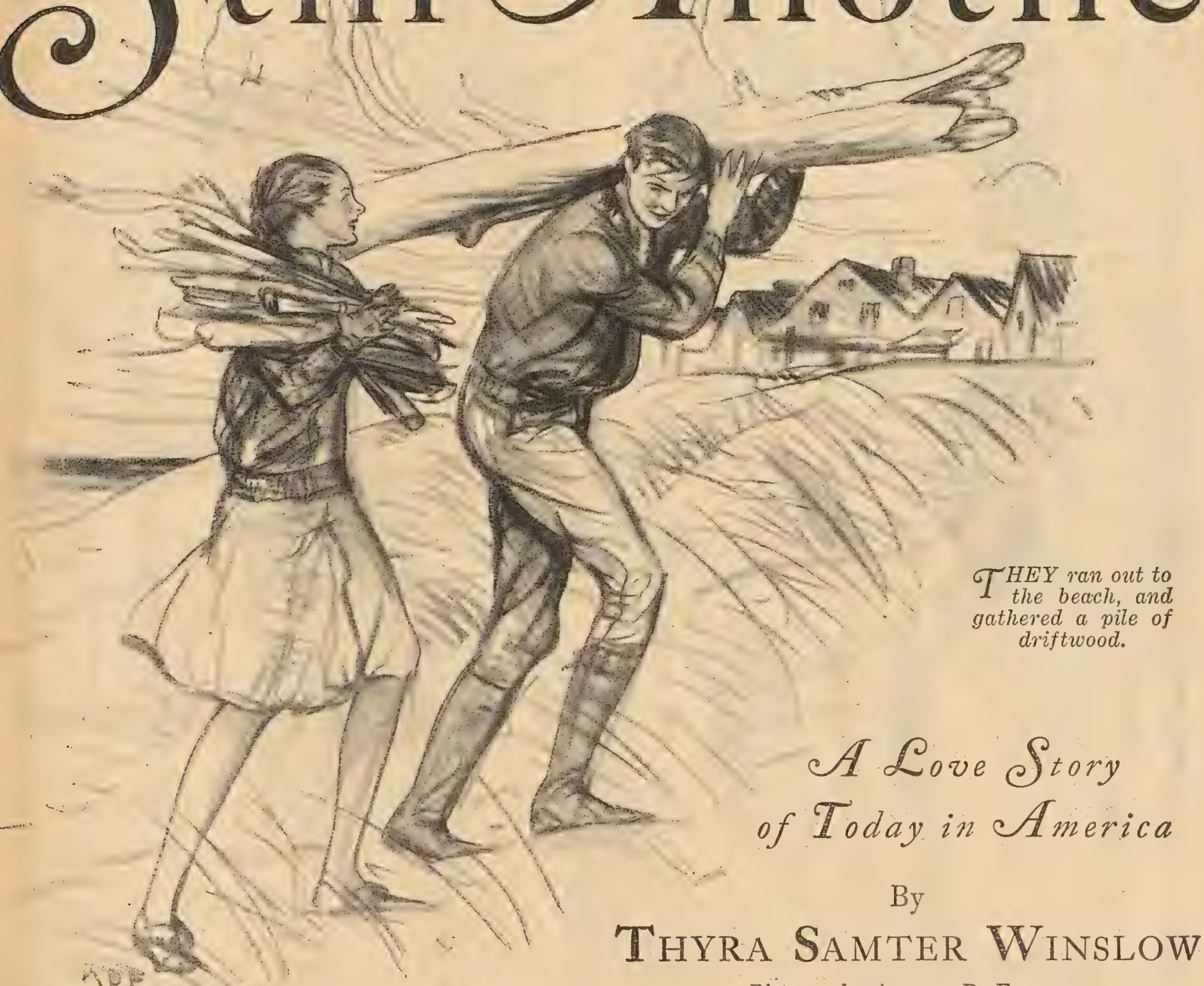
Of course, being nervous isn't going to keep you from getting hit, but when you are nervous you don't lie around with water dripping on you and holding a copper plate in your mouth, and avoiding all this sort of thing certainly helps.

If I were running a thunderstorm I would pick out some big man who goes around saying there is nothing to be afraid of and clip a cigar or two out from between his teeth just to show him. And any nice guy like me, who knows his place and tries to keep it, I would let go scot-free and might even uproot a fine big pot of buried gold pieces for him.

The funny part about all this is that now that I am old enough to come out frankly and admit how I feel about thunderstorms, I seem to be getting too old to mind them so much. It has been a couple of years now since I had a really good scare (I am now knocking wood so hard that the man in the next room just yelled "Come in!"). Perhaps it is just that, when you get to be my age, it doesn't make so much difference. If it isn't lightning, it will be hardening of the arteries. I still would prefer hardening of the arteries, however.

Mr. Benchley is in Liberty now almost every week. His next theme will be excursion boats.

Still Another



THEY ran out to the beach, and gathered a pile of driftwood.

A Love Story of Today in America

By

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

PART TWELVE—CONCLUSION

JULIET felt the blood rush to her face. A dozen conflicting emotions raced through her mind. She was proud of Keith. She knew that Steve must have provoked him beyond endurance for this to have happened. And she knew how much Keith had taken from Steve these past few months without a word, so that, outwardly anyhow, there would be peace. She had to smile a little, now, at Steve's humiliation and at Keith's rather awkward attempts to take care of him.

And yet, she was frightened, too, for she feared that a permanent quarrel would ensue. Juliet hated quarrels. She wanted the family to get along peacefully—wanted the others to like Keith. It had been so nice—in spite of Steve—to have Keith visit her here at home. What would happen now?

To Juliet's surprise, nothing definite happened. Steve complained a little of his injured eye—he didn't say too much, though—and glared at Keith. Keith was, as always with the family, courteous and rather silent.

Thelma went into one of her small tempers and said things: " Do you think this is a prize-fighting ring? " and " This is a nice thing to happen in a private home! " She couldn't say too much. Her darling Steve had been licked. That was evident.

Mama didn't know what to say. She was rather watching the others for her cue.

Keith apologized to Juliet for causing a scene. He left early. Mama went to her room. And Steve and Thelma disappeared.

Juliet tried to read. She was far too restless to concentrate on anything. She wondered what would happen now. She couldn't stand another series of scenes. She made up her mind, definitely, that she would not again accept Keith's exile. If mama insisted on that, she'd leave home. Then let Steve contribute more to the family! He undoubtedly could support mama and the home, as well as his own wife, if he had to. And she would be free! Why not? Hadn't she done enough for all of them?

At breakfast mama said very little. Steve and Thelma hadn't come down. Steve always took a later train, and Thelma never got up early. Mama gave Juliet her breakfast the same as usual. Mama was in one of her sulking moods. But she sulked a lot—that didn't mean anything. How old she looked! Her hair was entirely gray now, and she walked with little steps, like an old lady.

When Keith telephoned, he asked casually what the family reaction had been. Why, he didn't seem worried at all! He had some extra writing to do in the evening, was going to hurry home for dinner when the office closed. He asked Juliet to have dinner with him on Tuesday.

Juliet went out to Glen Hill right from the office. The other members of the family were already there. No

JULIET

one said anything significant, but Juliet felt a tension immediately. Dinner was ready almost the instant she got home.

As soon as they were seated at the dinner table she knew the storm was about to break.

"What are you going to do about your rowdy now?" Thelma began.

"What do you mean?" asked Juliet. "*My* rowdy?"

"Exactly!" said Thelma. "It's like this: I told you last night this house wasn't a prize ring. And we're not going to have anyone around here that fights all the time."

"I don't know that there's been fighting all the time," said Juliet. "But it's a wonder there hasn't been. If Steve had behaved himself yesterday—and in the past—there wouldn't have been a fight."

"DO you mean to intimate that I—" Steve began.

"Indeed I do!" said Juliet. "I mean exactly that! I'm tired of putting up with things in this house! I'm tired of your insults and insinuations! In the future I want you to try to behave yourself—and act as nearly like a gentleman as possible toward mama—and toward me—and toward Keith Morris, too—or you and Thelma can both get out!"

"Juliet!" screamed mama. "What are you saying?"

"I mean exactly what I said," Juliet went on. "I'm paying most of the bills around here. I think I've got something to say. You behave yourself, or you get out—or I do."

Mama arose in her chair. She looked feeble and very frightened. Her underlip trembled.

"Children! Children!" she began. And tears came into her eyes.

"Now!" said Steve. "You see what you've done!"

And, unexpectedly, Thelma began to cry.

"You don't know what you're saying, Juliet!" she said.

"I know well enough what I'm saying," Juliet answered. "I'm sick of the way things have been going on around here—the way Steve has been acting. Make up your mind what you'll do."

"It's all Minnie Streeter's son!" said mama. "He's been poisoning Juliet's mind against her own family. You see! I told you that letting him visit here wouldn't make Juliet tired of him—wouldn't get rid of him!"

"So that was it!" said Juliet. "I might have known Steve was up to something. And that doesn't make me change my mind. Keith Morris is going to keep on coming here because I want him—and Steve behaves himself, or he or I get out!"

Steve scowled. His eye was swollen and black. And mama cried.

And Thelma said:

"Oh, Juliet, you shouldn't get this angry at Steve!

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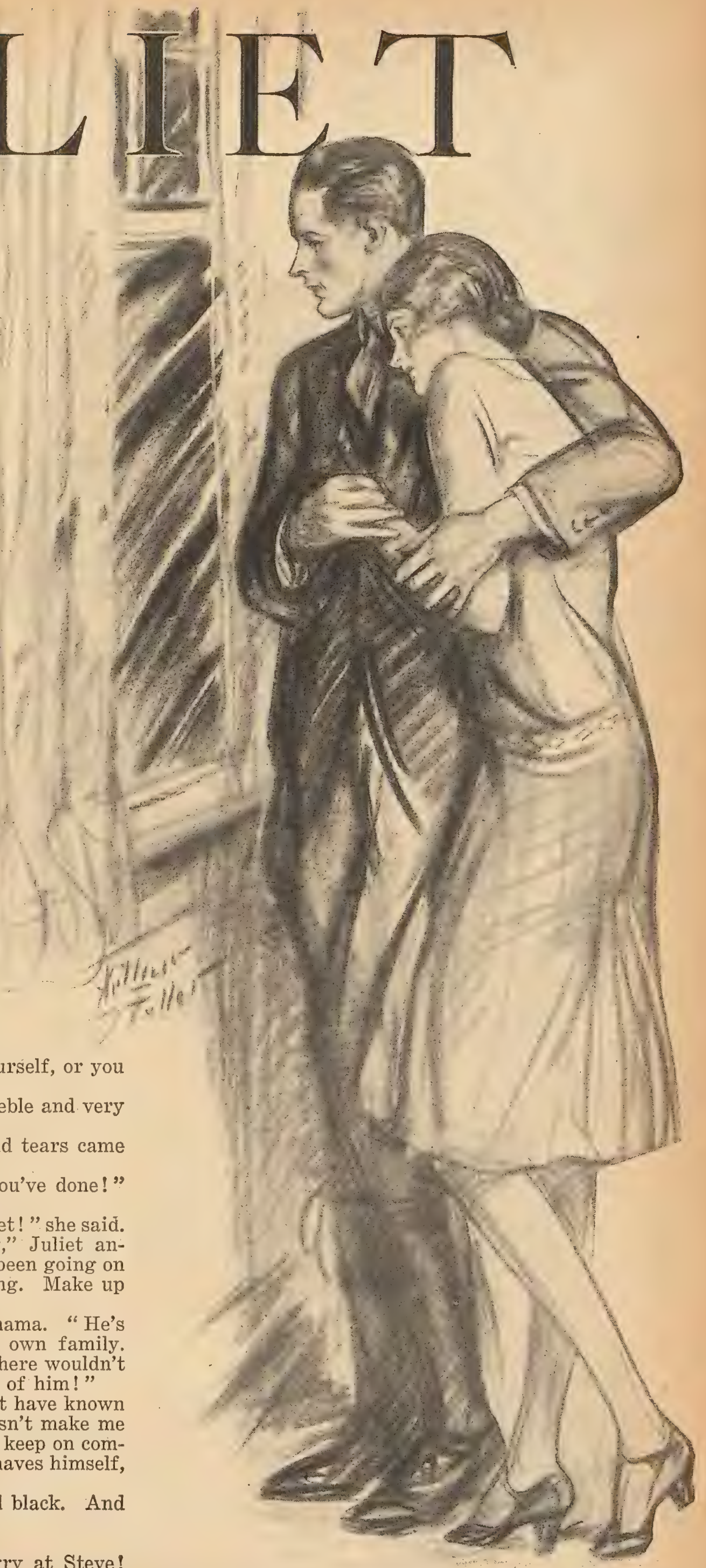

He put his arm around Juliet. They watched the rain.

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STILL ANOTHER JULIET

Continued from page eighty-one

You don't know *why* he's in a temper!" And she cried again.

"It isn't about you at all!" she went on. "Nor about Keith Morris, even. That was only part of it. He did that for your own good! It's more than that! Steve didn't want to tell you. Steve—got fired again; and—and—I'm going to have a baby!"

Juliet threw up her hands in despair. There was nothing she could do or say. She knew Thelma was telling the truth. She knew Steve for what he was—a coward, a cheap fellow. Yet Thelma was her sister. And mama had to be taken care of. She couldn't desert them now.

She looked around the table. Steve ate in sullen silence. He was unshaved—evidently hadn't been out all day—and his eye didn't add to his beauty. Thelma's eyes were red. Mama still whimpered. Juliet knew she had been right. Now the whole quarrel seemed futile. What could she do? She thought she had seen a way out—and she was trapped again.

SHE sighed, didn't say anything. There was nothing to say. She tried to eat her dinner.

The next night Juliet told Keith what had happened. He agreed there was very little Juliet could do now. Being the victor, he had no grudge against Steve, though he had no desire for very intimate contacts in the future. The futility of the situation came over him again. Still, there must be something— They couldn't keep this up, year after year—and no way out even in sight.

Mama had very little to say. She felt this was no time to take sides. She wished there was some way of dismissing Minnie Streeter's son, but she knew now that when Juliet made up her mind there was nothing she could do. After all, they needed Juliet—always had needed her. If Juliet would only be a little more sensible—

Mama wished Steve could get a good job. It did put him in a humiliating position, all this bad luck! She was glad because Thelma was going to have a baby—her first grandchild—though she did wish the circumstances were better for the coming of a baby. She began mothering and petting Thelma far more than was necessary.

The days went on.

Steve got a job; but it wasn't a good one, and the boss didn't appreciate how much Steve knew. No one was awfully surprised because he didn't hold it long.

Thelma became a petted semi-invalid and mama grew angry if Juliet did the least thing that didn't "show consideration for your sister in a time like this."

Keith came out to Glen Hill, but now that winter was here it was just as much fun staying in town with him, going to the movies or seeing a show. And they went to a dozen little restaurants and speakeasies. There was a nice little speakeasy on Forty-ninth Street where you could spend a long time over one drink and where it was dark enough to sit close together and hold hands—and even kiss if you wanted to—and no one noticed you.

Theaters and movies and restaurants and speakeasies and taxicabs. And the home in Glen Hill. And visits with the people they both knew. And drives with Bill Frayne. But this wasn't what they wanted out of life! These wasted years! They wanted each other more than ever, with an insistent need. And they wanted a home together, too.

Christmas came, and mama made an attempt at a family dinner, but it wasn't a lot of fun. Later Juliet and Keith took a long walk. The day was cloudy and not too cold. It was nice, being with Keith. If only something would happen!

For Christmas Keith gave Juliet a ring. It was the first extravagant present he had ever given her.

"It's really an engagement ring, though you should have had that years ago," he said.

It was a lovely star sapphire, small but marvelously blue, with a clear six-pointed star in its heart. It had a platinum mounting with small baguet diamonds on each side.

A star sapphire was Juliet's favorite stone. She had never hoped to possess one, though she and Keith had admired them frequently in jewelers' windows. To Juliet they had a subtle beauty that a cut stone could never have. The always varying star and the soft deep color delighted her.

"I have never seen anything so lovely!" she said. "Why, it would be beautiful no matter who gave it to me—and anything you gave me would make me happy. Now I can't believe all this beauty is really mine!"

Even the family was impressed with Keith's ring. And Steve and Thelma refrained from the sarcastic remarks they liked to make concerning Keith. They were treating Juliet and Keith with unusual consideration these days.

II

STEVE and Thelma celebrated New Year's Eve, 1929, with some of their friends in a restaurant in town. They felt that that was the only real way to celebrate.

Keith and Juliet went to a party that Lora Andrews, Bill Frayne's girl, gave. Lora lived in an old-fashioned uptown apartment. There was a long narrow hall, a large front living room, and a dining room well toward the rear.

The apartment was a pleasant place for a party. The Andrews furnished abundant sandwiches and homemade gin. And some of the guests supplemented the gin with contributions of their own. The radio supplied excellent dance music now, and the young people had a good time.

In the midst of the celebration Lora and Bill announced their intention of getting married next summer.

"We believe in long engagements," Lora explained. "You have a good time while you're engaged, and God knows what will happen after you get married."

Keith's and Juliet's eyes met. Juliet was sick of long engagements, and she knew Keith was, too.

The year 1930 started in the way nearly all the other years had done since Juliet and Keith had been going together.

Long workdays. Hours in the trains from Glen Hill to New York. Lonely evenings at home when Juliet and Keith couldn't be together. And moments too precious to last—and lovely enough to make them long for much more. Stolen moments in taxicabs. A little while together in the Glen Hill living room when they were sure Steve and Thelma and mama couldn't interrupt them. Books to read when they were separated and to talk over when they were together. They read Cimarron and Happy Landings and Trumpet in the Dust. And more visits to restaurants and theaters and movies. They saw The First Mrs. Fraser and The Green Pastures, which they adored. And at the movies they liked Maurice Chevalier in The Love Parade and Ruth Chatterton in Sarah and Son. Nothing else happened.

"This can't go on," said Keith. He had said it so many times—and yet here they were.

Keith's firm sent him west to do some investigating for a new food account. He welcomed the opportunity, for it meant definitely that he was getting ahead, though he hated to be separated from Juliet.

Juliet hadn't been away from Keith since she had first met him, except the few weeks she had been out of town for tryouts. This was different. Then she had been busy with new sights, new experiences. Now she was here doing routine things—and Keith was gone.

KEITH wrote to Juliet nearly every day. On week-ends he sent night letters. And twice he rang up on long distance. And Juliet had the terrible feeling of being suddenly widowed. Widowed—and she had never known marriage.

She hadn't kept in very close touch with any of the girls she had once gone with. Keith had given her all the companionship she wanted or needed. She had no men to turn to who were really her friends. She didn't want cheap flirtations. All the people she knew went in couples—liked to have her and Keith with them, and cared very little for a single girl.

At home, Thelma and Steve were always doing things together. Even their quarrels never admitted an outsider. Occasionally they took her to the movies with them, but Juliet never felt quite comfortable—they were too conscious of their generosity.

Juliet took mama to the movies, and that wasn't much fun. Mama was definitely wrapped up in Thelma and the baby who was coming—didn't feel that Juliet was sympathetic enough toward her sister.

Most of the evenings Juliet spent reading in her room—and thinking about Keith. Life without Keith was empty—no meaning at all.

And Keith returned, triumphant because the trip had been a success. And the horrible lonely feeling was gone! Juliet and Keith clung together and said:

"We'll never be parted again!" And "Some day—soon now—"

Juliet's birthday came—and she was twenty-nine. There was no doubt of it—her mirror showed her that she did look older than she had looked, well, even when she was in The Big Show. You can't cheat life. Even if you are beautiful at twenty, you can't cling to beauty and youth as the twenties go. Not that Juliet looked actually old. Cold creams and rouges and lip paste kept her from that, gave her a semblance of the youth and beauty she had already lost.

Her hair was still burnished copper in the sunlight. Her skin was still soft and fair. Her eyes held their deep hazel glow. Her eyelashes were just as dark and thick and long. But her face looked drawn. She looked just a little tired always. The shadows below her eyes were not entirely imaginary now, nor caused only by lack of sleep. And the lines around her mouth—thin, sharp lines—were there to stay. They were lines brought by years of worry about mama, years of unfulfillment. All these years she had had Keith—and yet, she had not had him at all. What if—if something should separate them? Oh, the years were not entirely wasted. They had had more happiness than most couples ever have. And yet, they had not had enough. They had not had each other completely.

Juliet wondered, now, if it would have been better had she yielded, enjoyed the fulfillment of love that other girls she knew had seized. Would Keith have cared less for her now? Would she have lost him altogether? Would a complete love have brought them closer—or would it have meant that they would be completely apart now? Well, they had each other. And a very deep and real love. Juliet knew that. But she knew that her restlessness—Keith's restlessness, too—could not go on. It was unfair—unfair to Keith. What could they do?

JOE MADISON had a second paralytic stroke. He didn't rally as quickly this time. Mrs. Morris went to East Orange to be with her cousins, spent many days there. This meant that Juliet and Keith had much more time to be together. And Juliet could visit in the Washington Heights apartment without feeling that Mrs. Morris would pop in any minute. Still, she didn't like being there. It gave her a guilty feeling, knowing she was in the home of a woman who didn't want her there. She couldn't be happy, even with Keith, in the Washington Heights apartment. She didn't like to feel that anything was wrong, underhanded.

There were warm days now. Sudden hints of spring, and, as in every spring that had passed since she had known him, Juliet felt a new tenderness toward Keith. She wanted to be with him, to have him with her, always. And every night when he told her good-by at Glen Hill or at Pennsylvania Station, she had the same dread of leaving him—the same unrest after he had gone. She knew it was difficult for Keith to come way out to Glen Hill to see her and to take the long train trip home. And when

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DIDN'T
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MORNING
DID YOU?
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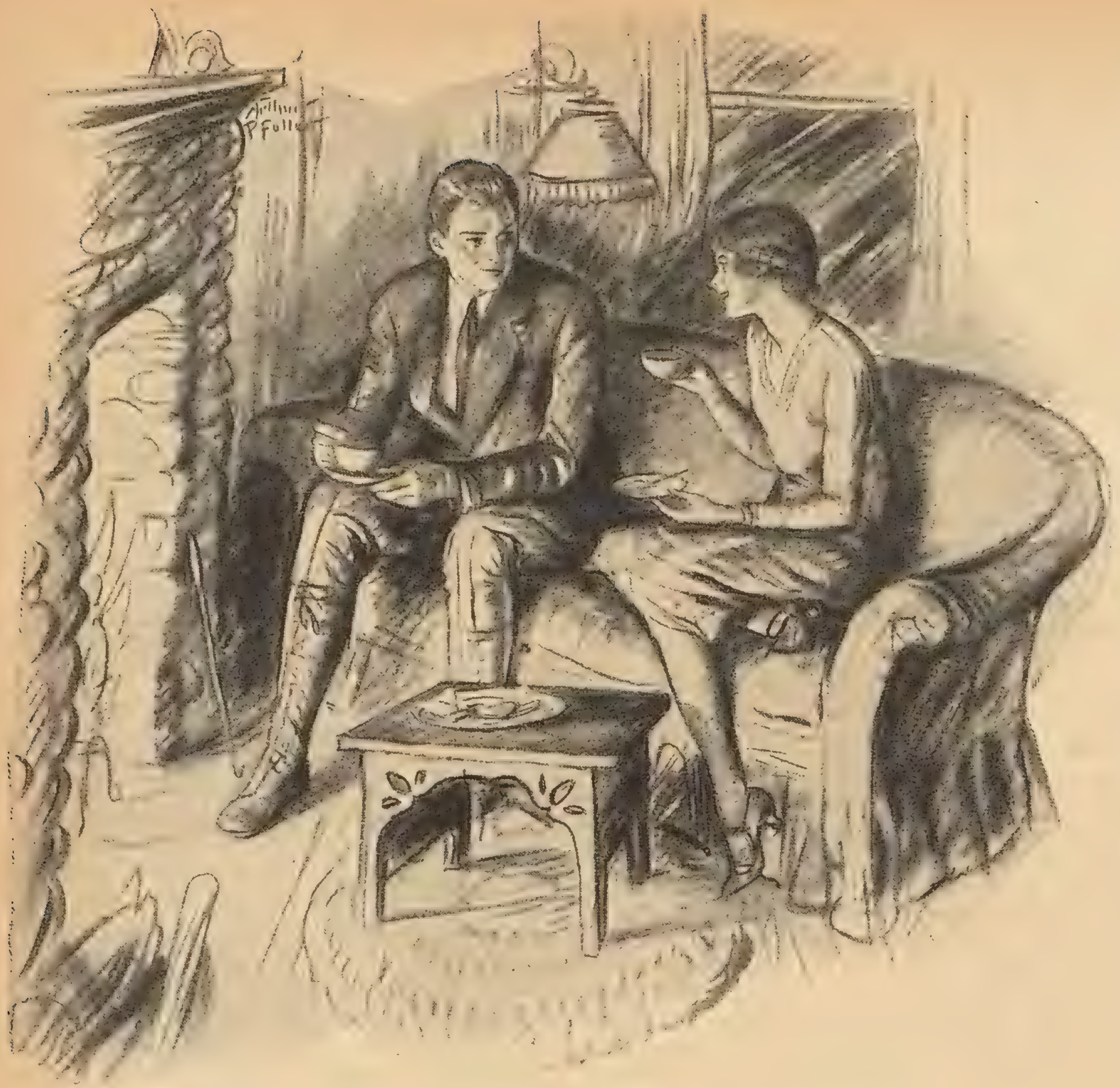

"This is something like!" said Keith. "The others needn't hurry for my sake, I can tell you."

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page eighty-three

they spent the evenings in New York they were never really alone! Keith ought to have more than that out of life! She couldn't even encourage and help him in business the way she would have liked to do. There was no opportunity to be a real helpmate.

The Halls and Bill Frayne took a cottage in Long Beach for the summer. Bill drove Juliet and Lora and Keith out to see it. It was a nice cottage, as summer cottages go, only a short distance from the beach. There were a number of small, plain bedrooms, a big living room full of creaking wicker, an open porch.

"Won't we have good times this summer!" Bill was enthusiastic. "We'll have parties every week-end. We'll have just the people we want. And lie on the beach and not say a word until it's time to come in and eat. And I'm glad Martha Hall can cook. I bet you two girls are a total loss in the kitchen!"

THEY planned the first party for a week-end in April. The weather was still cool—much too cool for surf bathing—but they thought it would be fun to go out anyway, to cook meals in camp fashion, spend an evening or two in front of a big fire of driftwood, and have a long rest at the beach without a lot of people around.

They planned to have just the six the first week-end—the Halls, Bill and Lora, and Juliet and Keith.

Keith and Juliet were enthusiastic about the arrangement. A whole week-end together! Mrs. Morris was in East Orange, so there was nothing to worry about there. Steve and Thelma would be home during the week-end, so mama wouldn't be alone. There would be only the Halls and Bill and Lora around—and Bill and Lora were so busy with themselves they never bothered about anyone else. And Mrs. Hall liked to cook, which was lucky for all of them. And Roy Hall enjoyed solitary walks along the shore. Juliet and Keith felt they could have a wonderful time together.

On Thursday all six of them found that they could take all of Saturday for a holiday. That meant that they could go to Long Beach Friday evening after five, cook supper there, and stay all night—and have all of Saturday and Sunday at the beach: a long week-end vacation.

Friday started cool and clear. At eleven Keith telephoned to Juliet.

"Did you bring your bag to the office with you?" he asked her.

"Yes," Juliet told him. "I'm all ready! I feel awfully thrilled about it. A whole week-end at Long Beach and no crowds will be just about perfect!"

"I think so, too," said Keith.

"I'm all ready to go now," Juliet said. "Mr. Kriech had to go to Boston on business, and everything that had to be done is all finished up, so I'm just wasting time. I'll have to come back after lunch to see if any important mail comes in. Then I'm through. I may do some shopping this afternoon before I meet you. No use sitting around here."

JULIET went out to lunch. She hadn't been back five minutes when her phone rang. Keith was on the wire.

"I'm awfully glad you came right back," he said. "I was awfully afraid you'd take a long lunch hour. I've tried to get you every five minutes for the past half hour. I've got good news for you. The artist I had an appointment with about those special drawings for the electric refrigerator account came in early and I'm all through for the day! I haven't a thing to do, either. There isn't any reason why we can't go out to Long Beach now. What do you say?"

"I say it's grand! Shall we leave right away?"

"You bet!" said Keith. "I'll stop in Bill's office and tell him. And telephone over to Fredrickson's and tell Roy Hall. If you can leave in ten minutes, there's a train—"

When Keith met Juliet at Pennsylvania Station he was as excited as she was. It was lovely—an unexpected holiday alone.

"Bill gave me the key," he said. "Everything is all right. The Halls will be out around six—in time for supper. And Roy tells me the missus is making great preparations for feeding us. Bill and Lora are bringing some food, too."

"I've got some sandwiches and cheese," said Juliet. "And coffee. I was afraid somebody would forget it. And some little things to nibble at."

"Fine!" said Keith. "Everything is all set, then. There's only one thing. Bill has to see a man about the tire account. He's been trying to get in touch with him all day. He may not be able to see him until tomorrow morning. If that's the case Bill and Lora won't come out until tomorrow around noon. There'll be just the four of us tonight."

The cottage felt damp. Juliet had a pleasant sense of possession as she and Keith opened windows and straightened things up. Juliet chose one of the small bedrooms, Keith another. Juliet spread out her toilet things. There was a nice, homy feeling about settling down like this with Keith before the others came.

They put on heavy outing things, for the air was cold, ran out to the beach, and gathered a pile of driftwood. They came back tired but with color in their cheeks and a wonderful feeling of exhilaration. Keith started a big driftwood fire.

"Won't the others be surprised when they see this pile of wood!" Keith chuckled. "I believe it will be enough for the whole week-end. My, but that's a fine blaze!"

It was lovely and drowsy, there before the fire. The old couch—a replica of the bumpy couch in every furnished bungalow—seemed the most comfortable spot in the world. The fire flared up, died down, flared up again.

It was nearly time for the Halls and Bill and Lora to arrive.

"Bill said he'd come out early if he could get here today at all," Keith said. Then, "I hope they'll hurry; I'm hungry."

"I am, too," said Juliet. "I'll make a big pot of coffee, have it all ready for them when they get here. And we might as well have a bite now."

In the kitchen she prepared the coffee. When it was done she brought in steaming cupfuls. She put a big plate of sandwiches on a little table in front of the fire.

"This is something like!" said Keith. "The others needn't hurry for my sake, I can tell you."

EVIDENTLY the others had no intention of hurrying. Juliet and Keith drank their coffee, ate sandwiches. And Keith put more logs on the fire. And they stretched out comfortably again on the sofa to wait for the rest of the week-end party.

The others didn't come.

"I guess Bill couldn't make it, after all," Keith said. "And the Halls must have been delayed. They'll probably be along any minute now."

The sky darkened.

Then, suddenly, there came up one of the spring storms that are so frequent in New York in April. Almost without warning the sky, which was beginning to grow dark, darkened completely. And a minute later the rain started. It began to beat in at the windows so hard that Keith and Juliet got wet as they closed them. Luckily the electric current had already been turned on. They switched on the lights. They put more driftwood on the fire. The little house was cheery and warm.

The storm continued. They stood at the window together, looked out. They could see only a blur of driving rain and sand.

"What a night!" said Keith. "I'm glad we don't have to go out in it. It's fine, watching the storm from here—with you."

SUDDENLY he turned to Juliet. "And I'm afraid the Halls won't want to go out in this weather any more than we do."

"What do you mean?" Juliet asked.

"Why, just that. Obviously, they never left town before the storm started, or they'd be here now. Perhaps it reached the city first—just as they were ready to leave—and they decided not to come out today at all. We're here alone."

They looked out of the window at the driving rain.

"And as near as I can tell," Keith went on, "I think we're here to stay."

He put his arm around Juliet. They watched the rain in silence. Perhaps it was the spring storm itself that loosed in Keith the pent-up emotions of the long months—the years—that had passed. Perhaps it was the seeming hopelessness of going on, always apart, always restless and dissatisfied. Almost without warning Keith took Juliet in his arms. Their lips met.

"Darling," Keith begged, "it isn't as if we had planned this. We didn't. It's fate, absolutely. The same fate that caused us to meet in the first place—and that has kept us apart all these years. Now that we're here in the storm, alone, don't you think we could stay—that we could have each other?"

Juliet didn't answer. She loved Keith, wanted him. And all of the conventions she knew—and her years of denial—fought against yielding now.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page eighty-five]

"Don't tremble so, darling!" Keith said. "Of course if you don't want to stay I shan't urge you. Or, if you want to stay here in Long Beach and don't want me to make love to you— But I don't see what we're waiting for, really. We do love each other truly. I know that. I have waited so long. I am so hungry for you! I wake at night and my arms are aching for you. And here we are together. Don't you feel the need of love as much as I do? Even if circumstances played tricks to keep us apart, there's no reason why our love can't be complete now."

His arms tightened around her again.

"You aren't afraid, are you?" he asked gently.

Why, she was here, alone with Keith. And Keith wanted her as much as she wanted him! Theirs was a real love—and they were denying that love. She was safe here in Keith's arms. Why, of course! This was what she had been waiting for all along!

"I love you," said Juliet. "And I'm not afraid."

III

IN the morning the sun shone in the windows of the cottage. Juliet stretched lazily. She felt a wave of contentment, of peace. She opened her eyes. And then, suddenly, she remembered!

Why, she was in the cottage in Long Beach. Keith was here! She was in Keith's arms. And Keith was still asleep! Why, she and Keith— They really loved each other. Juliet knew what love was, now.

She knew, according to all the things she had heard, that she should feel ashamed, worried, miserable. Instead, Juliet felt a very real happiness. And a tenderness toward Keith and an understanding she had never had before.

Life was beautiful, marvelous! She really loved Keith! They belonged to each other, absolutely. She knew that now! More than that. They belonged to a new life—a future life when there would be a home, and babies, and love always. Why, there was a pattern to life!

Keith stirred. She watched his face to see his expression when he first opened his eyes. How blue his eyes looked now, in the daylight! He stretched, blinked for a moment. Then:

"Juliet, you darling!" he said. "It's really true!" And his arms were around her again.

They had coffee and stale sandwiches for breakfast.

Juliet made the coffee and Keith helped set the table—and stopped between putting down cups and teaspoons to take Juliet in his arms.

"My own dear girl!" he said. "You really are my girl now!"

The coffee tasted wonderfully good. They thought the dry sandwiches better than anything they had ever eaten before. And they kissed with lips that were slightly bread-crumbed, and didn't mind at all.

There surged through Juliet a completeness, a contentment, she had never before experienced. She felt alive, real. She knew that together she and Keith could conquer any obstacle. Why, they were mated, really. She saw ahead, in a sort of vision, a life of happiness with Keith.

"What are we going to do now?" she asked. And she felt only anticipation, entirely devoid of fear.

"Why, darling, don't you know?" Keith said. "Doesn't everything suddenly seem clear to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, everything is solved completely. I thought you knew—felt the same way."

"I do," she told him. "I see how needless so much of our unrest has been. But what about all the things that kept us apart?"

"Well, nothing is keeping us apart now!" Keith said. "Nothing, absolutely. We simply didn't see."

"I know now what you mean. Things do seem sort of ironed out. As if some miracle—"

"It is a miracle," said Keith. "The miracle we've been waiting for. Now there's nothing to wait for any more. We'll hurry right down to City Hall this morning and get married. Then we'll telephone to Glen Hill and to East Orange—tell them what we've done. When my mother hears that we're really married she'll make the best of it. Mothers always do. Mother can give up the apartment in Washington Heights and go out to East Orange and live with Aunt Freda. She's spending more and more time out there, anyhow.

"And when Uncle Joe dies—and the doctors say he can't live more than a few months at most—mother and Aunt Freda will have each other—and be happier there than if either one of them were alone. I'll have to send mother money, of course."

"And mama has Thelma and Steve," said Juliet. "Mama actually seems younger and gayer since she knows about Thelma's baby—has that to plan for. Steve isn't doing very much now; but he will soon enough, when he's forced to. It actually will be the best thing in the world for him. And I'll have to help at home, too!"

"Of course! And you and I are actually free!" said Keith. "Do you realize that?"

"I can't believe it," Juliet answered.

"AND make the most of your freedom while you've got it," said Keith. "In about two hours you're going to give it up. And this time you'll be caught so tight I hope you'll never want to be free again!

"We can just make a train," Keith continued. "One stop for a wedding ring—and then City Hall. Unless you can suggest a change in the program."

Juliet smiled at him. There wasn't a thing to say.

"We'll look at that little white house in Glen Hill that we liked so much, the one with the breakfast room," Keith continued. "And at apartments in town. You'll have to keep your job for a few months, I suppose. In a few months—after I've had about one more raise—

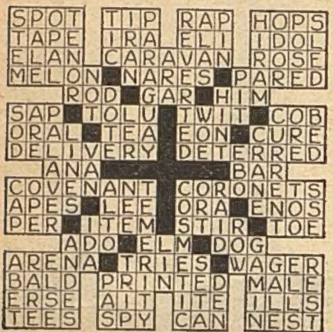
"We'll find a place—our home—right away. Furnish it. I have a little money saved.

"We'd better hurry and not miss that train! I don't know what time the marriage license bureau closes on Saturday. Hurry up—put on your hat. And on the train remind me to tell you all about a swell idea that just occurred to me for the new electric refrigerator copy. I think it's good stuff. And if Roth likes it—

"Shall we come out here later and tell Bill and Lora and the Halls the news? All set? In one minute we'll have to run for that train, Mrs. Keith Morris!"

And Keith kissed Juliet again.

THE END



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Answer to the puzzle on page 66

Here Are the Mistakes on Page 65

Addition on blackboard is incorrect.

Verse on blackboard should read June instead of May.

Boy at the blackboard is writing with his left hand.

He has one straight and one bloused trouser leg.

Figures on the face of the clock are wrong.

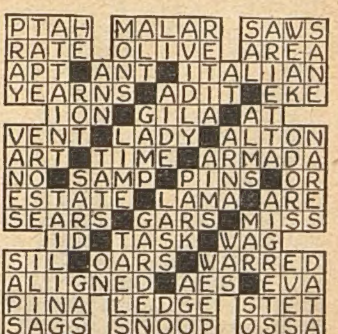
The calendar is wrong—all Sundays are missing.

One support is missing from the teacher's desk.

The points of the teacher's collar do not match.

The child standing wears one long and one short sock.

Inkwells are on the left of the pupils' desks.



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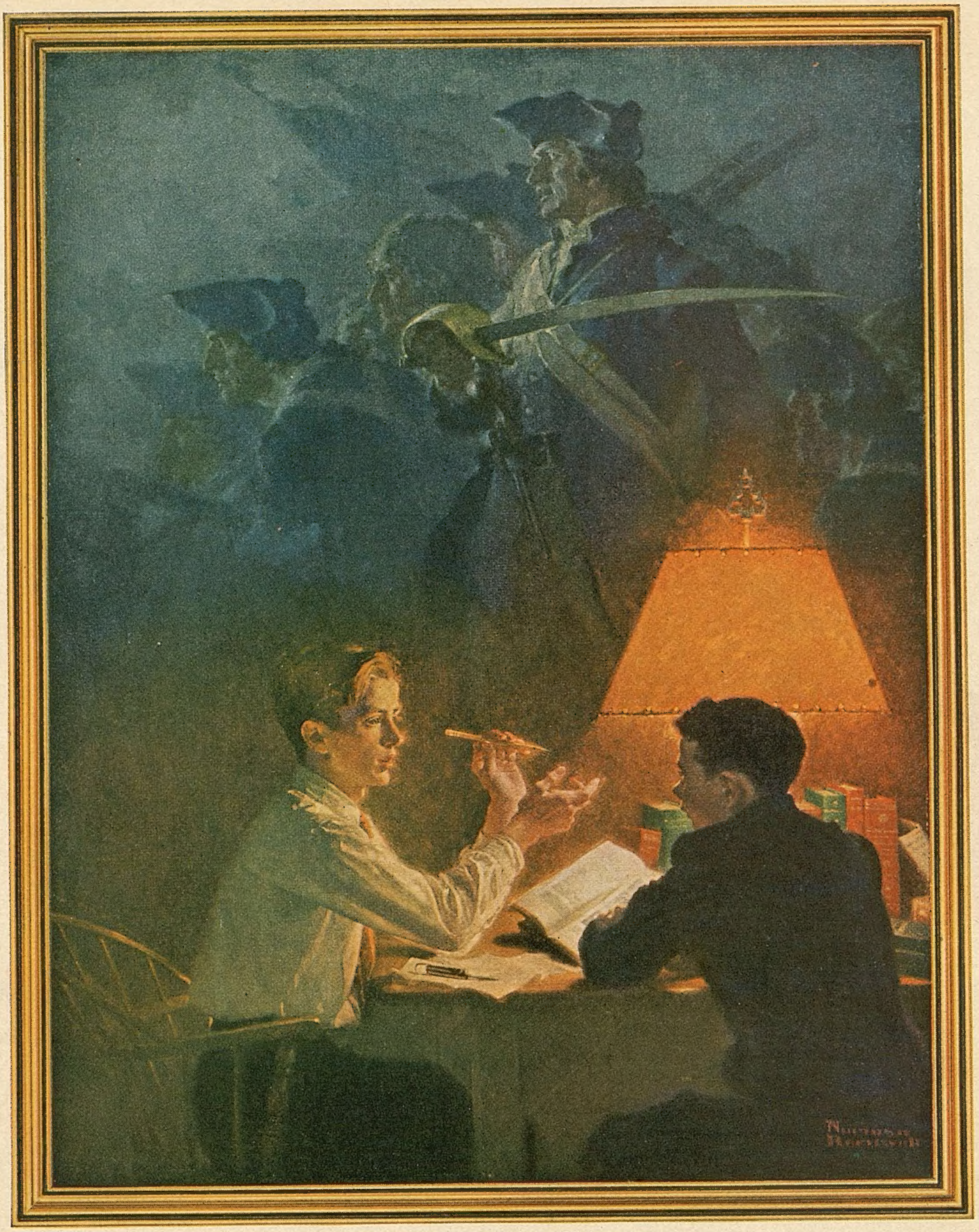
S	I	L	■	O	A	R	S	■	W	A	R	R	E	D
A	L	I	G	N	E	D	■	A	E	S	■	E	V	A
P	I	N	A		L	E	D	G	E		S	T	E	T
S	A	G	S		S	N	O	O	P		O	S	S	A

Answer to the puzzle on page 67


Norman Rockwell

DIXON
TICONDEROGA

Look for your dealer's Fort Ti-con-der-oga—Ethan Allen display

"Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys took old Fort Ticonderoga without a fight, Jack.
"And this good old Ticonderoga pencil licks all other pencils just as easy!"

© 1930

"TI-CON-DER-OGA"

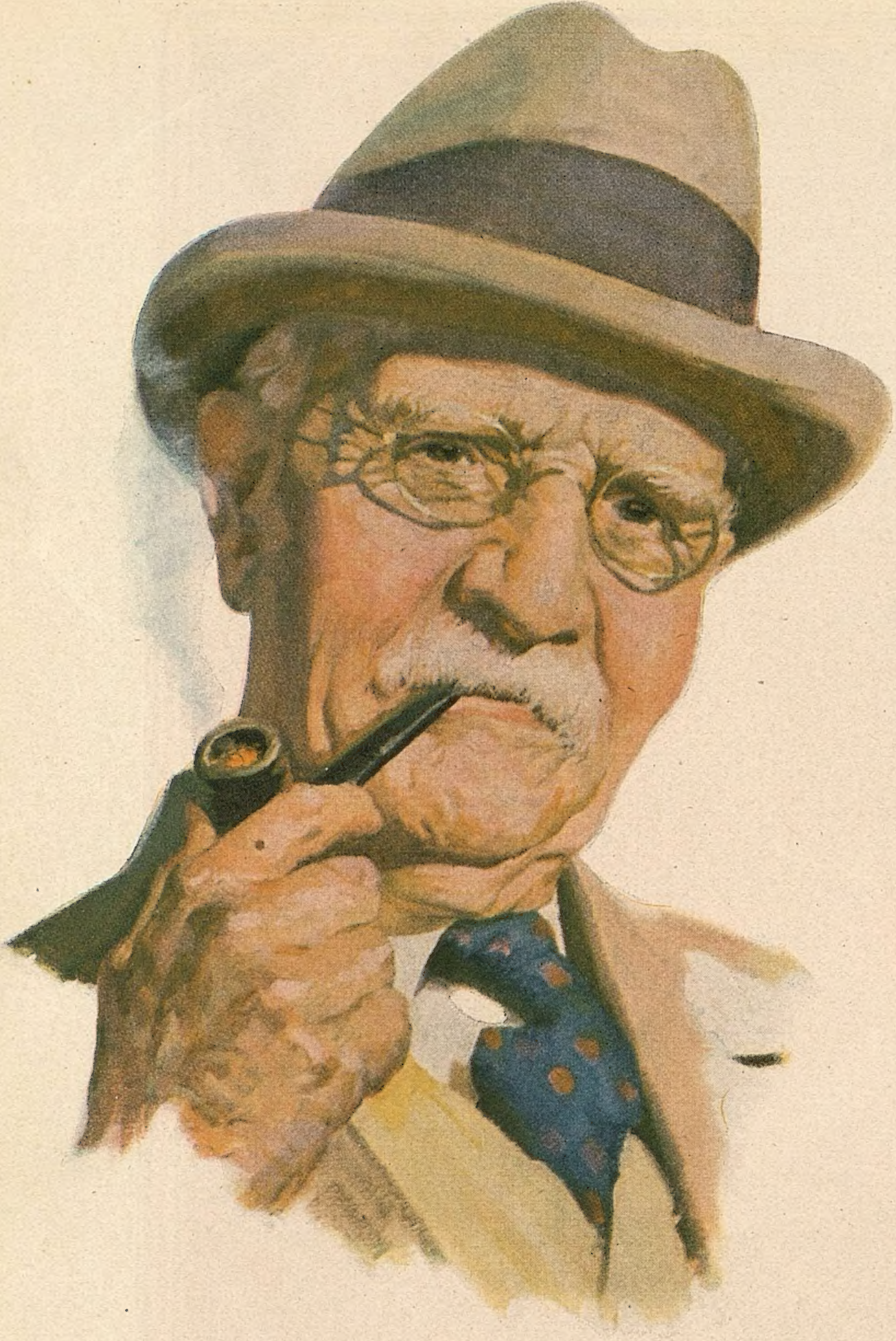
5¢ each

DIXON
TI-CON-DER-OGA

Buy Ti-con-der-ogas by the dozen —in this distinctive box

An extraordinary 5c *pencil.* JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., *Pencil Dept.* 10-J, Jersey City, N. J.

MADE IN U.S.A.
DIXON'S TICONDEROGA 1386-No2



Why fiddle around?

WHY waste a lot of time and matches trying to find the one smoking-tobacco you can tie to for life? I can give you a passport to pipe-joy in two words: *Prince Albert!* I ought to know. I was already a pipe-smoking veteran when some of you fellows were still on the bottle.

Just get yourself a tidy red tin of P. A. and you won't need any ballyhoo from me. Throw back the hinged lid and let that P. A. aroma broadcast its message. Then fill-up and light-up. Cool as the shock of a bill you'd forgotten. Sweet as the stamp reading "Paid in full."

Mellow and mild and refreshing, as no other tobacco ever was. That's P. A., whether you smoke it in a pipe or the makin's papers. Why fiddle around? Skip straight across lots to the one smoking-tobacco that sets the pace for all others. There must be a reason . . . there *is!*

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Quality and quantity BOTH *—you get* TWO *full ounces in every tin.*

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy-smoke!

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